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QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND THE EARL OF ESSEX.*

Captain Devereux has done good service in the cause of historical truth, by seeking out those hidden treasures of unpublished MSS. which enable the lover of history to judge of facts and interpret the feelings of historical personages by their own writings rather than by the speculations of modern historians; and certainly the majority of the letters of Elizabeth and of Lord Essex, now for the first time offered to the public, place the character and conduct of both in a most unfavorable point of view.

There is a natural tendency in every biographer, no less to palliate the faults and magnify the virtues of his hero, than to exaggerate the errors and vices of those who were opposed to him; and from this species of hero-worship Captain Devereux is certainly not exempt, either in his estimate of the second Lord Essex's qualities, or in his view of the conduct and motives of his enemies.

There is a degree of dignity attached to the name of certain failings, and under such names the more repugnant qualities may be often so disguised as to become scarcely less attractive than merits; thus Lord Essex is described as having been haughty, proud, impetuous, imprudent, lavish; but on the other hand to have been generous, brave, and sincere; and for such characters there is never any lack of sympathy and admiration; but, in truth, his conduct throughout life affords but little ground for extenuation and still less for praise. Devoid of all the more ennobling qualities that spring from genuine loyalty, he was mean or violent as best suited his purpose or temper; he could fawn and flatter, but would neither serve nor obey; arrogant without independence; rapacious and extravagant, impetuous but insincere; impatient of control, and petulant if opposed; he was rather insubordinate than high-spirited, and greedy of favors, without gratitude for gifts; he was at once a courtier and a rebel. Even the wild spirit of adventure which gave a romantic coloring to his daring exploits by sea and land, resembled rather that of the pirate

* *Lives and Letters of the Devereux Earls of Essex in the Reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.* 1540—1646. By the Honorable WALTER BOURCHIER DEVEREUX, R. N. 2 vols. 8 vo. London: 1853.

and the buccaneer than such as should animate a loyal subject in the service of his country; and though his great personal courage and the splendor of his position as favorite of the Queen, may have dazzled the multitude and influenced the court, and thus account for the popularity he enjoyed during his life; it is difficult to understand the interest attached to his name even in later times, but from the circumstance that his execution did not receive the sanction of public feeling. Like Mary Queen of Scots, his guilt was undoubted, yet both have been treated as victims of the cruel despotism of Elizabeth; the guilt of high treason has been forgotten in one case in sympathy for the exiled and imprisoned Queen; and in the other, in disgust, that where the hand had pampered and spoiled, it should have implacably enforced the right to punish.

Robert, Earl of Essex, was about nine years of age when he succeeded to the title and much impaired estates of his father. In 1577 he was entered at Trinity College, and the Christmas vacation of that year was passed at the Court. In 1581 he took his degree (M.A.), and the following year, at the age of fifteen, he wrote to his guardian, Lord Burleigh, to ask forgiveness for having passed the bounds of frugality. (P. 171.) Three years later (1585), he accompanied his step-father, the Earl of Leicester, to the Low Countries; when not satisfied with the command of General of the Horse to which he was appointed, he wished to equip a band of his own; and in a strong letter of remonstrance from his grandfather, Sir Francis Knollys, "against this causeless and needless expense," he is also reminded of the impoverished state of his inheritance, his father not having left him "sufficient lands to maintain the poorest Earl in England." (Vol. 1. p. 178.) So early in life had the love of display and the habits of extravagance begun to appear in the future favorite.

In December 1587, Lord Essex became Master of the Horse (p. 194), and was in the full sunshine of royal favor and bounty; but his prodigality outran the Queen's liberality, and her kindness was repaid by contempt of her authority. In April 1589, an expedition was fitted out under the command of Sir John Norreys and Sir Francis Drake to assist the King of Portugal to regain possession of his throne; Essex desired to join it—the Queen refused her consent, and to that refusal Essex was bound to have submitted both as a royal subject and as the paid officer of the court; but in defiance of the Queen's

prohibition, he secretly fled, leaving behind him not less than forty letters addressed to the Council and others, in which he expressed his resolution not to be stayed by any commandment excepting death. (Vol. 1. p. 196.) He proceeded to Plymouth with extraordinary haste, and unknown to Sir J. Norreys and Sir Francis Drake, went on board one of the Queen's ships (the *Swiftsure*), which, without authority, he placed at his own disposal and proceeded to Falmouth. From that port he set sail about the same time as Norreys and Drake from Plymouth, and in about a month after fell in with their fleet. These commanders in vain endeavoured to induce Essex to obey the commands of the Queen and Council; he persisted in refusing to return to England, the winds rather favored his resolution to remain, and as soon as the troops were landed in Portugal, he succeeded in taking a leading part in the expedition. We naturally look for some motive to account for such acts of subordination, and that motive is explained by himself in a letter to his grandfather (p. 206.), wherein he states that his debts amount to 22,000*l.* or 23,000*l.*; that her Majesty's goodness to him had been so great, that he could ask no more of her, that he had already offended her with solicitations, and that his object is to repair himself by this adventure; that if he sped well, he will "adventure to be rich, if not, he will never live to see the end of his poverty."

That Essex showed courage and activity when engaged in the object he had thus in view, is a merit which has distinguished the lawless leader of many a lawless band; but it is difficult in the teeth of his own letter to acquiesce in the chivalrous turn which Captain Devereux has given to this daring attempt to repair the dissipated fortunes of a rapacious courtier by calling it "a romantic spirit of knight-errantry" (p. 194); and a desire to succor a distressed prince, and to annoy Spain, which exactly suited his temper (p. 195.). Elizabeth formed a just estimate of his misconduct towards herself in the reproof contained in her letter of recall, when she addressed him in the following words:—"Essex, your sudden and undutiful departure from our presence and your place of attendance, you may easily conceive how offensive it is and ought to be to us. Our great favors bestowed on you without deserts, hath drawn you thus to neglect and forget your duty." (P. 205.) Had Essex shown equal independence of the wishes and authority of Elizabeth on the subject of his marriage he

might have been better entitled to those chivalrous attributes lavished on him by his biographer; but the "generous," "proud," "high-spirited," and "romantic" Essex did not scruple to keep his marriage with the widow of Sir Philip Sidney secret till her reputation demanded its avowal, and then, "for her Majesty's better satisfaction was pleased that his wife should live very retired in her mother's house." (P. 212.) Lady Essex is described as "an accomplished person, of a refined taste in literature, and one whose society must, during his long period of confinement and anxiety, have afforded the greatest consolation to her husband;" and yet it is said that "the names of at least four ladies of the Court were coupled with his" (p. 475.); and that his faithless conduct so seriously affected the happiness of Lady Essex that it not only on one occasion blighted her maternal hopes, but drew from Lady Bacon a friendly exhortation, not again to risk a similar misfortune, but "to make great account of God's blessing to them both, and not to make her heart sorrowful to the hindrance of her young fruit." (P. 407.) Nor was Lady Essex the only sufferer from her husband's infidelity; for the objects of his attention were sure to provoke the suspicions of Elizabeth, and they were made to feel in acts of petty spite the power of a jealous Queen.

"On the 11th of February we hear that 'it is spied out by some that my lord of Essex is again fallen in love with his fairest B.; it cannot choose but come to her Majesty's ears, and then he is undone.' Lady Essex, who was with child at this time, was observed to be much disquieted, having either been informed of or suspecting it. The lady in question was Mrs. Brydges, a maid of honor and celebrated beauty, who had been in some disgrace the preceding April on this account. The Queen had treated her and Mrs. Russell with words and blows of anger; they were put out of the Coffe Chamber, and took refuge in Lady Stafford's house for three nights, when, promising to avoid the like offence in future, they were restored to their wonted waiting. One reason assigned for the royal displeasure is sufficiently ludicrous, that the ladies had taken physic—without leave I presume; the other was that they had gone one day privately through the privy galleries to see the playing of ballon, or foot-ball. [It appears that for some days subsequent to the visit of his ladye-love to the ballon-playing, Essex was confined 'with a great heat in his mouth,' caused by over-excitement in playing this game.] Lady Mary Howard neglected to 'bear Her Highness's mantle, and other furniture,' at the hour that the Queen walked in the garden; she was absent from meals and prayers; and, on one occasion, was not ready to carry the 'cup of grace during

dinner into the Privy chamber, and, when rebuked, gave such unseemly answer as bred great choler in the Queen, whose mind was at that time very much occupied with Irish affairs, so that she seldom talked of familiar matters to her women, and chided them severely for small neglects. But the cause of Lady Mary's offence was likely to increase her Mistress's anger, for it appeared that she had 'much favor and marks of love' from the young Earl, which she encouraged, notwithstanding that the Queen exhorted all 'her women to remain in virgin state as much as may be.' Lady Mary was advised to shun the Earl, and not entertain his company nor be careful in altering her person to win his love, which she seemed more careful about than the Queen's goodwill. Elizabeth herself took the following method of correcting the latter fault in Lady Mary, all that could be said 'of youth and enticing love' in mitigation of her offence having rather a contrary effect. Lady Mary had a velvet dress with a rich border, powdered with gold and pearl, which moved many to envy, and among the rest the Queen herself, who thought it surpassed her own in beauty and richness. So one day she sent privately for Lady Mary's dress, put it on, and came out among the ladies; the Queen being a great deal taller than Lady Mary, the dress was ridiculous on her; she asked all the ladies how they liked her new fancied suit; at length she came to the poor girl herself, and asked her if she did not think it too short and unbecoming, to which Lady Mary was forced to agree. 'Why then,' said the Queen, 'if it become not me as being too short, I am minded it shall never become thee, as being too fine, so it fitteth neither well.' The dress was accordingly put by, and never worn till after the Queen's death, when he, to gratify whose eyes it had been perhaps originally made, was no longer there to admire its fair wearer." (Vol. i. p. 476.)

That Essex ill repaid his wife's constancy and affection was not only shown by his attentions to others, but in the want of tenderness he appears to have evinced at the close of his life towards both her and his children. After his condemnation, we find Lady Essex the humble and earnest supplicant to Cecil, "for the hindering of that fatal warrant for execution, which if it be once signed, she would never wish to breathe one hour after." (Vol. ii. p. 175.) But "Lord Essex never saw his wife and son, nor took a last farewell of them or any of his friends, nor had expressed a wish to see them." (Vol. ii. p. 178.)

Whatever may have been the nature of the feelings with which Elizabeth regarded Essex, it is obvious by the letters contained in these volumes that whilst he addressed her in terms of adulation, neither his personal devotion nor his loyalty were sincere. After

passing two hours on his knees to obtain the command of an auxiliary force in Normandy, he writes to the Queen on the second day only after his departure "a lamentation on the misery of absence." (Vol. i. p. 219.)

His object in life appears to have been to obtain from the Crown all that his vanity, his ambition, and his extravagance demanded; and whilst he querulously resented the smallest check to his success, the Queen was constantly chased by the sense of his insolence and rapacity; and it is to be presumed that no tender regret for his death could obliterate the recollection of these offences, when we find that in 1602, she talked to M. de Beaumont of Essex, "with sighs and almost tears, but added, qu'il se content de prendre plaisir de lui déplaire à toutes occasions, et de mépriser sa personne insolemment, comme il faisoit, et qu'il se gardât bien de toucher à son sceptre." (Vol. ii. p. 204.) So constant indeed were the quarrels, and so bitter the mutual reproaches that passed between the Queen and her favorite, that the difficulty is rather to understand how he came to be so often reinstated in her good graces, than that his days should have ended on the scaffold.

The following extracts are but a sample of the tone of those letters which form a considerable portion of his correspondence contained in these volumes:—

Essex to Sir R. Cecyll.

"SIR ROBERT,—You will bear with me for my short writing the last time. I was punished with a fever, and my heart broken with the Queen's unkindness. Since the writing of my last I lost my brother in an unfortunate skirmish before Rouen. I call it unfortunate that robbed me of him who was dearer to me than ever I was to myself. We killed divers of them, and lost but two, whereof he was one. When I went I was so weak I was carried in a litter. This cursed mishap took me at great disadvantage, when I had neither strength of body nor mind to overcome my grief. Upon my return to Argues, with a fit of ague on my back, I received the Queen's letter of the 3d of this month, together with my L. your father's packet. When I read them I thought I should never see the end of my affliction. I want words to express my just grief. I was blamed as negligent, undutiful, rash in going, slow in returning, indiscreet in dividing the horse from the foot, faulty in all things, because I was not fortunate to please. Whereas, if I did not send as often as it was possible to have passage,—if I did not refuse to march until I knew the ratification was signed (for so I was commanded),—if I had not the assent of my K. ambassador, Mr. Killigrew, and all the chief officers of the army, besides the King's sending with such earnestness, as he said it importuned both the States,—if I did

not return with as much speed as might be, saving that at Gisors I left the ordinary way, because I knew I was laid for by all the forces both at Normandy and Picardy,—if I left not the foot in safety where they had no use of horse,—have me condemned in all; but if this be all true, as upon my soul it is true, judge uprightly between the Queen and me, whether she be not an unkind lady, and I an unfortunate servant. I wish to be out of my prison, which I account my life; but while I must needs live, I will seek to have my service graciously accepted by Her Majesty, and my poor reputation not overthrown."—(Vol. i. p. 233.)

Essex to the Queen.

"Your Majesty's unkindness accompanied the loss of my brother, and your heavy indignation I see follows your unkindness; and now I find that Your Majesty's indignation threatens the ruin and disgrace of him that hath lost his dearest and only brother, spent a great part of his substance, ventured his own life and many of his friends, in seeking to do Your Majesty's service. But I have offended and must suffer." (Vol. i. p. 241.)

At other times he addressed her in terms of such adulation and submission, as the following letters:—

Essex to the Queen.

"Receive, I humbly beseech Your Majesty, the unsign'd submission of the saddest soul on earth. I have offended in presumption, for which my humble soul doth sigh, sorrow, languish, and wish to die. I have offended a Sovereign whose displeasure is a heavier weight upon me than if all the earth besides did overwhelm me. To redeem this offence, and recover Your Majesty's gracious favor, I would do, I protest, whatsoever is possible for flesh and blood; and for proof of my true sorrow, if Your Majesty do not speedily receive me, I hope you shall see the strong effects of your disfavor in the death and destiny of Your Majesty's humblest vassal,
ESSEX."*

Essex to the Queen.

"Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, to know there lives a man,—though dead to the world, and in himself exercised with continued torments of mind and body,—that doth more true honor to your thrice blessed day than all those that appear in your sight. For no soul had ever such an impression of your perfections, no alteration showed such an effect of your power, nor no heart ever felt such a joy of your triumph. For they that feel the comfortable influence of Your Majesty's favor, or stand in the bright beams of your presence, rejoice, partly for Your Majesty's, chiefly for their own happiness.

"Only miserable Essex, full of pain, full of sickness, full of sorrow, languishing in repentance for his offences past, hateful to himself that he is

yet alive, and importunate on death, if your sentence be irrevocable, he joys only for Your Majesty's great happiness and happy greatness; and were the rest of his days never so many, and sure to be as happy as they are like to be miserable, he would lose them all to have this happy seventeenth day many and many times renewed with glory to Your Majesty, and comfort of all your faithful subjects, of whom none is accused but Your Majesty's humblest vassal, ESSEX."*

But his letters were at once fulsome and false, and not all the gifts and honors lavished upon him could preserve his allegiance intact, or prevent his carrying on intrigues with the King of Scotland, and making his house the rendezvous of Puritan preachers and malcontents of various descriptions, who held doctrines subversive of the Queen's authority (vol. ii. p. 135.); his professions of submission, loyalty, and affection, when a suitor for favors, did not withhold him from acting in defiance of the Queen's commands, nor could all the expressions of regret and despair at having incurred her displeasure, deter him from planning acts of violence to reinstate himself in power. The Earl of Southampton being in disgrace with the Queen, was notwithstanding appointed by him General of the Horse in Ireland (Vol. ii. p. 42.); when ordered to be circumspect in the use of his power of making knights in Ireland, he created no less than eighty-one, and notwithstanding that he had received an order not to come over to England without license, he suddenly abandoned his command, and forced himself into the Queen's presence. (Vol. ii. p. 123.) The arbitrary spirit of Elizabeth was not likely to make her very tolerant of such acts of resistance and disrespect, nor did her partiality blind her to the objects of self-interest which dictated some of his most repentant and devoted letters. She told Bacon, that "he had written her some very dutiful letters, and that she had been moved by them; but when she took it to be the abundance of his heart, she found it to be but a preparation to a suit for the renewing of his farm of sweet wines." (Vol. ii. p. 125.) Essex professed to kiss her fair hands and the rod with which she corrected him,—that he would retire into a country solitude, and say with Nebuchadnezzar, "Let my dwelling be with the beasts of the field, let me eat grass as an ox, and be wet with the dew of heaven, till it shall please her Majesty to restore me to my understanding." To which the Queen, on receiving his application for this favor, replied, with more truth

than delicacy or tenderness, "that the more one feeds corrupt and diseased bodies the more one hurts them; and that the ungovernable beast must be stinted of his proverder."

Captain Devereux has laid much stress on the enmity and intrigues of those who were opposed to Essex; but in tracing his "Life and Correspondence," it is easy to perceive the fact that he was, throughout his short and chequered career, his own worst enemy. It is much to be regretted that Captain Devereux was not permitted, as he states in his Preface, to have access to the MSS. at Hatfield, which would probably have better explained the relations subsisting at different times between Essex and Robert Cecil; but we must also remark that the evidence of that powerful and effective hostility of the Cecils to Essex, so often alluded to, is hardly substantiated in the facts adduced in these volumes. Lord Burleigh appears to have been the friend of his father, and to have shown a kindly interest in his welfare, and so far from wishing to estrange him from the favor of the Queen, he even incurred her bitter displeasure for pleading in his favor; and on one of those occasions, when Essex had absented himself from Court, he wrote to him to urge him to return and make his peace.

To state that enmities and cabals, quarrels and reconciliations, were constantly occurring between all who were rivals for power, is saying no more than that the Court of Elizabeth was composed of men moved by the passions common to human nature, and who were seeking, in the personal favor of the sovereign, the means of gratifying their own ambition.

Essex and Raleigh were constantly opposed to each other, and though Captain Devereux often alludes to the influence exercised by the latter to the prejudice of Essex, it is clear that Essex was equally unfriendly to Raleigh, and addressed the Queen in terms of great bitterness and hostility towards him. (Vol. i. p. 186.)

Captain Devereux has endeavored to prove, in spite of the authority of Camden and of Lord Bacon, that the appointment of Lord Essex to Ireland was not only unsolicited by Essex, but that "he had from the first a strong aversion to the service, and accepted the office of Deputy most unwillingly." (Vol. ii. p. 2.) Essex's own letter to the Queen (Vol. i. p. 496), tends to confirm Camden's view, for by that it appears that after absenting himself from Court, and refusing to take

* Vol. ii. p. 128.

his place at the Council, he was aroused to post up and offer to attend when the unhappy news from Ireland arrived, and that he apprehended how much Her Majesty would be grieved to hear of her armies beaten and her kingdoms conquered by the son of a smith."

The choice of a Lord Deputy of Ireland was a question of great importance. Camden states, that the Queen and most of the Council were in favor of Charles Blount, Earl of Montjoy; but Essex strenuously opposed his appointment, and at the same time pointed to the necessity of such qualities for the duties of that office as to be "a broad sign that he thought none so proper as himself" for their fulfilment, and he had an objection ready against any person whom the Queen might name. Captain Devereux, strangely enough, assigns as a possible reason for his opposition to Lord Montjoy's appointment, the unwillingness of his sister, Lady Rich, to part with her lover; but without attributing any great strictness of morality to Essex, he was hardly likely to have treated the susceptibility of Lady Rich on the point of separation from her lover with more tenderness than he evinced towards his other sister, whose husband, the Earl of Southampton, he appointed to be General of the Horse in Ireland. The Essex's enemies wished to be rid of him was both of natural and true, and perhaps without any great gifts of prophecy, they might foresee that his fame was likely to be diminished rather than increased by the undertaking in question; but if their clear-sightedness but them upon this track, the blindness of Essex soon furnished them with a powerful coadjutor in himself. Camden's account of the opposite motives and feelings by which he and his adversaries were drawn to act in unison on this occasion, is very clear and consonant both with probability and facts. "They were," says he, speaking of his enemies, "in the meantime using all arts to undermine him, as knowing well that the vehemency of his spirit would conspire with their endeavours to ruin and undo him, and that there was not any likelier method to trip up the heels of an aspiring man than to push him upon an office he was altogether unfit for; to be short, as quick and penetrating a person as he was, he either did not, or would not, perceive the bottom of their aims, as long as he thought no employment too big for his grasp, and his friends or flatterers supported him in that opinion."

Whatever hesitation was shown by Essex

either in accepting this office, or in proceeding to the execution of its duties, was occasioned by his repeated demands for further supplies, or greater powers; and in one of Elizabeth's many letters of severe reproof to him when in Ireland, the expressions she uses tend to prove, that she regarded the task he had undertaken was one for which he considered himself better fitted than others, and was in accordance with his own wishes. "How often," says she, "have you told us, that others that preceded you had no judgment to end the war." "You had your asking, you had your choice of times, you had power and authority more ample than ever any had or ever shall have." (Vol. ii. p. 63.)

Amongst the most interesting historical questions to which the "Life of Lord Essex" must again give rise, is the degree of blame to be attached to Lord Bacon on the score of ingratitude to his early patron. The knowledge of the course which Bacon finally adopted towards Lord Essex has tinged Captain Devereux's view of his motives, and he has certainly antedated with insufficient proof the period at which Bacon seemed to forget the kindness he had received from his friend. He ventures too freely on surmises of the feelings by which Bacon was actuated, and thus attributes a decay of his intimate friendship with the Earl of Essex from the summer of 1597 to the ineffectual attempts made by Essex to further his interests in his suit to the rich widow, Lady Hatton; adding, "that he had probably contemplated, and was prepared to execute, when occasion should offer, that base desertion of his generous and unsuspecting friend, which has cast a shade of infamy on his memory that not all the reverence felt for his splendid intellect, nor all his great services to mankind have been able to remove." (Vol. ii. p. 21.)

Bacon ascribes the cessation of intimate relations between himself and Essex to the effects of his constant efforts to repress the soaring ambition of the favorite; he urged him to stand upon two feet, and fly not upon two wings; and their differences of opinion upon points so material, "bred," says he, "in process of time, a discontinuance of privateness (as it is the manner of men seldom to communicate where they think their courses not approved) between his lordship and myself, so as I was not called nor advised with for some year and a half before his lordship going into Ireland as in former time."

A difficult, not to say impossible, task remains to the enthusiastic admirers of Bacon

to justify or even to excuse the conduct he pursued when called upon to decide between his feelings of gratitude for past obligations to Essex, and what he might consider his duty to the Queen, which was, in fact, identical with his own interest. Mr. Basil Montagu labored hard to prove that Bacon sacrificed himself and his friend in order that the community at large might reap the benefit of his professional advancement; an explanation of his conduct ably and humorously exposed some years ago, by Mr. Macaulay, in his "Essay on Lord Bacon."

Mr. Basil Montagu, however, afforded a sufficient commentary on his own theory by saying, "that bacon saw, if he did not plead against Essex, all his hopes of advancement might, without any benefit to his friend, be destroyed;" and doubtless it was a sincere regard for his own advancement, but very little checked by the consideration of what might benefit his friend, that ultimately determined the part he took. Still Bacon's conduct was rather mean than perfidious; he was grateful, but he was not magnanimous—he unceasingly acknowledged his obligations to Essex, and for long repaid those obligations by attachment and advice—he risked the Queen's displeasure for his sake, and even endured her coldness and reproaches for his attempts to serve him,—but to be absolutely ruined for the doubtful benefit of one whom neither counsel nor experience could guide or amend, was beyond the stretch of his grateful and self-sacrificing friendship.

Captain Devereux has quoted two letters from Bacon to Lord Essex,—one written during the absence of Sir Robert Cecil in France, and the other after Essex's nomination to the Government of Ireland,—in order to prove that Bacon was amongst the number of those who encouraged an undertaking which was most unwillingly accepted by Essex, and which would obviously lead to his ruin. There is no date affixed to the first of these letters; but as Cecil returned from his mission in May, 1598, it must have been written at the least ten months before the time when Essex's commission as Lord Lieutenant was signed. There can be no doubt but that Bacon in that letter appeared anxious to draw Essex's attention to Irish matters, "as one of the aptest particulars that can come upon the stage for his Lordship to purchase honor upon;" but even then he concluded his epistle with this useful caution: "I know your Lordship will carry it (the business,) with that modesty and respect towards aged dignity, and that good corres-

pondence towards my dear ally and your good friend now abroad, as no inconvenience may grow that way."

Ample time had elapsed after the writing of this letter and the time of Essex's appointment, for Bacon to have changed his opinion as to Ireland being the fittest stage for his Lordship to purchase honor upon, and by no means therefore disproves the truth of his own account of the matter in his "Apology," when he says, "I did not only dissuade but protest against his going, telling him with as much vehemency and asseveration as I could, that absence in that kind would exulcerate the Queen's mind, whereby it would not be possible for him to carry himself so as to give her sufficient contentment, nor for her to carry herself so as to give him sufficient countenance; which would be ill for her, ill for him, and ill for the State. And because I would omit no argument, I remember I stood also upon the difficulty of the action; many other reasons I used, so as I am sure I never in any thing in my lifetime dealt with him in like earnestness by speech, by writing, and by all the means I could devise. For I did as plainly see his overthrow chained, as it were by destiny, to that journey, as it is possible for a man to ground a judgment upon future contingents. But, my lord, howsoever his ear was open, yet his heart and resolution were shut against that advice, whereby his ruin might have been prevented."

Bacon, writing in defence of his own conduct, may of course be suspected of taking an advocate's liberty in favor of his client; but it can hardly be supposed that he went the length of asserting so broad a falsehood, as that he not only dissuaded but protested against his going, had he, as Captain Devereux supposes, used all his influence "to induce the unwilling Essex to take a more favorable view of it." The second letter of Bacon, quoted by Captain Devereux in support of this opinion, was written after Lord Essex's appointment was settled; there was no longer, therefore, question of advice as to the acceptance of so perilous an undertaking, and the letter is one of compliment, congratulation, and encouragement; still the warnings and advice contained in that letter correspond with the warnings he describes himself as having used to dissuade him from accepting the post, and show that, whilst encouraging him to hope for success, and pointing out the best means to secure it, he continued fully alive to the dangers to

which Essex would be exposed from his rash and insubordinate nature.

"Now, although it be true," says he on this occasion, "that these things which I have writ (being but representation unto your Lordship of the honor and appearance of success in the enterprise) be not much to the purpose of my direction, yet it is that which is best to me, being no man of war, and ignorant in the particulars of State; for a man may, by the eye, set up the white right in the midst of the butt, though he be no archer. Therefore I will only add this wish, according to the English phrase, which termeth a well-wishing advice a wish, that your Lordship, in this whole action, looking forward, set down this position, that merit is worthier than fame; and looking back hither, would remember this text, that "obedience is better than sacrifice. For designing to fame and glory may make your Lordship, in the adventure of your person, to be valiant as a private soldier, rather than as a general; it may make you in your commandments rather to be gracious than disciplinary; it may make you press action, in the respect of the great expectation conceived, rather hastily than seasonably and safely; it may make you seek rather to achieve the war by force, than by mixture of practice; it may make you (if God shall send you prosperous beginnings) rather seek the fruition of the honor, than the perfection of the work in hand. And for your proceeding like a good protestant (upon warrant, and not upon good intention), your Lordship knoweth, in your wisdom, that as it is most fit for you to desire convenient liberty of instruction, so it is no less fit for you to observe the due limits of them, remembering that the exceeding of them may not only procure (in case of adverse accident) dangerous disavow, but also (in case of prosperous success), be subject to interpretation, as if all was not referred to the right end."*

It might have happened that Bacon, blinded by partiality, might have sincerely thought it well, for the fame of his early patron, to undertake the difficult task of reducing Ireland to a state of loyalty and obedience, and that he might, therefore, have advised his acceptance without the sinister motive attributed by Camden to the enemies of Essex, of wishing "to trip up his heels," by pushing him upon an office he was altogether "unfit for;" but Bacon was too clear-sighted to mistake where lay the real interest of his friend. He "vehemently dissuaded him from

seeking greatness by a military dependence, or by a popular dependence, as that which would breed in the queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the State perturbation.* And, when listening to the queen's complaints of Essex's proceedings in Ireland, which she spoke of as "unfortunate, without judgment," contemptuous, and not without some private end of his own, he endeavored to persuade her to place him where he was best fitted to shine without risk of offence to Her Majesty, or of danger to the State. "If you had my Lord of Essex here," said he, "with a white staff in his hand, as my Lord of Leicester had, and continued him still about you for society to yourself, and for an honor and ornament to your attendance and Court in the eyes of your people, and in the eyes of foreign ambassadors, then were he in his right element; for to discontent him as you do, and yet to put arms and power into his hands, may be a kind of temptation to make him prove cumbersome and unruly."†

On Essex's abrupt return without leave from Ireland, he lighted at once at the Court gate, "and though so full of dirt and mire that his very face was full of it," he rushed into the Queen's bedchamber, where he found the Queen newly up, the hair about her face: he kneeled unto her, kissed her hands, and had some private speech with her, which seemed to give him great contentment."‡

Whether the Queen, surprised for the moment by the unexpected pleasure of seeing him again at her feet, really gave him cause for this contentment, or that his vanity misconstrued her reception, or that he deemed it only politic to affect, as he said, to have found a sweet calm at home after he had suffered much trouble and storm abroad, it is certain that, before the day was over, he had little reason to congratulate himself on the effect of his daring intrusion. Not many hours elapsed before the Queen's recollection of what was due to her own dignity, or the sense of Essex's defalcation of duty, or the representation of her Ministers as to his conduct, aroused her displeasure; it appears that, after dinner, he found her much changed—she treated him with coldness—the Lords were appointed to hear him in council that afternoon, and between eleven and twelve o'clock that night he was ordered by the Queen to keep his chamber. Bacon was still the friend of Essex; and, according to his own statement,

* Bacon's "Apology," vol. vi. p. 245.

† Bacon's Works, vol. vi. p. 50.

‡ Account given by Rowland White in "Sidney Memoir."

offered him such advice on the course he should pursue as would have been best calculated to reinstate him in favor with the Queen ; first, not to treat the peace with Tyrone as a matter of glory, but of unfortunate necessity ; next, not to force upon the Queen the necessity of sending him back to Ireland, but to leave it to her decision ; and, above all, to seek access, importune, opportune, seriously, sportingly, every way ; but though Essex listened willingly, "he spake," says Bacon, "very few words, and shaked his head sometimes as if he thought I was in the wrong ; but sure I am he did just contrary on every one of these three points."* It was determined, after much doubt as to the course of proceeding, that Essex's conduct should be investigated, not by public accusation but by a declaration in the Star Chamber. Captain Devereux admits that, during the time of Essex's confinement, the Queen had frequently consulted Bacon respecting his case, "and that he had made many efforts to persuade Elizabeth to relax the severity of her treatment. He endeavored, by such arguments as were best calculated to make an impression on her mind, to dissuade her from the declaration in the Star Chamber in November, telling her that the Earl possessed the pity of the people, and that such a course would lead them to say that my Lord was wounded in the back, and that justice had her balance taken from her, which consisted ever in an accusation and defence ; but his arguments were for the time unheeded by his irritated mistress." This assembly of Privy Councillors, Judges and Statesmen, was held on the 30th of November, when they declared, without Essex being heard in his own defence, the nature of his misconduct. Bacon would not attend, and afterwards excused himself to the Queen on the plea of indisposition.

Bacon continued to warn the Queen of the danger of bringing the cause of so eloquent and well-spoken a man into any public question, and advised her "to restore the Earl to his former attendance, with some addition of honor to take away discontent ;" but she rejected his advice. After Easter, she confessed to Bacon that she found his words were true respecting the proceedings in the Star Chamber—that instead of doing good they had only kindled factious fruits ; and that she was therefore determined now to proceed against the Earl in the Star Chamber by an information *ore tenus*, to have him

brought to an answer, although what she did should not be *ad destructionem* but only *ad castigationem*—not to render him unable to serve her after. Bacon and others of the learned Counsel were hereupon sent for by some of the principal Councillors, to notify Her Majesty's pleasure to them, when he was "openly told by one of them that Her Majesty had not yet resolved whether she would have him forbore in the business or no." Bacon then addressed a letter to the Queen, praying "that she would be pleased to spare him in Lord Essex's cause, out of the consideration she took of his obligations to that Lord, and that he should reckon it one of her greatest favors ;" at the same time assuring her that "no particular obligation whatsoever to any subject could supplant or weaken the entireness of duty that he did owe and bear to her and her service." But Elizabeth was not one to admit the claims of friendship and gratitude to interpose or interfere with the execution of her will ; and Bacon states that the next news he heard was, that "Her Majesty's pleasure was, we all should have parts in the business." Bacon remonstrated with the Lords on the part allotted to him ; but the Queen's pleasure was imperative, and Bacon, as he himself acknowledges, "little satisfied in his own mind," submitted. Whether his mode of conducting the part thus forced upon him was, as both he and his eulogist Mr. Basil Montagu pretend, ingeniously friendly to Lord Essex, or was unnecessarily hostile, as Captain Devereux implies (vol. ii. p. 11.), may remain matter of discussion and dispute between those who, on one side, see nothing in Bacon's conduct but that of the kind and constant friend, and those who, on the other side, view Essex as the object of his heartless ingratitude. The result of this trial, which took place on the 5th of June, 1600, was "that the Earl of Essex should be suspended from his offices, and continue a prisoner in his own house till it pleased Her Majesty to release him." According to Bacon, he immediately used his utmost endeavors with the Queen to bring Lord Essex back again into Court and into favor, and tried to satisfy her that the course she had now taken was successful, and therefore should be no further pursued. Elizabeth, satisfied with herself, reiterated her saying that the proceedings should be *ad reparationem* and not *ad ruinam*, and there was every appearance of her intending to relent, when she was again offended by the indiscreet zeal of some of Essex's partisans in

* Bacon's "Apology," vol. vi. p. 254.

endeavouring to justify his conduct. Bacon again interposed in his behalf; and in the beginning of July, Essex was ordered to be liberated from his keeper, but not to quit London.

On the 9th of July* Bacon addressed a letter to Essex, assuring him of his affection and good offices; and though Captain Devereux comments upon Essex's reply to this letter was one "which merits particular attention, so dignified, so gentle, so free from reproach, or rather, in its very gentleness, so full of reproach," we cannot but think that the more simple solution of the absence of reproach is to be found in the fact that none was intended, Essex having been secretly well informed of Bacon's constant advocacy in his behalf with the Queen. The style of the correspondence may be formal, and from some of the expressions it appears to bear out Mr. Basil Montagu's supposition that it was intended to be seen by the Queen, but there is no reason to suppose that Essex intended or Bacon understood any deep hidden reproach in a letter which Bacon describes as "a courteous and loving acceptance of his good will and endeavors."[†]

Bacon's tender of good offices was made and accepted in good faith, and was speedily called into action. He not only watched his opportunities of working on the Queen in Lord Essex's favor, and then apprising him of what had passed, and advising the best course for him to take, but he gave him the further assistance of his pen, in writing at his desire and for his benefit, a supposed correspondence between his own brother Anthony Bacon and Essex, which was to be shown to the Queen, and also a letter from Essex direct to the Queen, all of which letters were thought calculated to plead best for his restoration to favor. At the end of August, Essex was liberated, but not allowed to return to Court, and he retired into the country, hoping soon to obtain the further grace of a renewal of his patent of monopoly of sweet wines, which was nearly expired. To the renewal of this patent he looked as the critical event which was to determine whether he should be reinstated in his former credit at Court. He sought it with the most abject professions of devotion and humility; but he overshot the mark, and the Queen was offended at the ill-adjusted veil which could not conceal the intended object for which it

was assumed. The patent was refused, and the humble, contrite Essex indulged at once in a tone of petulant and insulting complaint. The man who had addressed letters of adulation and penitence to his "most dear and admired Sovereign;" who spoke of himself on the occasion of the anniversary of the Queen's accession as "the miserable Essex, full of pain, full of sickness, full of sorrow, languishing in repentance for his offences past, hateful to himself that he is yet alive, and importunate on death if her sentence be irrevocable" (vol. ii. p. 128.); the man who wrote to Her Majesty, saying, "I look up to you on earth as my only physician, yet look for no physic till you, in your deepest wisdom and precious favor, shall think the crisis past and the time fit for a cure" (vol. ii. p. 115.); now that he was denied the favor he expected, scrupled not to declare, that "he could not serve with base obsequiousness, that he was thrust down into private life and wrongfully committed to custody, and this by an old woman no less crooked in mind than in body."[‡] The breach that Bacon had so sedulously endeavored to heal between the Queen and her turbulent favorite became wider and wider; her indignation was roused by Essex's ingratitude, and whilst she resolved to humble him more effectually by prolonging his banishment from Court, Essex House became the resort of every malcontent, and he had actually gone so far as to hold out the threat of entering the royal presence by force. "I sometimes think of running," says he, in one of his letters to the Queen, "and then remember what it will be to come in armor triumphing into that presence out of which both by your own voice I was commanded, and by your own hands thrust out." (Vol. ii. p. 129.) The Queen now visited her anger on the friend who had so constantly endeavored to persuade her to restore the refractory Essex to her grace and presence; and, to use Bacon's own words, "for the space of three months, which was between Michaelmas and New Year tide following, the Queen would not so much as look on me, but turned away from me with express and purposelike discountenance whenever she saw me; and at such time as I desired to speak with her about law business, ever sent me forth very slight refusals."[†]

At the end of the three months Bacon

* Life of Bacon, vol. xvi. Bacon's Works, Note 4 D. In Captain Devereux's work the date of the Letter, is July 19.

† Life of Bacon, vol. xvi. p. 81.

* Quoted in "Life of Bacon," Bacon's Works, vol. xvi. p. 85.

† Bacon's "Apology," Bacon's Works, vol. vi. p. 271.

asked an audience of the Queen, and after an explanation and many gracious expressions on her part towards him, he departed, "resting," as he says, "determined to meddle no more in the matter, as I saw that it would overthrow me, and not be able to do him any good." It is from the moment of this determination that the conduct of Bacon towards Lord Essex becomes matter of fair discussion, as to whether the sense of those obligations he had so often acknowledged should have carried him on to act the part of his friend, at whatever risk to himself; or, if not, how far the instinct of self-interest justified his being passive to serve or active to ruin his former patron. Bacon had committed himself over and over again to the Queen by confident assurances of Essex's attachment and repentance; and Essex must have deceived him by insincere professions of loyalty, or the cautious Bacon would never have ventured to be the constant advocate for his re-establishment in her favor. His conduct, after the refusal of the patent, must have convinced him that he had been surety for one who was not to be trusted; his omission to make any further efforts to serve the interests of a man who marred the effect of every friendly exertion, is hardly worthy of the severe censure with which it has been the habit of some writers to load the memory of Bacon, and to treat him as if he had been one of those summer friends who had basked in the sunshine of the favorite's fortune till night came on, and then, without cause or provocation, turned upon him and hastened his destruction. Thus far Bacon's course in "meddling no more in the matter" was purely defensive, but unhappily it did not rest there. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the last well-known fatal act of rebellious violence which led to Essex being again placed on his trial. In the plan, and in the execution of his conspiracy, no less than during his trial, he showed throughout the same selfish ambition, the same impatience of authority and irresolution of purpose, the same faithlessness, and also the same personal courage, that had so often marked the conduct of the rebel courtier throughout his career.

Bacon says he never saw the Queen from the day on which he resolved to meddle no more in the business, till the 8th of February, which he terms the day of my Lord of Essex's misfortune; and for that which he afterwards performed at the bar in his public service, he was bound, says he, by the rules of duty to do it honestly and without pre-

varication—but that for putting himself into it, he protested before God he never moved either the Queen or any person living concerning his being in the service either of evidence or examination, but that it was laid upon him with the rest of his fellows.* It may be perfectly true that Bacon only undertook to perform the task laid upon him, and it is more than probable, even if we had not his word for it, that he did not seek the service on which he was employed; but did he then, as before, request to be spared in my Lord Essex's cause on account of his obligation towards him? He had promised to meddle no more in his favor; might he not, therefore, have the more reasonably asked of the Queen the favor to be excused from taking part, even professionally, against one to whom he owned former obligations? The Queen might have refused; but it is clear, by Bacon's own statement, that he made no attempt to preserve his neutrality; when once engaged in the service, he was certainly bound by the rules of duty to do it honestly and without prevarication, and for that very reason he should have risked even the Queen's displeasure sooner than be placed in a position, where it might, and indeed must, become his duty to share in being the legal instrument of death to a former friend. There was no excuse to be urged of danger to the Queen or to the State. Essex's guilt was too clear to require the exercise of any great legal skill to ensure conviction. Bacon's services could not have been necessary to the public safety. Essex had fairly forfeited the confidence and tired out the good will and affection of his best friends—but he had not canceled the claims which former obligations had given him on the gratitude of Bacon, and that tongue should never have been employed to point and fix his guilt, that pen should never have been used to perpetuate the remembrance of it. Essex's miserable defence in extenuation of his treason, that his enemies were seeking his life, and that he fled into the city for favor and defence, was rebutted by Bacon, who very aptly compared him to the self-wounded Pisistratus, "who ran crying into Athens, that his life was sought and like to have been taken away, thinking to move the people to have pity on him by such counterfeit danger and harm, whereas his aim was to take the government of the city into his hands."†

Essex, with singular baseness, retorted upon

* "Apology," vol. vi. p. 272.

† Harl. MS. No. 6854. fol. 188.

Bacon by the most palpable breach of confidence: he at once betrayed the assistance he had received from him in the composition of those letters written at his own desire, and by which he had profited during his recent disgrace with the Queen. He thought that Bacon was in his power, and in defiance of every feeling of honor, he used that power not even to benefit himself, but to endanger one who had been his friend for a service which he had desired and accepted. Bacon was probably well justified in asserting in return, that he had spent more hours in vain in studying how to make him a good servant to her Majesty than he had done in anything else, and that for the letters they would not blush for anything contained in them; but his further retort was most ungenerous: he compared his conduct to that of Henry Duke of Guise, and his attempt in the city to the day of the barricades,—allusions which were peculiarly calculated to aggravate the Queen's displeasure, and to withhold the exercise of her clemency, by which alone it was possible for his life to be spared. Nor is there any proof afforded even by himself that Bacon made any real effort after Essex's condemnation to move the Queen to spare his life. It would seem but natural to suppose, that after satisfying the Queen how far his loyalty had outstripped his friendship and gratitude to his early patron, he might have safely pleaded for mitigation of the fatal sentence; but whilst in his "Apology" he takes credit to himself for the efforts he made for others concerned in the plot, he acknowledges, that during his interview with the Queen, "he durst not deal directly for my lord as things then stood." Bacon's views of Essex's character had evidently undergone considerable change; he had regarded him as rash, impetuous, and turbulent, but trusted to his being undesigning, fickle, and yielding; he found him intriguing, false, and fierce; he saw he was incorrigible, he felt he was dangerous, and with the instinct of fear he became cruel. He saw in Essex a friend who would betray and a foe who would destroy: self-preservation predominated over every other feeling, and Bacon hardened his heart from cowardice at the moment when it should have been softened by pity. Essex had nothing to allege that could disprove an act of open rebellion, but he indulged in the malignant pleasure of making accusations that might injure those whom he regarded as his enemies. Not contented with this ungenerous breach of confidence towards Bacon, which exposed him to danger for services

rendered to himself, he also accused Cecil of having said that the Infanta of Spain was the rightful heir to the Crown of England. Cecil indignantly refuted the charge. "For wit, wherewith you certainly abound," said he, addressing the Earl of Essex, "I am your inferior; I am inferior to you in nobility, yet noble I am; a military man I am not, and herein you go before me: yet doth my innocence protect me; and in this court I stand an upright man, and you a delinquent;" he demanded the authority for this accusation, and Essex unhesitatingly compromised his brother-in-law, Lord Southampton, by saying that he had heard it as well as himself. Cecil then called upon Southampton to name his authority, and was told it was Mr. Comptroller. Cecil desired Sir William Knollys might be sent for, when "it appeared that a book treating of the succession of the Infanta had been read in his presence, and some remarks made on it, but that Sir Robert Cecil had never used such an expression to the Comptroller" (vol. ii. p. 156). Essex might possibly have believed that Cecil had used such expressions, but it was clear he had been at no pains to ascertain the truth of the matter, and yet put forth without scruple an idle tale that in no way bore upon his own vindication, but which might have proved the ruin of the man whom he had regarded sometimes as a friend, sometimes as an enemy, and always as a rival when in power. It was fortunate for Cecil that he was able to disprove at once an aspersion so well calculated to rouse the Queen's jealous alarms. Essex was condemned, and received his sentence with the firmness that marked every occasion in his life when personal courage was required to support him. He desired to have the same preacher that he had with him since his troubles began (vol. ii. p. 163.), and accordingly he was visited in prison by his chaplain, Mr. Ashton. Mr. Ashton reproved him severely for his crimes, and expressed his doubts as "to any person having been either his adviser, persuader, or approver" (vol. ii. p. 167.). Irritated by this reproach, Essex at once confessed his plan, and ended at his own desire by betraying, in presence of the Lord Keeper, the Lord Treasurer, Lord Admiral, and Secretary, the names of all whom he had induced to follow him, or who from love of him had joined in his daring conspiracy (vol. ii. p. 169.). Captain Devereux dilates much on the cruel and Jesuitical conduct of Mr. Ashton towards Lord Essex; but there is no reason to think he forfeited his confidence; as it appears

that by Lord Essex's own desire, he was still in attendance on him the very morning of his execution, and even to the scaffold.

However unfavorable may be the impression left on the mind of the reader, after perusing the life of this unfortunate victim of over indulgence and of unsparing justice, he must close the book with equal dissatisfaction at all that it reveals respecting the disposition of the Queen. Ingratitude and treason cannot be excused by the personal faults of a benefactor or a sovereign; but it must be confessed that Elizabeth's character and conduct may be pleaded in extenuation of the errors if not of the crimes of Essex. Arbitrary, capricious, and vain, she tolerated and encouraged adulation she must have known was insincere; her approbation and rewards were bestowed rather by favor than accorded to merit, whilst a sense of justice seldom checked her ebullitions of temper or guided the exercise of her power. That Essex served her ill was to the shame of one who so often and so largely reaped the benefits of her partiality; but who can say that she personally deserved the devoted service which she expected from all, and which was so conscientiously rendered by many? Is it to be wondered at that the Queen, who could receive with reproachful coldness the officers who had done honor to her arms in foreign lands, and who could degrade herself by indulging in violent and coarse abuse of her tried and faithful servants,—who could treat Burleigh with indignity and reject him as a coward and a miscreant when opposed to her schemes of avarice (vol. i. p. 389),—is it to be wondered at, that she should have failed to fix the fickle affections and light allegiance of a youth dazzled by the splendor of his position and corrupted by the unearned distinctions he enjoyed?

The story of the ring said to have been sent by Lord Essex to the Queen through the Countess of Nottingham, is discussed at some length in this work. Captain Devereux inclines to accept it as an historical fact; but notwithstanding this, and the popular belief in its truth, and the existence of the various rings which have been so carefully preserved as the identical ring, it is impossible to assent to its authenticity without better proof than has adduced in its support. The anecdote is mentioned by Clarendon in a work entitled "Disparity between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham," written by him, as he states, in his younger days, and in which he mentions it only to

discredit it as "a loose report which hath crept in." At a later period this same story figures in Mr. Francis Osborn's "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," published in 1658; and in M. Aubrey de Maurier's "Memoirs," published in 1688, as having been told to Prince Maurice by Sir Dudley Carleton, Ambassador in Holland under James I.; and again, some years later, Lady Elizabeth Spelman related the same to the Earl of Cork; to him she also gave the MS. memoirs of her great grandfather, Sir Robert Carey (Earl of Monmouth); and by him they were published in 1759. There is a slight variation in the story as told by Aubrey de Maurier and by Lady Elizabeth Spelman. M. de Maurier states that "Le Comte dans la première extrémité, eut recours à la femme de l'Amiral Howard sa parente, et la fit supplier par une personne confidente de ballier cette bague à la reine en main propre; mais son mari, l'un des ennemis capitaux du Comte, à qui elle le dit imprudemment, l'ayant empêchée de s'acquitter de sa commission, elle consentit à sa mort."

Lady Elizabeth states that the Earl of Essex, unwilling to trust any who were about him, "called a boy whom he saw passing beneath his window, and whose appearance pleased him, and engaged him to carry the ring, which he threw down to him, to the Lady Scrope, a sister of Lady Nottingham, and a friend of the Earl, who was also in attendance on the Queen, and to beg her to present it to Her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, took it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, in order to take his advice. The Earl forbade her to carry it to the Queen, or return any answer to the message, but desired her to retain the ring." The variation between the two stories is not very material; the principal facts are the same in each,—that the queen had given a ring to Essex, which was to serve him in time of need; that he employed the Countess of Nottingham to transmit it to the Queen; that she consulted her husband, who forbade her to do so; and that on her deathbed she made a full confession to the Queen of all the facts, alleging her husband's prohibition as her excuse. The whole of the evidence in support of the facts, therefore, is the mention of it by Osborn fifty-five years after the death of Elizabeth; the subsequent narration of it in M. de Maurier's Memoirs; Lord Clarendon's authority to confirm the fact that "such a loose report had crept into discourse;" and the narrative of Lady Eliza-

beth Spelman, the great-granddaughter of the Earl of Monmouth, and the great-great niece of the Countess of Nottingham.

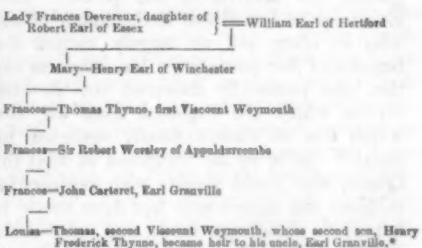
On the other hand, there is no contemporaneous account of the fact. A most detailed account of the Queen's last illness,—of her sighs, depression of spirits, and of her death-bed,—were recorded by the contemporary pen of Camden, in the letters of M. de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, and in the Memoirs of the Earl of Monmouth, both the latter having been eye-witnesses to what they related.

Camden alludes to the Queen's melancholy, and says that Essex's friends were inclined to attribute the change in her spirits to his loss, and also gives other reasons as equally supposed to have produced this effect. M. de Beaumont mentions the Queen having excused herself from granting him an audience on account of the death of the Countess of Nottingham, for which she had wept extremely, and shown an uncommon concern.*

The Earl of Monmouth describes her melancholy humor, and his fruitless endeavors to cheer her, but no allusions to the cause being in any way connected with Essex or Lady Nottingham; but the following passage shows, that so far from anything having occurred to disturb her friendly relations with Lord Nottingham, he was actually sent for, as the only person whose influence would be sufficiently powerful to induce her to obey her physicians:—"The Queen grew worse and worse, because she would be so, none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed. My Lord Admiral was sent for (who, by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented himself some fortnight from Court); what by fair means, what by force, he got her to bed."†

Now, whatever might be the supposed indignation of Elizabeth against her dying cousin, Lady Nottingham, it is clear that, as the real offender was Lord Nottingham, he would naturally have more than shared in her displeasure; and it is very improbable that a fortnight after the Queen had shaken the helpless wife on her death-bed, the husband, by whose authority the offence was committed, should have continued in undiminished favor. The relationship between Lady Elizabeth Spelman and the Countess of Nottingham might give some weight to her as an authority for this story, had there

been any reason to suppose that it had been handed down as a family tradition; but this does not appear to have been the case, for it was evidently unknown to her great-grandfather, the Earl of Monmouth, the brother of Lady Nottingham and of Lady Scrope. The existence of the ring would do but little to establish the truth of the story, even if but one had been preserved and cherished as the identical ring; but as there are two, if not three, which lay claim to that distinction, they invalidate each other's claims. One is preserved at Hawnes, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Bev. Lord John Thynne; another is the property of C. W. Warren, Esq.; and we believe a third is deposited for safety at Messrs. Drummond's Bank. The ring at Hawnes is said to have descended in unbroken succession from Lady Frances Devereux (afterwards Duchess of Somerset) to the present owner:—



Lady Frances Devereux, daughter of Robert Earl of Essex } = William Earl of Hertford
 Mary—Henry Earl of Winchester
 Thomas Thynne, first Viscount Weymouth
 Sir Robert Worsley of Appuldurcombe
 John Carteret, Earl Granville
 Thomas, second Viscount Weymouth, whose second son, Henry Frederick Thynne, became heir to his uncle, Earl Granville.*

The stone in this ring is a sardonyx, on which is cut in relief a head of Elizabeth, the execution of which is of a high order. (Vol. ii. p. 183.) That the ring has descended from Lady Frances Devereux affords the strongest presumptive evidence that it was not the ring. According to the tradition, it had passed from her father into Lady Nottingham's hands. According to Lady Elizabeth Spelman, Lord Nottingham insisted upon her keeping it. In her interview with the Queen, the Countess might be supposed to have presented to her the token she had so fatally withheld; or it might have remained in her family, or have been destroyed; but the most improbable circumstance would have been its restoration to the widow or daughter of the much injured Essex by the offending Earl of Nottingham. The Duchess of Somerset left a "long, curious, and minute will, and in it there is no mention of any such ring." (Vol. ii. p. 183.) If there is good evidence for believing that the curious ring at Hawnes was ever in the possession of

* Birch's Queen Elizabeth, vol. ii. p. 506.

† Memoirs of Earl of Monmouth, p. 140.

* Vol. ii. p. 183.

the Earl of Essex, one might be tempted to suppose that it was the likeness of the Queen to which he alludes in his letters as his "fair angel."

It was when setting out on his expedition to Spain (1597) that he thus expresses his passionate gratitude to the Queen for the gift of her likeness:—"Most dear Lady,—For Your Majesty's high and precious favors . . . but above all other, for Your Majesty bestowing on me that fair angel which you sent to guard me; for these, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe. Sandwich, June 25th." (Vol. i. p. 414.) And again: "If I could express my soul's humble, infinite, and perfect thankfulness for so high favors as Your Majesty's five dear tokens, both the watch, the thorn, and, above all, the angel which you sent to guard me, for Your Majesty's sweet letters indited by the spirit of spirits; if for this, I say, I could express my thankfulness, I would strain my wits to perform it. Portland Road, 6th July." (Vol. i. p. 419.)

At the time of Essex's disgrace, after the proceedings in the Star Chamber, and when still under restraint at Essex House, he

again alludes to this precious gift from the Queen:—

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* Vol. ii. p. 96.

From the North British Review.

EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE OF SYRIA.*

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ing of many in these times, to whom the study of the past is a deep moral necessity, and who long for a history which shall be more than a mere syllabus of names, and dates, and external events,—which shall connect these with the human hearts and intellects whence they have received life. As regards a history of the Church, the matter seems to stand thus. We have something more than its grand outline in the well-known works of Mosheim, Gieseler, and Neander: yet even the amplest and richest of these books leaves behind it a feeling of dissatisfaction, if it be intelligently and earnestly read. Our conceptions are painfully dim, when we are eager to obtain a close and familiar knowledge of the every-day movements of the

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beth Spelman, the great-granddaughter of the Earl of Monmouth, and the great-great niece of the Countess of Nottingham.

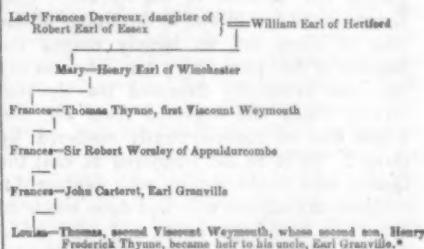
On the other hand, there is no contemporaneous account of the fact. A most detailed account of the Queen's last illness,—of her sighs, depression of spirits, and of her death-bed,—were recorded by the cotemporary pen of Camden, in the letters of M. de Beaumont, the French Ambassador, and in the Memoirs of the Earl of Monmouth, both the latter having been eye-witnesses to what they related.

Camden alludes to the Queen's melancholy, and says that Essex's friends were inclined to attribute the change in her spirits to his loss, and also gives other reasons as equally supposed to have produced this effect. M. de Beaumont mentions the Queen having excused herself from granting him an audience on account of the death of the Countess of Nottingham, for which she had wept extremely, and shown an uncommon concern.*

The Earl of Monmouth describes her melancholy humor, and his fruitless endeavors to cheer her, but no allusions to the cause being in any way connected with Essex or Lady Nottingham; but the following passage shows, that so far from anything having occurred to disturb her friendly relations with Lord Nottingham, he was actually sent for, as the only person whose influence would be sufficiently powerful to induce her to obey her physicians:—"The Queen grew worse and worse, because she would be so, none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed. My Lord Admiral was sent for (who, by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented himself some fortnight from Court); what by fair means, what by force, he got her to bed."†

Now, whatever might be the supposed indignation of Elizabeth against her dying cousin, Lady Nottingham, it is clear that, as the real offender was Lord Nottingham, he would naturally have more than shared in her displeasure; and it is very improbable that a fortnight after the Queen had shaken the helpless wife on her death-bed, the husband, by whose authority the offence was committed, should have continued in undiminished favor. The relationship between Lady Elizabeth Spelman and the Countess of Nottingham might give some weight to her as an authority for this story, had there

been any reason to suppose that it had been handed down as a family tradition; but this does not appear to have been the case, for it was evidently unknown to her great-grandfather, the Earl of Monmouth, the brother of Lady Nottingham and of Lady Scrope. The existence of the ring would do but little to establish the truth of the story, even if but one had been preserved and cherished as the identical ring; but as there are two, if not three, which lay claim to that distinction, they invalidate each other's claims. One is preserved at Hawnes, in Bedfordshire, the seat of the Bev. Lord John Thynne; another is the property of C. W. Warren, Esq.; and we believe a third is deposited for safety at Messrs. Drummond's Bank. The ring at Hawnes is said to have descended in unbroken succession from Lady Frances Devereux (afterwards Duchess of Somerset) to the present owner:—



The stone in this ring is a sardonyx, on which is cut in relief a head of Elizabeth, the execution of which is of a high order. (Vol. ii. p. 183.) That the ring has descended from Lady Frances Devereux affords the strongest presumptive evidence that it was not the ring. According to the tradition, it had passed from her father into Lady Nottingham's hands. According to Lady Elizabeth Spelman, Lord Nottingham insisted upon her keeping it. In her interview with the Queen, the Countess might be supposed to have presented to her the token she had so fatally withheld; or it might have remained in her family, or have been destroyed; but the most improbable circumstance would have been its restoration to the widow or daughter of the much injured Essex by the offending Earl of Nottingham. The Duchess of Somerset left a "long, curious, and minute will, and in it there is no mention of any such ring." (Vol. ii. p. 183.) If there is good evidence for believing that the curious ring at Hawnes was ever in the possession of

* Birch's Queen Elizabeth, vol. ii. p. 506.

† Memoirs of Earl of Monmouth, p. 140.

* Vol. ii. p. 183.

the Earl of Essex, one might be tempted to suppose that it was the likeness of the Queen to which he alludes in his letters as his "fair angel."

It was when setting out on his expedition to Spain (1597) that he thus expresses his passionate gratitude to the Queen for the gift of her likeness:—"Most dear Lady,—For Your Majesty's high and precious favors . . . but above all other, for Your Majesty bestowing on me that fair angel which you sent to guard me; for these, I say, I neither can write words to express my humble thankfulness, nor perform service fit to acknowledge such duty as for these I owe. Sandwich, June 25th." (Vol. i. p. 414.) And again: "If I could express my soul's humble, infinite, and perfect thankfulness for so high favors as Your Majesty's five dear tokens, both the watch, the thorn, and, above all, the angel which you sent to guard me, for Your Majesty's sweet letters indited by the spirit of spirits; if for this, I say, I could express my thankfulness, I would strain my wits to perform it. Portland Road, 6th July." (Vol. i. p. 419.)

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Christian community. Our reading has also awakened a keen craving for information more minute and life-like. We thus are grateful for supplemental books,—like Neander's *Tertullian*, and Julian and Chrysostom, or, indeed, for any contributions which may, in some measure, help us to imagine the actual Christianity of the past and the distant—fitted, as the picture often is, to expand the sympathies, and abate prejudices.

One marked characteristic of recent research into other forms of Christian life, is the special attention now given to the venerable but sadly decrepit Christian communities of the East, whose formularies exist in languages cognate with the ancient Hebrew. For ages these have been considered, it may be, as objects of curiosity and mournful retrospect, but also as remote from the hopes and living interests of modern Christian civilization. Happily, this indifference is beginning to disappear. The works of Curzon, Layard, Badger, Fletcher, and many others, have made Englishmen in some measure familiar with the interesting communities on the mountains and in the vallies of Syria and Egypt. The generation which has disclosed the long buried monuments of Nineveh, and in which the eyes of the politicians of the world are keenly directed to the East, has brought into high relief the present forms and feeble vitality of the Christian institutions of Ethiopia and Syria.

Among the Oriental Churches, those of Syria should always hold a first place in the affections of Christendom. The New Testament, it is true, in wise adaptation to the wants of coming ages, was given to the world in Greek. But we remember that our Lord and his disciples spoke in the dialect of Syria;* that although the Sacred penman wrote in Greek, it was in Syriac that they heard their Master's utterances, and first preached the coming of the "Kingdom of Heaven." In Syria, too, Christianity obtained its earliest triumphs, and the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch.

The works placed at the head of this art-

* From various causes, especially their captivity in Babylon, the Hebrews lost their dialect, and adopted the Aramaean or Syriac, thus becoming, in the decline of national greatness, more assimilated with the surrounding peoples. It was the language of Syria therefore, and not a corruption of Hebrew, as is sometimes supposed, that was vernacular to our Lord and his apostles. The Hebrew was still the sacred tongue; but the language of ordinary life was, provincialisms excepted, that used at Damascus, Antioch, and Edessa.

icle offer an occasion for presenting some information—new and curious even to the student—concerning the life and literature of this section of ancient Christendom. Syriac Literature, in its existing monuments, embraces the whole period from the date of the invaluable Syriac version of the Scriptures, known as the *Peshchito*, until the present age. It bursts upon us at the earlier epoch in all the effulgence of a sanctified intellect, and then gradually declines to the misty and scarcely animated productions of modern ecclesiastics.* When the language was spoken by nations of great political influence and refinement, and was made to express every shade of thought and passion; but now it has ceased to be an organ of a people, and only lives in Church formularies, and occasional controversial or diplomatic productions. A *patois*, in which fragments of Syriac are discoverable among the overlying Arabic, may still be found in retired religious communities; but with these rare exceptions, the language has long been a dead one.† The era of its triumph and glory may be said to have declined soon after the death of *EPHRAEM*, in the year 372; but it continued to exert an important influence, especially in translations, down to the time of *Bar Hebraeus*, or *Abulpharag*, in the thirteenth century.

We might devote an article to the Syriac version of the Old and New Testaments alone, of which the excellences, though generally acknowledged, are far too little understood. The fact that Syriac is so closely allied to Hebrew, would *prima facie*, confer importance on a version of the Old Testament into the cognate tongue, apart from the acknowledged fidelity of the *Peshchito* translation. How much more does the fact that our Lord and His apostles spoke in Syriac, confer value on the translation of the New Testament, made at a time when the language was vernacular to

* Joseph, a Syrian patriarch, who died in 1714, wrote a treatise on the Nestorian Controversy, respecting the person of Christ.

† Since writing the previous sentences, we have received from a gentleman, lately returned from Persia, a Number of a Magazine, printed and published by the American missionaries in Oroniah, in that country. We have been agreeably surprised to find, that although there is a great admixture of words of Persian and Arabic origin, the Syriac is sufficiently prominent to give to the language its character. The work is in quarto, and is entitled, "Raya of Light." It consists of missionary and miscellaneous articles on religious subjects. We rejoice in this happy symptom.

those who executed it? It is not improbable that, in this Syriac version, we have, in many cases, *the exact words employed in their public ministrations by our Lord and His apostles*. And yet this precious monument of ancient piety and learning was not known in Europe until the middle of the sixteenth century, when Ignatius, the patriarch of Antioch, sent Moses of Mardin to obtain the aid of the Roman Pontiff in printing it. Compared with the Greek original and the Latin Vulgate its criticism is but recent, and therefore scanty and imperfect.*

In order to convey to our readers some idea of the remains of the past, to which so high a value is justly attached, we may describe briefly a Syriac manuscript, which we had lately an opportunity of inspecting in the British Museum. After glancing at other objects in that grand national repository, we made our way to the manuscript department, where the written lore of past ages, which once slumbered in darkness and was the prey of worms, shakes itself from the dust, and puts on the garb of Russia binding, under the supervision of Sir Frederick Madden. The resurrection of these faded parchments has, in many cases, raised human thought from the charnel-house, and given immortality to what was long considered dead. This is the temple of their fame, in whose niches that which remains of the poet, the philosopher, the historian, or the divine, is now enshrined. This is the palace of the former great ones of the world of mind, where, in silent state, each shall sit, probably until the day of doom, disturbed only by the curious student or desultory visitor. But let us spend a short time with these spectres of other years.

We begin with the venerable relics which have more than their antiquity to recommend them—the manuscripts which God has made the depositaries of the documents

* No want is more pressing in relation to Biblical learning than a good critical edition of the Syriac Scriptures, formed by the aid of the numerous ancient MSS. which are now known to exist. We believe such a task is contemplated by the Rev. W. Cureton, and earnestly hope he may be able to complete it. To say nothing of the stores of the Vatican, there are materials in our own Museum of the Highest value in relation to such a reversion. Manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures have been brought from Egypt at the expense of our Government, and are waiting for some practised hand to unlock their treasures. Criticism, on the Greek side, has pretty nearly exhausted its stores, and it may therefore be hoped that attention will now be turned to this rich, but scarcely cultivated field.

on which our faith as Christians is built. This is a Syriac manuscript from the collection of Rich, named after that successful explorer of Oriental treasures. To preserve it from injury, it is enclosed in a case, which, when opened, presents a compact volume of the size which we moderns call *royal octavo*, and about two inches and a half in thickness. It is bound in Russia, its contents being lettered on the back. This is a copy of the version of the New Testament in Syriac, which we have already mentioned; it is described in the catalogue as exceedingly old, the inscription of its transcriber fixing its completion in the year of the Greeks 1079, or A.D. 768, making its present age nearly eleven centuries. A man may well feel awe when opening a production written by hands so long since shrouded in the tomb, in regions far away, and relating to topics so sublime. The material is the finest vellum, more or less discolored by age; indeed, much more so than some of the Nitrian manuscripts a century or two earlier. The writing is in double columns, and like most ancient documents, is exceedingly correct, clerical errors being comparatively rare. The ink is very thick in consistence, more like a pigment, making the letters stand out somewhat in relief; and, except where damp has injured it, the writing is quite intelligible, as though written but yesterday. The titles of the separate books, and the headings of the ecclesiastical divisions, are written in red and green ink, of so good a color that they give the page a gay appearance. The beginning of the volume, as far as the third chapter of Matthew, is lost; but the deficiency has been supplied, in a larger character, by a more modern writer. A note informs us that the work was finished more than a thousand years ago by a certain Sabar Jesu, in the monastery of Beth Cocensi.

O Sabar Jesu! we mentally exclaimed, on whose handiwork we are now looking, who wert thou? what was thy history? what drove thee from the world to the company of monks, and what was the extent of thy literary labors? This age knows nothing of thee but thy name, thus inscribed by thyself in red letters at the close of thy great undertaking. Thy course was silent and contemplative, for a work like this could only be wrought in the solitary cell, and with concentrated attention. We will not say, *On thy soul may God have mercy*, as thy fellow-scribes so often write at the close of their tasks; but we will hope that, while giving to after ages this monument of

Christian truth, thou didst feed upon it in thine own spirit! Sabar Jesu, thou wast different in thy language, thy dress, and thy habits, from the men of this generation, but thou wast a Christian, and didst, we hope, drink of the same living waters as supply our wants, and we therefore gladly call thee brother. We trust thou art now at rest, and wilt stand in thy lot at the end of the days!

Edessa appears to have been renowned for its literature very early in the Christian era. Tradition ascribes its conversion to Thomas the Apostle. There are reasons for thinking that these translations of the Bible were made there; but it is certain that the place was celebrated for its schools of learning. Asseman states,* that "in the city of Edessa there was a school of the Persian nation, established by some one unknown, in which Christian youths were taught sacred literature." Indubitable proofs are furnished by Dr. Burgess, of a very early literary vitality in this celebrated city. Here Bardesanes flourished in the second century, and here Ephraem preached and wrote in the fourth. Much curious information respecting Bardesanes, especially in relation to the Syriac Hymnology, is found in the scarce tract named at the head of this paper. He was a Gnostic Christian, who, by the charms of oratory, and by musical adaptations to hymns and other metrical compositions, bewitched the people with his heresies. His works have perished, except some fragments found in the writings of Ephraem; but, from the testimony borne by ancient writers, he must have been a man of rare genius, able greatly to influence the public mind.

It was in opposition to the influence exerted by the memory and the writings of Bardesanes, that Ephraem, the Deacon of Edessa, as the "champion of Christ, put on his arms, and proclaimed war against the forces of his enemies." Thus originated a noble monument of Christian literature, in the form of a set of polemical homilies, which have come down to us in the original Syriac. They are entitled, in the Roman edition, *Sermones Polemici adversus Haereses*. They contain an account of the heresies which disturbed the Eastern Church in the first four centuries, more copious, perhaps, than is extant in any other record.

It thus appears that from the time of the formation of the Peschito versions to Ephraem, the Syriac language was employed as an important instrument for affecting the

public mind. We have no doubt that many works of genius appeared in the long interval, as well as those of Bardesanes. But we must look to *ΕΦΡΑΕΜ* as the great master of Syriac literature, for in his time the language was in its complete manhood. How much he wrote it is impossible to say; but his surviving compositions are voluminous, and have yet for the most part, to be introduced to the public. It is doubted by some whether he understood Greek: it is certain that he did not write in it; and, consequently, his works extant in that language are only translations. Yet it is by these versions that he is generally estimated as an author, his genuine Syriac writings having been neglected, in the too prevalent ignorance of that language. Great facility is given for the study of them by the magnificent edition published at Rome by the Assemans in the early part and about the middle of the last century. In six large folios, nearly all the confessed works of this celebrated Father of the Church have been collected, and edited with a critical sagacity and elaborate care which must ever confer honor on the editors. Three volumes contain the Greek translations, and three the Syriac originals—the latter being in nearly all cases productions different from the former. Of these three volumes, about one and a-half are occupied with a Commentary on the Old Testament, which deserves more attention than it has yet received. The other volume and a-half contain hymns and homilies on every variety of topic concerning Christian life and doctrine.*

The Syriac writers after Ephraem are very numerous, but none possess his genius. They are all referred to, with notices of their lives and characteristic catalogues of their known writings, in that marvellous production of learned industry, the *Bibliotheca Orientalis* of J. S. Asseman. This work, like the edition of Ephraem just referred to, we owe to the patronage of the Popes, and the treasures of the Vatican—would that two such potent instruments were always as usefully employed!—both turned to account by the master minds of the Assemans and their co-adjudicators. It may be confidently said that this work contains literary wealth not likely to be soon exhausted; and that Syriac Literature is more indebted to it than to any work besides, the editions of the Holy Scrip-

* *Bibliotheca Orientalis*, tom. iv. p. 69.

* It is from this portion of Ephraem's writings that Dr. Burgess has selected the pieces translated in his volume. He has accompanied the translations with some valuable notes.

tures excepted. As a catalogue, it indicates where materials for illustrating the Syrian Church, its language and literature, are to be found; but it does far more than this. It gives lengthened extracts from the writers enumerated; to such an extent, indeed, that Syriac lexicography would be marvellously enriched if these stores alone were properly examined and applied. There is only one deduction to make from the praises we are able to bestow on both these works—the edition of Ephraem and the *Bibliotheca*—they are necessarily very expensive, and consequently not always available to those who might make good use of them.

We have said enough to show that Syriac Literature is very extensive in its existing monuments, and that it supplies abundant materials for a laborious scholarship yet to work upon. But we must now turn to an aspect of it singularly interesting and remarkable, as exhibited to us in the volume of Dr. Burgess. We quote his words:—

“ When the student comes in contact with the Syrian Church Literature, either in manuscript or printed books, he is attracted by the singular fact, that much of it is in a metrical form. We lay stress on the word *student*, because a superficial investigation will leave the phenomenon unnoticed, as has indeed happened to men of learning. Both in manuscripts and printed books the metrical verses of this literature are generally written as prose, only a point indicating the close of a rhythm, and that not always; so that such works may be consulted occasionally, as books of reference, without their artificial construction being perceived. But apart from all marks of distinction, as soon as these compositions are read and studied in their individual completeness, their rhythmical character becomes evident, sometimes from the poetical style of what is thus circumscribed by these prosodical measures, but always from the moulding and fashioning which the language has to undergo before it will yield up its freedom to the fetters of verse. This then is the sphere of our present undertaking, and it will be our duty to trace up this metrical literature to its origin as far as historical light will guide us: to say something on the laws by which its composition appears to be regulated; to glance at its existing monuments; and then, more especially, to treat of the works of Ephraem, the great master of this literature, a few of whose compositions are now brought before the English public.”—Pp. xxii., xxiii.

Now, when it is known that all the extant writings of Ephraem in Syriac, with the exception of his *Commentary on the Old Testament*, are composed in this *metrical* form,

and that in the Roman edition they occupy a folio volume and a half, it may excite surprise that this extraordinary feature should not have had more attention, and engaged scholars in the diligent study of it.* If this vast amount of composition had consisted merely of hymns, its neglect would have been less surprising; but it includes every description of subject, from discourses of great length to the short hymn properly so designated. We have here polemical treatises on doctrine, religious poems, meditations, and prayers.

It would be considered an extraordinary circumstance in the case of any Greek or Latin author, whose works are printed, that the *metrical form* of his writings should not be recognized; and yet this is what has happened to Ephraem. It is a fact which speaks loudly of the little attention given to Syriac learning. Nor is this a matter of mere literary curiosity. It concerns the whole Christian and ministerial life of these communities of Syria and their pastors, and reveals views of early Christianity most interesting and curious. As far as we can judge from existing documents, *all Ephraem's pulpit efforts were metrical*, and his hearers were instructed from time to time with compositions of rare felicity of invention and strength of argument, clothed in a form highly poetic.

The metrical writings of Ephraem have, for the most part, far more than the external and adventitious form of poetical composition; they are essentially poetic in their conception and execution. We cannot now present proof of this; but our readers may judge for themselves, by the few pieces which Dr. Burgess has translated. We cannot compare him with any of his predecessors, from the want of any of their remains, but he is favorably contrasted with those who come after him. For the greater part, the latter are circumscribed by the few topics especially related to them as Churchmen, and can lay no claim to general literary knowledge and genius. But Ephraem, while confining himself very much to Biblical thoughts, is copious in his fancy, and has a considerable creative imagination.

The external form of Ephraem's versification is varied, but in all cases the rhythm is reckoned by syllables—not by feet, as is

* The editors of the Syriac works of Ephraem are not to blame for this, for they have in their prefaces pointed out all the metrical pieces, and expatiated on their usual various merits.

generally the case in the Greek and Roman verse. The Syriac metres are six in number, consisting respectively of four, five, six, seven, eight, and twelve, syllables. Each of these is found in strophes or stanzas of various lengths, from three or four to twenty or thirty verses. Many pieces are composed of different verses. Ephraem appears to have exercised much ingenuity, in giving the charm of variety to his compositions in accommodation to the popular taste of Edessa. Sometimes his pieces have rhymes, but these are of rare occurrence; sometimes they have similar endings in the lines. It is a singular fact that while the great number of forms and metres in our modern hymn-books is a ground of objection with some persons on the score of taste, the hymns of the Syrians of the fourth century, go far beyond them in their capricious and fanciful arrangements. If, as is to be presumed, these were all accommodations to musical times, we have presented to us a Christian service, endeavouring by every possible variety to keep up the attention and life of the worshipers.

But there is another notable feature of these compositions, which is thus referred to by Dr. Burgess:—

"Historical evidence is quite conclusive as to the popularity of the practice of *alternate singing* in the early Syrian Church, and as to the important use made of it both by Bardesanes and Ephraem, as an instrument for moulding and fashioning the public mind. And its influence is founded in nature, exciting as it does an interest in a public service, and keeping alive an enthusiasm in more private musical performances. . . . There are at least two distinct forms of this practice manifest in the works of Ephraem. The first has the character of the dialogue, or rather of the amoebeic poems of Theocritus and Virgil; when two persons, or more, carry on a conversation on a topic forming the subject of the composition.

But the second form of the responsive chant is more common; it consists of a chorus at the end of each strophe, formed either by a repetition of a portion of the poem, by a prayer, or by a doxology."—P. liv.

When we ask the very natural question,—Who invented these metres, or first introduced metrical compositions into Christian worship? we get no reply, the whole matter being involved in obscurity, in the first and second centuries. Tradition assigns the invention to Bardesanes. Harmonius, the son of Bardesanes, is said to have been educated in Greece, and afterwards to have improved upon his father's discovery, by

the introduction of Greek metres. We incline to think that the Syrians very early introduced into their language the metrical forms of the Greek and Latin literature; but whether the Church originated the practice of metrical writing, or adopted it and improved upon it, is probably still an open question.

In the liturgies and service books of the Syrian Christians many hymns are interspersed, and it is from these shorter pieces that the current opinion respecting the character of the metrical writings has been formed. Certainly, if Ephraem had only written these shorter pieces, they would have been worthy of attention; but the value of the metrical literature is greatly enhanced by its being the vehicle of *discourses on controversies, and doctrines, as well as matters of Christian practice*. A set of homilies, thirteen in number, on the Nativity, occupy forty folio columns of Syriac, and may be properly considered as a continuous work, although thus divided for convenience.

Our readers may perhaps expect a specimen of the Literature we have been describing, and we select the first hymn from the volume before us. It is in Tetrasyllabic metre in the Syriac, and consequently terse and compressed in its composition.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

"Oh my Son, tenderly beloved!
Whom grace fashioned
In his mother's womb,
And divine goodness completely formed.
He appeared in the world
Suffering like a flower;
And Death put forth a heat
More fierce than the sun,
And scattered its leaves
And withered it, that it ceased to be.
I fear to weep for thee,
Because I am instructed
That the Son of the King hath removed thee
To His bright habitation.

"Nature in its fondness
Disposes me to tears,
Because, my son, of thy departure.
But when I remember the bright abode
To which they have led thee,
I fear lest I should defile
The dwelling-place of the King
By weeping, which is adverse to it;
And lest I should be blamed
For coming to the region of bliss
With tears which belong to sadness;
I will therefore rejoice,
Approaching with my unmixed offering.

"The sound of thy sweet notes
 Once moved me and caught mine ear,
 And caused me much to wonder ;
 Again my memory listens to it,
 And is effected by the tones
 And harmonies of thy tenderness.
 But when my spirit groans aloud
 On account of these things,
 My judgment recalls me,
 And listens with admiration
 To the voices of those who live on high ;
 To the song of the spiritual ones
 Who cry aloud, Hosannah !
 At thy marriage festival."

To appreciate the genius of this Syrian divine it is necessary to compare his hymns with those of the early Latin and Greek Churches. This may be conveniently done, as far as the latter are concerned, by consulting Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*.* A great difference will, with a few exceptions, be at once perceptible in the freedom and general literary expansiveness of Ephraem, contrasted with the narrow and mere doctrinal productions of the Greek and Latin hymn writers. The Greek and Latin hymns are mostly only adapted for ecclesiastical use, while a great number of Ephraem's pieces have an interest as extensive as human nature. This characteristic is doubtless attributable in part to his freedom from the fetters of religious conventionalism and theological polemic. It is true the controversies respecting heresies had distracted the Church before this time, but they had not resulted in the hard stereotyping of the mind in the prescribed formulas which soon afterwards took the place of a free exposition of Scripture, and obstructed the development of religious life.

This remark suggests some examination of the relation of the early religious life and literature of Syria to the forms of Christianity which now prevail in that country. If our readers wish to pursue the sad comparison at greater length than our space will now permit, we refer them to the volume of Dr. Burgess and the Bardeanes of Hahn for the former period ; and for the modern Churches, to the other works placed at the head of this article. By these aids very different are the pictures we get of the working of Christianity in nearly the same places—but at eras separated by fifteen centuries. How, comes it that in the one epoch there is little ardent, impassioned, and practical ; in the other, only a slight movement in the debili-

itated members, and a hectic flush upon the brow ?

In ancient times, there were doubtless fixed ritual arrangements by which the Syriac Churches were governed, but, whatever they were, they were not so cumbrous or stringent as to destroy the freedom and paralyze the action of the religious life. The ecclesiastical system then existing allowed a latitude in the conception of new methods of Christian operation and in carrying these into action. While moving within the orbit of a Church system, Ephraem was not rigidly confined to any linear course in it, but could move right and left as his conscience might guide him, or as the profit of the people might seem to demand. The public service of that age seems to have admitted a variety of form ; its boundary lines were sufficiently elastic to allow of novelties in the external accompaniments of worship. For example, on the occasion of a death, Ephraem was wont to compose a piece appropriate to each special instance, and which, as the case might demand, lamented the premature decay of the flower of infancy and youth, the mysterious removal of the head of a household, or the descent into the tomb of ripe old age, each instance suggesting fitting Biblical topics and consolations. The great variety of this class of his writings shows us that every opportunity was embraced of turning the sorrows of the bereaved to the best account—his Syriac pieces on death, as far as published, amounting to eighty-five. Great public events were in a similar way suggestive of materials for public worship. Several homilies exist, written in the times of pestilence, from which Syria suffered so much. And this freedom to adopt new modes of teaching was not confined to occasional services, it evidently pervaded the ordinary performance of divine worship. Putting all these signs and motives of vigorous life together, we are at no less for a reason why, in the fourth century ; the Church at Edessa flourished.

But, as time rolled on, system and mechanical routine gradually took the place of spontaneous movement ; age by age custom became stronger in its influence, and at length assumed the office of a supreme arbiter in the Church. Some centuries after Ephraem, his successors were satisfied with his thoughts, and ceased to put forth their own. Imperceptibly, yet surely, like the gathering frosts of winter, conventionalisms and church laws bound all free aspirations

* In three volumes. Halle & Leipzig, 1841-1846.

in their icy chains, until the Syrian Churches became what they now are. The times changed, but men did not change their modes of action with them. The language of Ephraem ceased to be a living one, and yet continued to be the vehicle of the hymns and liturgies of the church. No active spirit appeared, to accomodate the utterances of Divine truth, to new and different circumstances; and even if genius had conceived the design, it was immediately repressed by the doctrine, that what was new could not be sanctioned because it was irregular. When we read the works written by modern travellers who have visited these Churches, we learn that they now pride themselves on their orthodoxy and zeal for ecclesiastical forms and traditions, or maintain the direct succession of their ministers from the apostles. A sorry substitute for the want of apostolic life and doctrine?

It seems that no restoration of earnest Christianity can be expected among these ancient Syriac Churches, until the barrier of conventionalism is thrown down, and their religious teachers labor among them as Ephraem did at Edessa, *adapting their teachings and operations to existing wants and circumstances.* Various efforts have been made by the Episcopal Churches of the West to vivify their brethren in the East, but it is plain that too much attention has been given to their antiquities, and too little to their practical religious wants. If it is true that a *superstitious attachment to that which is old*, has led to the low state of these communities, it must be desirable to correct rather than cherish that feeling, and to move stagnant thought by opening up new channels. In this way, the American missionaries among the Nestorians in Persia, referred to by Mr Badger, have acted, and apparently with signal success. The Bible is translated into their modern tongue; modern religious books are distributed; schools established, and the gospel preached in the living language of the people. Mr. Badger's work, we may add, is deeply inter-

resting throughout; but he is, in our opinion, much too hard on the American missionaries, and disposed too little to value their labors, because they are not Episcopalian. We presume the lively volume of Mr. Curzon has been seen by most of our readers. It contains valuable information concerning the Eastern forms of christianity, and humorously, yet affectingly, describes the living death of the Syrian and other monasteries in these regions.

We conclude with an expression of hope, that the field to which we have introduced our readers, may soon be occupied by diligent laborers. Dr. Burgess, in particular has devoted himself, apparently amid many difficulties, to a department of literature in which he has few companions. He is an enthusiastic Syriac scholar. His book is a real contribution to our knowledge of the christian life and literature of the East in the fourth century; presented too in a manner well fitted even for popular reading. In these hymns and metrical homilies of the Edessan teacher—many of them fit utterances of the tenderest and liveliest emotions of a christian,—we see vividly how Christianity, after its three centuries of tremendous struggle, had conquered its way to the world's heart, and became the moving principle of their life to thousands in the regions of Syria. We are grieved to think, with Dr. Burgess, that there are some good people among us who look with suspicion, at least, on literary labors like his,—fitted as these labors are to remove exclusiveness by an incursion among past and distant forms of religious thought and worship. Surely those who tremble at the resuscitation of an Ephraem or a Chrysostom, cannot be easy among the more daring foes of these irreverent days. In truth, every historic light struck out between the time we live in and the time of the humiliation of the Son of God, throws some part of its radiance on the great objects presented in the New Testament, and may help us to grasp these more firmly as historic facts.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

To win golden opinions (we speak not of fees) from all sorts of men, in and out of Westminster Hall, as Mr Serjeant and Mr. Justice, is good. To win renown in literature—such renown as comes not of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal—is well, out with it!—better. To win the loving esteem of all one's associates, as a man with heart large enough for them all, is best. This good, better, best, hath Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd. His it is to enjoy at once the three degrees of comparison—the positive forensic, the comparative literary, and the superlative humane. A case in Rule of Three with a splendid quotient. To "take a rule" of that sort, is not allowed to many. But Sir Thomas has it all his own way—"rule absolute." And probably, were his good wishes for his brethren as efficacious as they are cordial and general, there would be hardly an instance of "rule refused." But there is no surplusage of instances of combined literary and forensic success. To him who would be at once a great lawyer and a great poet, and would bind up together in his book of life the studies of Blackstone and the dreams of Coleridge,—to him Experience, harsh monitor, whispers, or if need be screams, Divide and conquer. Eminence in both departments is of the rarest. Scott retained his clerkship at the Court of Session, but who ever heard of the Wizard of the North as a law authority? Jeffrey is one of the select inner circle to which Talfourd belongs. Wilson and Lockhart—"oh no, we never mention them" in wig and gown. Sir Archibald Alison and Professor Aytoun, Mr. Procter and Serjeant Kinglake, Lords Brougham and Campbell, Mr. Ten Thousand-a-Year Warren and a few others, are not all unexceptionable exceptions to prove the rule. And yet there has ever been, more or less, a hankering after the Muses and the Magazines on the part of Messieurs of the long robe.* Very natural, too, if only by a law

of reaction; but very hazardous, notwithstanding; and alarmingly symptomatic of a fall between two stools. One thing at a time the ambiguously ambitious *avocat* may do triumphantly; but to drive Pegasus up and down an act of parliament, whatever may be done with a coach-and-six, is no every-day sight, no anybody's feat. Lord Eldon, when plain Jack Scott, keeping his terms at Oxford, obtained the prize of English composition, "On the Advantages and Disadvantages of Foreign Travel;" and it has been remarked, we believe by Mr. Justice Talfourd himself,* that since the subject of this essay was far removed from John's Newcastle experience, and alien from his studies, and must therefore have owed its success either to the ingenuity of its suggestions, or to the graces of its style; and that as, in after-life the prize essayist was never distinguished for felicity of expression or fertility of illustration, and acquired a style not only destitute of ornament, but unwieldy and ponderous; this youthful success suggests the question, "Whether in devoting all his powers to the study of the law, he crushed the faculty of graceful composition with so violent an effort, that Nature, in revenge, made his ear dull to the music of language, and involved, though she did not darken, his wisest words?" Happily no such *quare* affects the career of the author of "Ion." He, indeed, is not Lord High Chancellor; which makes a difference. But neither did the great Eldon write a triumphant tragedy; and *that* again makes a difference in the Puisne Judge's favor. Fancy Lord Eldon editing the Reliques of Elia, or measuring Macready for blank verse; and if that is not extravagant enough, then fancy your

relating his *début* as *avocat* at the *barreau de Paris* proceeds to say; "Et en même temps, pour occuper ses loisirs, il se livra à la poésie à la composition littéraire, caractère qui distingue as génération d'avocats, et Pasquier entre les autres."

* Unless we err in attributing to his pen the very pleasant notice of the Lives of Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, in the *Quarterly Review* for December, 1844.

* For example (though one swallow proves not summer,) the French lawyers of the sixteenth century. A biographer of Etienne Pasquier, after

[Nov.,

self reading the one, or squeezing into the pit to see the other.

Sir Thomas was not far gone in his teens when he wo'd and won publicity, it is said, by a "poem" on the liberation of Sir Francis Burdett from durance vile. While still a schoolboy at Reading, he published a volume of "poems," including a sacred drama on the "Offering of Isaac" (inspired by that admiration of Mistress Hannah More, of which lingering traces survive, in the preface to "Ion,") "An Indian Tale," and some verses about the Education of the Poor, suggested by a visit to Reading of Joseph Lancaster. School-days over, he came to London, and fagged under the famous Chitty, in whose Criminal Law he aided and abetted. Then we find him fertile in the production of pamphlets, on toleration, on penal institutions, &c., and taking a gallant stand on the side of Wordsworth, at a time (1815) when to do so was to be in a scouted and flouted minority. Anon he is on the list of contributors to the periodical literature of the day—to the *Retrospective Review*, the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and the *London Magazine*. This kind of work he engaged in for love and money. Himself is our authority for making lucre a part of his motive: for when old Godwin toddled into the young advocate's chambers, the very morning after an introduction at Charles Lamb's, and then and there "carelessly observed that he had a little bill for 150*l.* falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks,"—the flattered and regretful Tasfurd "was obliged, with much confusion," he tells us, "to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world."* The articles contributed to the *Encyclopædia* are the most notable of his labors at this period, and well deserved their recent republication in a compact, collected form.† Foremost among these is his history of Greek Literature. Here he contrives to press a large amount of information into very narrow limits—as they seem, at least, when compared with those defined for himself, on the same classical ground, by Colonel Mure. We are told all that is known, and of course a trifle more,

about such early birds as Linus—be he singular, dual, or *plurimal*—and Orpheus, who brought Wisdom into Greece, and married her to immortal verse, and by his music subdued *l'Inferno* itself, "creating a soul under the ribs of death"—and Musæus, priest of the mysteries of Orpheus, and perhaps his son. Homer is amply discussed—large place being given to what Hartley Coleridge calls the Wolfish and Heinous point of view, and due stress laid on the good old conservative creed, which believes in the strict individuality of the bard. To divide, the stanchly orthodox feel, is to destroy:—"that fame which has so long resisted time, change, and mortal accident, would crumble into ruins—an immense blank would be left to the imagination, an aching void in the heart—the greatest light, save one, shining from the depth of time, would be extinguished, and a glory pass away from the earth." Homer, therefore, is assumed to be, not a class, but a man; not an abstract, impersonal Un-Self and Co., but our familiar childhood honored Homer's own Self; the man we came to know in connexion with Donnegan's obsolete lexicon, and Pope's sonorous verse; the well-known blind old man of Scio's rocky isle—who was born in *one* of the seven states hexametrically immortalised.

Smyrna, Rhodus, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,

and not in all seven at once, not in seventy times seven, as the German theory would imply.—Hesiod is designated the most unequal of poets; sometimes daringly and ardently imaginative, at other times insufferably low, creeping, tame, and prosaic; in his didactic poetry, rising occasionally into a high and philosophical strain of thought, but commonly giving mere trite maxims of prudence, and the most common-place worldly cunning; without any of Homer's refined gallantry, and, indeed, something very like a misogynist and a croaker.—The three great tragic poets of Greece are ably portrayed, though without, perhaps, any very original criticism or subtle discrimination: the "intrepid and fiery" Æschylus, on whose soul mighty imaginations trooped so fast, that, in the heat of his inspiration, he stopped not to accurately define or clearly develop them—like his own Prometheus, stealing fire from heaven to inspire and vivify his characters—however mighty his theme, always bringing to it a kindred emotion, but never losing his stateliness in his passion, never denuding his terrors of an unearthly grandeur and awe.

* Final Memorials of Charles Lamb.

† In the series of reprints by Messrs. Griffin, in crown octavo, commenced in 1849.

Sophocles: always perfect master of himself and his subject; conscious of the precise measure of his own capacities; maintaining undisturbed, his majestic course, in calm and beautiful progression; in everything lucid and clear, never forgetting the harmony and proportion of the whole, in the variety and complexity of the parts—his philosophy musical as is Apollo's lute—his wisdom made visible in the form of beauty. Euripides: appealing less to the imagination than to the sensibilities and the understanding—loving to triumph by involving us in metaphysical subtleties, or by dissolving us in tears, and scarcely ever laboring to attain the great object of the other tragedians, a representation of serene beauty;—a mind more penetrating and refined than exalted; holding up to nature a mirror rather microscopic than ennobling; intent on depicting situations the most cheerless and externally desolate, so that "Electra appears tottering not only beneath the weight of affliction, but of a huge pitcher of water; and Menelaus mourns at once the mangled honor of his wife and the tattered condition of his garments." To the same *Encyclopaedia*, Sir Thomas contributed the notices of the Lyric Poets of Greece, of Thucydides, sections of the history of Greece and of Rome, the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients, &c.

He stood well, too, on the once brilliant staff of the *London Magazine*, that bright-starred, thickly-starred, ill-starred rival of Old Ebony. Remembering how noble an army of coadjutors it once maintained, we may well concur in Hood's saying, that perhaps no ex-periodical might so appropriately be apostrophised with the Irish funeral question, "Arrah, honey, why did you die?" "Had you not," he continues (and as poor John Scott's successor he speaks feelingly), "an editor, and elegant prose writers, and beautiful poets, and broths of boys for criticism and classics, and wits and humorists,—Elia, Cary, Procter, Cunningham, Bowring, Barton, Hazlitt, Elton, Hartley, Coleridge, Talfourd, Sonne, Horace Smith, Reynolds, Poole, Clare, and Thomas Benyon, with a power besides? Hadn't you Lions' Heads with Traditional Tales? Hadn't you an Opium-eater, and a Dwarf, and a Giant, and a learned Lamb, and a Green Man? Arrah, why did you die?"* To that longer-lived

Magazine which the reader now holds in his hand, was Mr. Talfourd also a steady contributor; and he has amusingly recorded his sense of the utter unfitness of the then Editor (Campbell) for his office—alleging that he regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in Chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment and the propriety of every jest were verified by the editor's oath or solemn affirmation; that he stopped the press for a week at a comma, balanced contending epithets for a fortnight, and at last grew rash in his despair, and tossed the nearest, and often the worst article, "unwhipp'd of justice," to the impatient printer. Both the great Quartierlies, we believe, may also claim the name of Talfourd on their respective lists of critical allies.

But though periodical literature had provided his labors with a "local habitation," a "name" of prominent import and illuminated letters was first secured to him by the production of "Ion." The play was privately printed in 1834, and reviewed in the *Quarterly*; its performance at Covent Garden in 1836 was one of the *memorabilia* of the modern stage. Miss Mitford has told us of one brilliant gathering congregated to watch the fortunes of the tragedy on its opening night; and Mr. Leigh Hunt has pictured the dazzling *coup d'œil* of the theatre, where, "ever and aye, hands, stung with tear-thrilled eyes, snapping the silence,* burst in crashing thunders"—and where the

we read in a letter of Lamb's to Wordsworth (1822): "Our chief reputed assistants have forsaken us. The Opium-eater crossed us once with a dazzling path, and hath as suddenly left us darkling:—and again, to Bernard Barton (1823): The *London*, I fear, falls off. I linger among itsreaking rafters, like the last rat; it will topple down if they don't get some buttresses. They have pulled down three; Hazlitt, Procter, and their best stay, kind, light hearted Wainwright, their Janus." (Of the last-mentioned [Janus Weathercock], Justice Talfourd disclosed a lamentable history in the *Final Memorials*.) Thomas Hood thus sketches the catastrophe of the declining Magazine: "Worst of all, a new editor tried to put the Belles Lettres in Utilitarian envelopes; whereupon the circulation of the *Miscellany*, like that of poor Le Fevre, got slower, slower, slower,—and slower still,—and then stopped for ever! It was a sorry scattering of those old Londoners! Some went out of the country; one (Clare) went into it. Lamb retreated to Colebrook. Mr. Cary presented himself to the British Museum. Reynolds and Barry took to engrossing when they should pen a stanza; and Thomas Benyon gave up literature."

* All this, by the way, is rather difficult to construe, Mr. Hunt.

* Hood's *Own* (1846). The pathetic *Why* in this inquest touching the "dear deceased" seems to find its answer in the mismanagement of new proprietors, and the falling off of old contributors. Thus

proud, glad-hearted dramatist might, amid thick-clustered intellectual bevvies,

— see his high compeers,
Wordsworth and Landor—see the piled array,
The many-visaged heart, looking one way,
Come to drink beauteous truth at eyes and ears.

Of "Ion" we may say, as its author has said of the "Ion" of Euripides, that the simplicity and reverence inherent in the mind of its hero are no less distinct and lovely than the picture of the scenery with which he is surrounded. His feelings of humble gratitude to the power which has protected him—his virtue unspotted from the world—and his cleaving to the sacred seclusion which has enwrapped him from childhood, are beautifully drawn. The picture seems skintinctured, of an ethereal purity of coloring.* *Ion's*

— life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd.

Love is the germ of his mild nature, and hitherto the love of others hath made his life one cloudless holiday. But a curse smites the city—pestilence stalks there by noonday, and its arrows fly by night, and there is not a house in which there's not one dead—

'εν γ' ὁ πυρφόρος θεος
Σκηνὰς ἀλαυνεῖ, λοιμὸς ἐχθίστος, πολὺν.†

And with this crisis in the history of Argos opens a crisis in the nature of *Ion*—his soul responding mysteriously to the public affliction, and conscious of strange connexion with it; his bearing becomes altered; his smile, gracious as ever, wears unwonted sorrow in its sweetness; "his form appears dilated; in those eyes where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells; stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now knew not the passing wrinkle of a care." All this is touchingly and tenderly brought out; and indeed the whole tragedy is touching and tender. Beautiful passages, feelingly thoughtful, and in a dulcet strain of rhythmical expression, enrich its scenes. But that it has massive power, as some allege, or that it is an outburst of ardent genius, or that it is true, first and last, to the spirit of the ancient Greek drama, and is indeed the one solitary and peerless specimen in modern times of

that wondrous composition—when we hear this sort of thing dogmatically reiterated, we are stolidly infidel. The very atmosphere of Attica, is it?—we cannot "swallow" it, then. Byron tells us how John Keats

— without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.

The author of "Ion," with Greek, has made his Argives talk as the real "old folks" may be supposed *not* to have talked. *Medon* and *Agenor*, *Ion* and *Irus*, are a whit too good to be true, and a little too metrical, smooth, and polished, to be vigorously effective. We will not go so far as to assert with a recent writer (famous in the Anti-Church and State circuit, and not unknown on the "floor of The House") that ancient civilization not only exhibits little benevolence, and wants tenderness, but also shows *none* of the healthier moral sensibilities—that "it is not humane"—nor can it be pretended that the most intimate converse with it through the medium of its literature tends to elicit or to cultivate our more generous sympathies;* but we may pretty safely ignore in the venerable Argive heathens the benevolence, tenderness, healthy moral sensibilities, humanities, and generous sympathies, which their histrionic doubles on the boards of Covent Garden displayed so winsomely. Evidently they have had the schoolmaster abroad and the missionary among them. They have been handsomely evangelized, and gone through the curriculum of a polite education. *Ion* especially is good and wise enough to deserve benefit of clergy, whatever parricidal or suicidal freak he may indulge in. He has plainly read the Bible and the Elizabethan dramatists, and moulds his manners and eloquence accordingly. But, after all, it goes against the grain to affect levity in speaking of one so finely and delicately wrought as this royal orphan of the temple, some of whose words so penetrate the soul. Witness his logic on the immortality of man:

Cle. O unkind!
And shall we never see each other?
Ion (after a pause). Yes!
I have ask'd that dreadful question of the
hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow for ever; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory; all were dumb; but now

* Tragic Poets of Greece.

† *Œdip. Tyr.* 27-8.

* *Bases of Belief.* By Edward Miall, M.P. P.
41-2.

While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish; we shall meet
Again, Clemanthe!

Witness, too, his description of love triumphing over death in the plague-blighted homes of Argos, and his appeal from *Adrastus* the ruthless tyrant to *Adrastus* the sportive child, and his compact with his old playmate *Phocion*, when the latter would ante-date the coming sacrifice. The framework of the tragedy is not, perhaps, very artfully constructed, nor the exigencies of stage effect carefully studied, nor the subordinate actors individualized in any memorable degree: but, on the whole, "Ion" is surely a fine play, and a moving—a thing of beauty, and therefore a joy forever. Or if "for ever" will not stand as a logical sequent to such an aesthetic and Keatsian antecedent—if literary immortality be too infinite a conclusion to deduce from such a premise—let us at least give the will, which is *penes nos*, for the deed, which is *not*; and take up our *parabole*, and say, in easternly devoutness, O Ion, live for ever! and may thy shadow never be less!

"The Athenian Captive" is thought by some, in the face of that stubborn thing, fact, to be a better play than "Ion." It is generally allowed to be inferior in poetry and style. Passages and lines there are, however, of strength and beauty—more than most barristers could find brains and time to insert in the product of a Christmas vacation. The description of *Ismene*'s death recalls that of *Lady Randolph* in Home's now unacted drama; the lines that tell how the frenzied queen, at the cave's mouth,

Toss'd her arms
Wildly abroad; then drew them to her breast,
As if she clasped a vision'd infant there—

add reflex energy and pathos to her own fine utterance,

Listen! I was pluck'd
From the small pressure of an only babe.—

and her destiny is wrought out with highly impressive art, "as fits a matron of heroic line"—her majestic form lost finally in clouds and mystery, departed like *Oedipus*, where none may follow or inquire. *Thoas* declaims with glowing rhetoric, and plays the high-soul'd warrior almost grandly—cleaving in captivity to "the loveliness, the might, the hope of Athens"—one that is "foe to Corinth—not a traitor, nor one to

league with treason"—whose bearing and speech under the pressure of thraldom are shaped, "with a difference," after those of the Miltonic Agonistes. "Glencoe" is more peremptorily repudiated, as a Highland tragedy, by North Britishers, than the "Athenian Captive" and "Ion," as Greek tragedies, by Hellenizing Southrons. Lord Jeffrey permitted it to be inscribed to him, but his countrymen protest against the stage-massacre, as "murder most foul and most unnatural," committed on their unapproachable territory; so perilous is it to meddle with the national property of a people characterized, according to Elia, by such "Imperfect Sympathies" with the rationale of homage *ab extra*. Thus, one Edinburgh critic—Professor Aytoun, was it not?—was spokesman for phalanx of others, all armed to the teeth, when he declared that a more lamentable failure than this attempt to found a tragedy on the woful massacre of Glencoe—"a grosser jumble of nonsense about ancestry and chieftainship"—was never perpetrated. As though even in Glencoe's ashes lived their wonted fires,—*nemo me impune lacesset* being practically synonymous with *noli me tangere*—for "off at a *tangent*" of the tenderest quality flies the *genus irritabile*, and "take that, you pock-pudding!" (illustrated by the administration of a "conker") is the reward of any such "ordeal by touch." We fear that had this particular tragedy been a stage triumph, it would have been "damned" with something else than "faint praise," across the Tweed. But even sturdy Cis-Tweedites are constrained to own that "Glencoe" is flat and feeble, and that no mountain breeze freshens it, no mountain cataract chants a wild obligato to the stern theme, no swelling pibroch utters its wail, no heather-legged son of somebody shows us where we are, to the oblivion of an accomplished Londener in his study, inspired by Macready as model of Celtic heroism, and content with the stage of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, as a tolerable approximation to the romantic fastness of the Macdonalds.

Thus, by public judgment, both from the closet and from the playhouse, Sir Thomas Talfourd's second dramatic venture was pronounced a decline from the first, and still more decidedly the third from the second. He is said to have now "on the stocks" another tragedy, which we hope to greet as an emphatic reaction from this scale of descents. May it take precedence as unquestioned of the existing trilogy, as Mr. Justice

on the bench does of Mr. Serjeant at the bar.

In his "Vacation Rambles" we find the hearty glee of a fagged counsel at escaping from work, not indeed to take his ease at his ina, but to bustle about guiltless of horse-hair coronal and defiant of common law—steaming from Havre to Rouen, whizzing along the St. Germain Railway, playing the gourmand at Meurice's, and the critic at the Parisian theatres and the galleries of the Louvre, pilgrimizing to Geneva and the Alps—Mont Blanc reminding him, as he saw it, of "nothing so much in nature or art as a gigantic twelfth-cake, which a scapegrace of Titan's 'enormous brood,' or 'younger Saturn,' had cut out and slashed with wild irregularity." His frank expression of so unsentimental a thought, is one characteristic of this book of rambles; another is, the zest with which he so frequently records his appreciation of creature comforts—such as the "we sat down to an excellent breakfast," on "a large cold roast fowl, broiled ham, eggs, excellent coffee, and a bottle of good Rhenish," followed "about two o'clock" by an "admirably dressed little dinner," made up of "a thin beefsteak, thoroughly broiled (or fried, as the case might be), with a sauce of parsley and butter, and a cold cream-chicken-salad, &c., &c.," "accompanied by

a bottle of Asmanshauser wine." Even in the family bivouac at the Grands Mulets, we are conducted through the details of the dinner, joyously protracted "till it merged in supper"—though the Head of the Family feelingly says, "I regret to confess that I could not eat much myself; but I looked with a pleasure akin to that with which the French king watched the breakfast of Quentin Durward, on the activity of my younger friends"—who with Homeric intensity tore asunder the devoted chickens, and left the bones there, to be matter of speculation to aspiring geologists and scientific associations in future ages.

The "Life and Letters of Charles Lamb," and the "Final Memorials," are household treasures. Exception may be taken to occasional passages—but the net result is delightful, as every memorial of Elia must be—that "cordial old man," whose lot it was to

—leave behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.*
The love of friends without a single foe :
Unequalled lot below !

* Addressed by Mr. Landor to "The Sister of Elia"—whom, mourning, he would fain comfort with the reminder—"yet awhile! again shall Elia's smile refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.

NEO-PLATONISM—HYPATIA.*

From the British Quarterly Review.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. KINGSLEY.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE compares heresies to the river Arethusa, which loses its current, and passes under ground in one place, to reappear in another. He talks, in his quaint fashion, of a certain metempsychosis of ideas, according to which the soul of one man appears to pass into another, and opinions find, after sundry revolutions, "men and minds like those that first begat them." No philosopher has yet arisen fully to follow out the hint of

that fanciful old physician to whose egotistic yet genial soliloquizing we still hearken in the pages of the *Religio Medici*. A synic might perhaps, regard Adelung's *History of Human Folly* as already occupying nearly all the ground embraced by such a study. Has not Shakspeare said—

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
Though they be framed and fashioned of things
past ?

True,—as Shakspeare always is—yet what

* Hypatia; or, New Foes with an old face. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Jun. 2 vols. J. W. Parker, and Son.

a fascinating theme does the very rebuke disclose. Such an inquiry into the processes by which antiquity has been thus attired in the show of novelty,—into the history of that mysterious interpenetration of old and new,—into the laws, if laws there be, according to which dead thoughts are periodically raised to life, and the past is summoned to play its part under the freshly-painted mask of the present, might well task the largest powers, would be replete with interest and instruction. It is interesting, in the fairy land of fiction, to watch the transit of the classic into the romantic fable,—to see Jason and Medea reappear as venturesome knight and sage princess,—to find the Fates transformed into duennas keeping watch over Proserpine, and to recognize Cerberus in that hideous giant horrible and high, who guards the melancholy castle of King Pluto. It is yet more so, in the high provinces of thought, to trace the transmigration of error or of truth into forms familiar to a later age, and to observe the resumption, as in a new element, of conflicts apparently decided long since. What tradition long reported concerning that terrible engagement between the utmost strength of the Roman and the Hun, philosophy exhibits as true respecting the more subtle struggles of human opinion. It was said that, on the night after the battle,—above the vast plains of Châlons, stretching with their heaps of dead miles away into the darkness on either hand—the ghosts of the slain warriors arose, and, marshalled, in the upper air, renewed, with unearthly arms and hate, the strife which death had interrupted. Thus has the antagonism of rival modes of thought perpetuated its contest, while the early champions or propounders of either principle are sleeping the sleep of death below. "*Non enim hominum interitu sententia quoque occidunt.*"

A comparative survey of the modifications of opinion such as we propose, would furnish many a valuable lesson. It would illustrate, in its course, that substantial identity of human nature which makes one kindred of all times and countries. It would point out those common wants and common hopes which, under every superficial difference, are the foundations of man's nature, somewhat as science finds the inorganic crust of the earth unaltered by varieties of clime, and trap and basalt, porphyry and granite, everywhere the same, whether crested by the branching palm, or mantled shaggily by stunted firs. It would separate between the original and the stolen property of mo-

dern speculation, and bring about such a general gaol-delivery of plagiarisms as might well remind us of those grotesque mediæval pictures of the last judgment, in which the fishes appear bearing in their mouths the heads, arms, and legs of the drowned men they have devoured. It would show how often the prophetic words of the confessors and the martyrs of reform in religion or in science—which seemed to be shed like an untimely product on the earth—to be scattered by winds, and trodden into mire by the hoof of beasts, have been in reality conserved, and made to utter their voice in another form to another generation, even as the withered leaves in the fabled island of the Hebrides were said to be changed into singing-birds as soon as they had fallen to the ground. Such an inquiry would occupy a space in the kingdom of mind as comprehensive as that of physical geography in the kingdom of nature. It would be the metaphysical "Cosmos" of the mysterious microcosm—man. As the botanist can trace the course of certain races of the human family by the presence of particular plants, which are only found where they have trodden, so would our investigator pursue the history of a certain order of mind by those modifications of mental product, and those practical and moral fruits which uniformly spring up in its train. As the zoologist has always derived, from the examination of monstrous and aberrant forms, material to extend his knowledge of the regularly-developed organism, so the mis-shapen creations of mental extravagance or disease would throw light for the philosopher on the sources of man's danger, on the true power and province of man's mind. As the votary of science learns to distinguish between the physiological and the morphological import of the organs of a plant, when he finds the same vital function which belongs to the leaf in one species, carried on by the stem in another,—so would it be with our inquirer, if possessed of a sagacity equal to his undertaking. He would find the intellectual life of successive periods fostered, now by one class of men, and now by another,—that no order or institution can be declared the necessary organ by which society shall breathe or feed,—and that he must often look for the vitality of an age, not in the professed centre of its culture, but in some portion of its growth which, to a superficial eye, would appear only an unsightly excrescence, or an unimportant appendage. He would learn, too, to anticipate, from the revival of old errors, the revival of old re-

actions appropriately modified, and would contemplate with wonder that beneficent provision by which the most baneful opinions appear, almost invariably, accompanied by their antidotes—the excess of the evil provoking a healthful antagonism, so that the poison and the medicine grow side by side, as the healing trumpet-tree is said always to raise its purple blossoms in the neighborhood of the deadly manchineel.

From the somewhat enigmatical title of Mr. Kingsley's tale, we had looked for a contribution, which we felt sure would be of value, in the direction now indicated. It appeared to be his purpose to indicate the substantial identity of the past and the present strife waged between that wisdom of this world accounted foolishness by God, and that preaching of the cross so often accounted foolishness by man. The past conflict he has depicted fully, and with admirable skill. But its parallel with the present antagonism of similar parties is but generally hinted at in a summary remark or two on his last page.

This reticence may have proceeded from æsthetic or from prudential considerations. Cyril of Alexandria, with his bitter worldly heart and oily sanctimonious phrase, with his capacity for business and for hatred, alike enormous, is a shadow among shadows. But the bishop of Exeter, into whose body the soul of Cyril has unquestionably transmigrated, is a living reality in lawn. It might not be pleasant to approach too nearly that ecclesiastical mud volcano, which, always growling and simmering, may explode in an instant with such terrific force its bespattering baptism of abuse. Again, Mr. Newman, like Porphyry, aspires to be a religious man without being a Christian, and in behalf of an ambitious and unintelligible religious sentiment assails the Old Testament and misconceives the New. Like Iamblichus, too, many of our sceptical spiritualists are credulous votaries of the theurgic pretensions of our time. They find the gospels incredible, but they have surrendered to the Pough Keepsie Seer. Their reason rises in disdain against the claims of an apostle, but falls prostrate before an American rapping. Their faith resembles that of Dr. Johnson, who refused to credit the report of the earthquake at Lisbon, but could believe in the Cock-lane ghost. These spiritual manifestations of our own day are the counterpart of those pretended marvels which deluded the Alexandrian adepts who were too wise to receive the faith of the Nazarene. If Mr. Kingsley had pursued his parallel, therefore, he would have had work

enough upon his hands. The two foes he had so faithfully portrayed would have united against him. The bigots would have assailed him on the one side, and the infidels on the other. In the hands of adversaries so embittered, his reputation could scarcely have escaped the fate of his heroine Hypatia.

But no one acquainted with the spirit of Mr. Kingsley's writings will readily believe that he has in any undue measure the fear of man before his eyes. He is more likely to have paused where he has done, from deference to what he deemed the dictate of taste, than from any cautious heed to the presentiments of timidity. He considers, probably, the history he has revived as a parable, which, like all parables good for anything, carries its main lesson on the surface. He would urge, with some truth, in his justification, that the moral of a story should be suggested rather than obtruded,—that a romance is not the place for a homily,—that the painter is only indirectly the preacher,—that those who have ears to hear will hear with advantage, and those who have not will never be prosed into wisdom. Still we think that some farther application of the results brought out by this study of the past should have been attempted. A concluding chapter, embracing some such thoughtful and suggestive summary, and indicating the real analogies and distinctions between the old conflict and the new, would greatly have enhanced the value of the book.

In point of style, Mr. Kingsley differs widely from Mr. Maurice and Mr. Trench, with whom, in matters of opinion, he appears to possess much in common. Mr. Maurice is easy and natural; his flowing language carries the reader with him right pleasantly, and there is a pellucid simplicity about the sentences severally which is not a little charming. But the effect of the whole is marred by a want of definiteness. Much is suggested, little is established. An ingenious succession of side-lights are thrown upon the subject, but in some way they perplex each other. We miss that vigorous and telling summary of results, without which we may be dazzled or amused, but are left uninstructed after all as to the contemplated conclusion of the whole.

Mr. Trench, again, is less defective in this respect, though accustomed sometimes to invest his theme with an unnecessary abstraction, and apt to handle it in a large aerial manner, imposing enough, but unsatisfactory to such as desire to see eloquent, philosophical generalizations always well supported by the evidence and detail of facts. The style of

Mr. Trench, where his subject allows him full scope, is stately, rich, and full—a kind of ecclesiastical antique,—now breathing out some pensive imagination—

“To the Dorian mood
Of flutes, and soft recorder,”

and now again rising into grandeur, colored by the many slanting hues of his cathedral window—Fancy. It is characterized more by beauty than by power, yet it possesses so much of the former as never to be wholly destitute of the latter. Its appeal is that of taste and learning to a circle comparatively limited.

Mr. Kingsley, on the other hand, addresses a larger auditory in another tone. His vehement and daring nature has marked out a course for itself. He is thought to have been even too oblivious, at times, of the smooth-shaven proprieties—of the starched and white-neckclothed nicety of ecclesiastical conventionalism. In fact, he would seem, at one time, to have taken the Carlyle fever, and to have had it very badly indeed. But the sickness did not with him as with poor Sterling, develop into a life-long disorder. Mr. Kingsley got over his Carlyle-period as other strong minds have survived their Werter and Byron periods—their era of affectation and sentimentality—that time of life wherein, as of old,—

“Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantness.”—

So Mr. Kingsley recovered, and now exhibits a mental constitution whose vitals the disease has left untouched. In all he has written, the freshness and vigor of an independent and powerful mind are apparent. Even where we think him wrong we cannot but respect his motive, and honor his conscientiousness and courage. The excellences of his style are his own, its faults those of the school in which he appears first to have studied. There is observable in many parts of his writings a strain and violence hardly compatible with the highest order of power—a certain self-conscious and spasmodic effort which cannot dare to be calm and natural, which fears repose as though it were dullness and death inevitable. He loves abrupt transitions, dashes, intervening chains of dots, and has used, but too freely, stage property of this sort, for the purpose of effect. But his sins in this respect are venial compared with those of Mr. Carlyle. Already he is outgrowing such faults; and Hypatia, while thoroughly characteristic of the author of Yeast, and Alton Locke, manifests a patient, thoughtful comprehensiveness, to which

neither of those very clever books can lay claim. The vices to which, under such influence, Mr. Kingsley was most exposed—those of exaggeration and one-sidedness, he appears now to have almost completely escaped. It may not be flattering to Mr. Carlyle, but we believe it to be true, that by far the larger proportion of the best minds, whose early youth his writings have powerfully influenced, will look back on the period of such subjection as the most miserably morbid season of their life. On awaking from such delirium to the sane and healthful realities of manful toil, they will discover the hollowness of that sneering, scowling, wailing, declamatory, egotistical, and bombastic misanthropy, which, in the eye of their unripe judgment, wore the air of a philosophy so profound.

It is but justice to Mr. Kingsley to bear in mind what, so circumstanced, he refrains from doing, as well as what he does. He does not imagine that, to speak to the universal heart, he has only to “thou” the reader, to apostrophize him as “brother,” or loudly to cry, “O, man!” He does not believe that a short-winded Emersonian sentence is great of necessity with oracular majesty. He does not regard it as indicative of vast superiority, to call his fellow-laborers in the historic field or his fellow-men, anywhere, dry-as-dust, pudding-heads, imbecile, choughs, beetles, apes, and ostriches. He does not reckon a certain vituperative volubility among the supernatural privileges of the inspired priesthood of letters. He does not believe that either originality or depth can be secured by the virtue inherent in capital letters. He does not serve up pages liberally besprinkled with Silencies, Eternities, and Apysses, as a condiment attractive to the jaded appetite, which loathes everything natural. He does not fill with the commonest verity some monstrous and unwieldy sentence, till it seems a discovery of appalling import, while the whole may be compared to a giant in a midsummer pageant, “marching,” as saith an old writer, “as though it were alive, and ‘armed at all points,’ but within stuffed full of browne paper and ‘tow,’ which the shrewd boyes, under peeping, do guilefully, discover, and turne to a greate derision.”

The strength so conspicuous in Mr. Kingsley’s writings is power of that kind which results from the consecration of great gifts to a great purpose. His convictions are strong, his aim is worthy. He is not one of the many clever men of our time whose acuteness and whose talents are rendered almost futile by a lack of earnest conviction. Now Mr. Kingsley does believe strongly; as Austin

Caxton would say—he never forgets “the saffron-bag.” What he believes he must speak, and what he says he must make men hear. He is not to be precluded by his profession from the use of any legitimate means which shall secure attention to his message. If men will not hear his truth in essays, sermons, big books, they shall receive it in the drama, the tale, the historical romance. In addition to this intensity and concentrateness, this faculty of gathering up in a present purpose all the energy he possesses, Mr. Kingsley is endowed, in no small measure, with that gift of language which communicates to other minds the creations and the feelings that people his own. There are only certain words which will do this. The faculty which detects and rightly places them makes a man a painter with the pen. Such terms and epithets are the *vincula* between the unseen world of an author’s mind and the actual world constituted by his public. They are the magic formulæ, the ruins and spell-words by which marvels are wrought in the poet’s “heaven of invention.” In his slightest touches Mr. Kingsley displays the artist. He discerns at a glance those features of an object which must be brought out to realize the whole to the eye.

This power of selection as to what shall be described, and this choice of what is perhaps the one only epithet in the language which could vividly and accurately indicate it, is the secret of that life and force which distinguish his delineations. Thus there is so much chilly verisimilitude about his description of the hunting-field on a foggy morning, with which “Yeast” opens, as to make a susceptible reader quite damp and uncomfortable. It is like Constable’s picture of rain, which made Fuseli open his umbrella. In like manner, to read of those Goths in sunny, dusty, broiling Alexandria, singing of northern snows, is verily like the refreshment of an ice in the dog-days. And so throughout, those who will give themselves up fairly to the enjoyment of Mr. Kingsley’s pages may be carried within an hour to the remotest extremes of climate, physical or moral; they may travel from Hyperborean frosts to burning Abyssinia—from mental territories of ice-bound skeptic to the dangerous heats of brain-sick fanaticism.

But, apart from this descriptive faculty, there is another attribute to which Mr. Kingsley owes no small proportion of his deserved success; this quality is sympathy. Without this insight of the heart an acute and comprehensive mind may accomplish not a little as a philosopher, but, as an artist, must be

powerless. It is much to be able to entertain two ideas at the same time—at least, such capacity would seem to be more rare among us than could be wished, judging from the desperate haste with which we see men daily rushing from extreme to extreme, and stultifying themselves by arguing from abuse against use. But higher yet is his endowment who possesses a heart in some measure open to all mankind—who can enter into the hopes and fears, the sorrows and the temptation of minds the most opposite. We admire the calmness which can so deliberately estimate the strength and the weakness of either side in the battle between truth and error. We pay our tribute of praise to the graphic skill which realizes, with equal truth, the religious stillness of the desert, and the tumultuous horror of the amphitheatre—which exhibits, with such ease and clearness, almost as it were in passing, that strange compound, yclept Alexandrian philosophy, and can compress into a sentence the system of Lucretius, till we seem to see the forlorn world as he saw it—an aimless and everlasting gravitation of innumerable atoms. But most of all do we love that true hearted kindliness, the tenderness of the strong, which gently and reverently lifts the veil from the dark and mournful sanctuary of hearts that have found no God—that tremble bewildered between their devotion and their doubt—that seek, but seek amiss, or that are seen in one place denying the use of search, and in another discovering a deity only to be crushed with terror. It is from the heart alone that any writer could have limned those changing features of the soul that we behold working, now in aspiration, and now in despair, in the history of Hypatia, of Aben Ezra, and Pelagia. The same sympathizing spirit can detect traits of nature not wholly alien; yet from the fellow-feeling of fellow-sinners, in Cyril, in Eudæmon, in Miriam,—in the scheming prelate, in the frivolous, and selfish sciolist, in the fierce and abandoned procress. Even in the case of Peter the Reader, cowardly, mean, and blood-thirsty as the man is, a retrospective word or two shows us that he too had his affections once, was not thus evil always, and had been open to the touch of pity. Thus the geologist may point to the watermarks on the fragment of hardened rock revealing a primæval history, and recalling the time when it was a bright and yielding sand, traversed by the silver ripples of some pool, or frith, that shone and murmured amid the solitudes of the unpeopled world.

Hypatia exhibits, as a work of art, a mani-

fest advance on the former productions of Mr. Kingsley. The same power in the delineation of character, the same passion and pathos, intermingled now with humor and now with sarcasm, which characterized his earlier writings, are equally manifest in the present story, with a result more satisfactory, a truer unity of design, more judgment, and apparently more careful thought in the management of incident and dialogue. As a whole, the work is more successful in a province confessedly more difficult.

Mr. Kingsley never gives such scope to his indignation as when speaking of that worst thing—the corruption of the best. His severest lash is reserved for the smiling malignity and the sleek villainies of Pharisees and zealots. He is at home in detecting and holding up to abhorrence the secret Atheism that lurks in the heart of all intolerance, the iniquity of that unbelief which sins in the name of holiness and attempts the work of God with the tools of the devil. He is the sworn enemy of all those pretences under which men would part off the religious from the civil world, and override the sanctions of morality for the promotion of an ecclesiastical interest. But, unlike many loud-voiced denouncers of "wind-bags," "red-tape-isms," and shams," he tells us what he loves, quite as plainly as what he hates, what he believes as clearly as what he disbelieves. He does not with incessant bark assail every effort philanthropy actually makes, and after snapping at the legs of every messenger of mercy, withdraw into his tub—the cynic prophet of negation. He has something positive to announce and to commend. He does not see in the mass of mankind a flat and dreary deluge of common-place—an aggregate of transitory waves lifted up into a momentary being, raised for a transitory glance at sun and moon, and then subsiding into unfathomable night. He believes in a gospel which the poor hear gladly. Through all the gathered clouds of error, amidst the countless misbegotten phantoms of darkness that blot her glory, he beholds in history the Church of Christ—the Jerusalem which is from above, and is happy in the sight of the gleaming gold and sapphire, darting ever and anon a ray through the vapors from the mouth of the pit. While bringing out in unsparing relief the ill-omened features of that corruption which, in the fifth century, had already maimed and defiled the church, he does not fail to indicate aright the secret of her real power. One great lesson is plainly taught by his book. Christianity—in spite of its doctrinal disputes, so subtle

and so envenomed, on questions utterly insoluble,—in spite of those wrangling, persecuting factions, whose inveterate hatred embroiled East and West, Roman and Barbarian, Greek and Goth, throughout the length and breadth of the tottering empire,—in spite of the trumpery of miracle-mongering, ecstasies, and exorcisms,—of the fanaticism and the stupor, the fury and the filth, of oriental monasticism—Christianity had, in his view, nevertheless, an answer for the deepest cravings of man's heart, which philosophic culture could not in its dreams surmise, and was busy with a benevolence, and glorious with a self-devotion, that attested daily a celestial origin—a divine commission.

Hypatia is no one-sided apology for Christianity; it is a faithful representation of the workings and doings of men called Christians at Alexandria, in their conflict with the vanishing theories and the too substantial evils of the dying giant heathendom. The intellectual opposition they encountered was comparatively feeble; the moral, gigantic. Pagan philosophy had made, now and then, an effort to stay, with the arms of rhetoric and dialectics, the vices of the time. But the weapons belonged to one element, and the adversaries aimed at to another. The immorality which peopled the atmosphere of old Hellas mocked the efforts of the sages, and seemed to say from the high place of the powers of the air—

"the elements
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemoak'd at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume."

Then came Christianity,—winning her first purifying successes in a world noisome with the accumulated and legitimized impurity of many ages,—appealing to the heart, to sanctions, to motives, to hopes, drawn from the highest, and tending thither. But the struggle soiled ere long her garments; the spirit of the world she had overcome entered into her, and the arts of the conquered became the lesson of the conqueror.

Accordingly we find the Alexandrian church, in the fifth century, already accomplished in the questionable practices of that secularity she professed to sway and aspire to reform. The sectarianism, the ignorance, the pride, the clerical place-hunting, the bigotry, the sanctimonious pretence of fashion or of coarseness, the unholy passions baptized by Christian names,—all, in short, that which makes up in our own day the common stock objection of the irreligious to

Christianity, was as odiously apparent then as now. Not small will be the service of Mr. Kingsley's story if it awakens in some wavering minds the inquiry—"Has not Christianity now believers like Augustine, Marjoricensis, and Victoria, as well as its Cyrils and its Peters; and its message to the weary skeptical Raphaels of the nineteenth century even as to him of the fifth?"

The opening chapter of the tale introduces us to the dwelling-place of a colony of monks among the ancient ruins and the burning sand hills near the banks of the Nile, about three hundred miles above Alexandria. A young monk, named Philammon, seized with the desire of viewing for himself the great world without, obtains from his anxious superiors permission to depart, and on a summer's night glides down the river in his little skiff towards the famous metropolis. Once arrived there, each day amazes with a new wonder the innocence of the youthful anchorite. He views with admiration the state, the discipline, the numbers, of the Christian world at Alexandria. With all the zeal of novelty, he gives himself to his share in the benevolent labors of his monastic brethren. But he learns, to his astonishment, that Christianity is not the only power at work. The state is not Christian, though at Constantinople the emperor professes the Christian faith. Strange speculations, lofty and fascinating, maintain their place, denounced as hellish by his brother monks, but having, in the very mystery and prohibition, a potent charm for a mind longing after knowledge, and strong in an untried faith. Hypatia, a woman, young, beautiful, and wise, fills her lecture-hall day after day with the fashion, the talent, and the wealth of the city, as she expounds this lofty and time-honored philosophy. He thirsts for the opportunity of some great achievement: might not he, Philammon, hear and judge, rise up and refute, and bring the wanderer home into the fold of Christ? The attempt is made. Philammon is treated by Hypatia with forbearance; by the coarse jealousy of his brethren he is heaped with wrong and insult. He takes refuge, from a church so much worse than he had thought it, with a philosophy so much better, and becomes the pupil of Hypatia. But, in the sequel, he discovers that what is refined in heathendom, cannot be practically separated from what is brutal and licentious,—that philosophy, even in the person of its best and holiest representative, is powerless to purify and slow to pity, and the

prodigal returns repentant to his forsaken home.

Such is the mere threadwork of a story, in the course of which the author contrives to bring his readers in contact with most of the motley phases of life that made up the sum of Alexandrian existence, and to afford them the advantage Philammon enjoyed, of hearing for themselves both sides. The advancing action presents to view Orestes, the prefect—an indolent debauchee, a fair type of many a provincial ruler in those days of feebleness and expediency; Hypatia, the priestess of philosophy, mourning over the extinct "Promethean heat," for ever departed from the shrines at which she worships; the giant Goths, stalking terribly among the donkey-riding Alexandrians, drinking, lounging, singing of Asgard and the northern heroes, and ready to sell their doughty sword-strokes to any cause not compromising their rude ideas of honor—finely contrasting, in their savage dignity, with the mass of that pauper populace, so cowardly and cunning, and, at times, so turbulent and fierce, hungering after shows and largesses, after bread without work, and blood without danger; the monks, swarming everywhere, blindly rancorous, and blindly beneficent, disciplined like an army by the stern and methodical Cyril, every now and then raising a riot, hunting down a heretic, and persecuting the Jews, yet constantly employed in nursing the sick, succoring the distressed, and toiling in benign attendance on those social maladies which imperial misgovernment produced, perpetuated, and left the church to cure as best she might.

Synesius is a specimen of a remarkable class of men not unfrequently met with during the transition period of the fifth century. The opinions he represents are familiar in their outlines to every student of the times, but it is peculiarly gratifying to have presented to us so fresh and graphic a portraiture of the daily habits and mode of life of one of the most interesting individuals of the species. Synesius is a kind of Christian Orpheus—a writer of mystical hymns that read like a rhapsodical strain from Apuleius intermingled with echoes from the psalter. He accepts a Christian episcopate, but he cannot repudiate the lessons of Pappus, and of Hieron. The doctrine of the resurrection, in its literal acceptation, is too carnal for his ethereal Platonism. He cannot surrender the pre-existence of the soul, or admit the destruction of the world. He holds fast the

dogma of emanation, invokes the Father as Plato's primordial Unity, and the Son as the Platonic Demiurge. He aspires to heaven as the region of the ideal—the native realm of Intelligible Archetypes. He must be allowed to philosophize at home, while he announces the popular religion out of doors. The inconsistency he reconciles to his conscience by reflecting that the eye of the vulgar is weakly, that too much light might produce the effect of falsehood, that an element of fable is indispensable in the instruction of the multitude. The old aristocratic intellectualism of the heathen world reigns in him to the last; but a kind heart often gets the better of philosophic pride, and he has much more of the Christian in him than the name.

Such was the position of the historical Synesius in the controversy between philosophy and faith, and the Synesius of Mr. Kingsley's fiction is a truthful and vigorous conception of the character as exhibited in those remains which time has preserved to us.

The best surviving remnants of Roman civilization were the class of educated country gentlemen. They are found in the fifth century throughout the western empire residing on their estates, the petty lords of the neighborhood, men of large property and cultivated taste. They have fine libraries, houses beautifully furnished, often a private theatre where some rhetorician performs his comedy before the patron, himself a writer of odes and epigrams, and perhaps no indifferent composer of music. Their time is given to the chase, to elegant banquets, to literary conversaziones. Looking with disdain at philosophers on the degeneracy around them, and with indifference as men of wealth on the ordinary objects of ambition, they take little part in public affairs. Indifferent on religious matters, they make no effort to revive the old faith, or to oppose the new. Give them their books, and their hounds, their generous wines, and their little circle of dilettanti, a pleasant friend to rattle the dice with them, or a lively party at tennis, and they are happy. They will chat the morning through under the vines without touching once on a theme of moment to church or state, to gods or men. The news of battle and revolt, of lost provinces, and changing empire, they will vote a bore, and forget it presently, as, with a jest, or a yawn they return to a new drama, or the last impromptu, to a critical conjecture, or a disputed etymology.

Meanwhile the earnest business of life goes on without these trifling egotists, and power is daily passing into other hands. Men find the Christian bishop everything which such luxurious idlers are not. They detest business; he toils in a whirl of it, from morning to night. They stand aloof from the people; he lives among them, visits, preaches, catechizes, settles disputes, has an ear for every applicant, finds time for every duty. While they are given up to self-enjoyment, he is the admiration of the country round for his austerity and active self-denial. While they are occupied by fits and starts with the curious indolence of a rhetorical philosophy, he is proclaiming a living truth to the multitude. He teaches the wakeful earnest husbandry of life, while they are dreaming it away with questions which, to the working many, are not worth a straw.

It was to be expected that, in process of time, these two characters would frequently unite in the same person. The more thoughtful, active, or benevolent among the members of this imperial squirearchy would discern, ere long, that through the church alone could they take any effective part in the real work of their day. Some embracing more, and others less of the popular Christian doctrine, they entered the episcopal or priestly office, and exercised an influence they could never otherwise have acquired. While thus far identifying themselves with the new order of things, they did not, however, relinquish all their old tastes and pleasures. The man of the world and the man of wit, the devotee of pagan philosophy and the woer of the classic muse, were still apparent beneath the robes of the bishop. Such was Synesius in Cyrene, Sidonius Apollinaris in Gaul, and many more.

But leaving these occupants of the frontier line, let us visit the camp of the enemy, and endeavor to realize the character and purpose of the last antagonist arrayed by antiquity against the youthful faith of the Cross.

First of all, as to what Neo-Platonism really was, and then as to the cause of its feebleness and utter failure when tested in conflict, even with the Christianity of the fifth century. Let us hear a part of the lecture Mr. Kingsley puts into the mouth of Hypatia. She has read aloud, from the Iliad, the well-known parting of Hector and Andromache, and then gives the following spiritualized exposition of the passage, treating it, in the style of her school, not as a tale of human passion, but as a philosophical allegory. "Such," she says, "is the myth."

“ Do you fancy that in it Homer meant to hand down to the admiration of ages such earthly commonplaces as a mother’s brute affection, and the terrors of an infant? Surely the deeper insight of the philosopher may be allowed, without the reproach of fancifulness, to see in it the adumbration of some deeper mystery.

“ The elect soul, for instance—is not its name Astyanax, king of the city; by the fact of its ethereal parentage, the leader and lord of all around it, though it knows it not? A child as yet, it lies upon the fragrant bosom of its mother, Nature, the nurse and yet the enemy of man. Andromache, as the poet well names her, because she fights with that being, when grown to man’s estate, whom as a child she nourished. Fair is she, yet unwise; pampering us, after the fashion of mothers, with weak indulgences; fearing to send us forth into the great realities of speculation, there to forget her in the pursuit of glory; she would have us while away our prime within the harem, and play for ever round her knees. And has not the elect, soul a father, too, whom it knows not? Hector, he who is without—unconfined, unconditioned by Nature, yet its husband?—the all-pervading plastic soul, informing, organizing, whom men call Zeus the lawgiver, Ether, the fire, Osiris the lifegiver; whom here the poet has set forth as the defender of the mystic city, the defender of harmony, and order, and beauty, throughout the universe? Apart sits his great father—Priam, the first of existences, father of many sons, the Absolute Reason; unseen, tremendous, immovable, in distant glory; yet himself amenable to that abysmal unity which Homer calls Fate, the source of all which is, yet in Itself Nothing, without predicate, unnameable.

“ From It and for It, the universal Soul thrills through the whole creation, doing the behests of that Reason from which it overflowed, unwillingly, into the storm and crowd of material appearances; warring with the brute forces of gross matter, crushing all which is foul and dissonant to itself, and clasping to its bosom the beautiful, and all wherein it discovers its own reflex; impressing on it its signature, reproducing from it its own likeness, whether star, or demon, or soul of the elect:—and yet, as the poet hints in anthropomorphic language, haunted all the while by a sadness—weighed down amid all its labors by the sense of a fate—by the thought of that First One from whom the Soul is originally descended; from whom it, and its Father, the Reason before it, parted themselves when they dared to think and act, and assert their own free will.

“ And in the meanwhile, alas! Hector, the father, fights around, while his children sleep and feed; and he is away in the wars, and they know him not—know not that they, the individuals, are but parts of him, the universal. And yet at moments—oh! thrice blessed they whose celestial parentage has made such moments part of their appointed destiny—at moments flashes on the human child the intuition of the unutterable secret. In the spangled glory of the summer night—in the roar of the Nile-flood, sweeping down fertility in every wave—in the awful depths of the temple

shrine—in the wild melodies of old Orphic singers, or before the images of those gods, of whose perfect beauty the divine theosophists of Greece caught a fleeting shadow, and with the sudden might of artistic ecstasy smote it, as by an enchanter’s wand, into an eternal sleep of snowy stone—in these there flashes on the inner eye, a vision beautiful and terrible, of a force, an energy, a soul, an idea, one and yet million-fold, rushing through all created things, like the wind across a lyre, thrilling the strings into celestial harmony—one life-blood through the million veins of the universe, from one great unseen heart, whose thunderous pulses the mind hears far away, beating for ever in the abysmal solitude, beyond the heavens and the galaxies, beyond the spaces and the times, themselves but veins and runnels from its all-teeming sea.

“ Happy, thrice happy they who once have dared, even though breathless, blinded with tears of awful joy, struck down upon their knees in utter helplessness, as they feel themselves but dead leaves in the wind which sweeps the universe—happy they who have dared to gaze, if but for an instant, on the terror of that glorious pageant; who have not, like the young Astyanax, clung shrieking to the breast of mother nature, scared by the heaven-wide flash of Hector’s arms and the glitter of his rainbow-crest! Happy, thrice happy! even though their eyeballs, blasted by excess of light, wither to ashes in their sockets! Were it not a noble end to have seen Zeus, and die like Semele, burnt up by his glory? Happy, thrice happy! though their mind reel from the divine intoxication, and the hogs of Circe call them henceforth madmen and enthusiasts. Enthusiasts they are; for Deity is in them, and they in It. For the time, this burden of individuality vanishes, and recognizing themselves as portions of the Universal Soul, they rise upward, through and beyond that Reason from whence the soul proceeds, to the fount of all—the ineffable and Supreme One—and seeing It, they become by that act, portions of its essence. They speak no more, but it speaks in them, and their whole being, transmuted by that glorious sunlight into whose rays they have dared, like the eagle, to gaze without shrinking, becomes an harmonious vehicle for the words of Deity, and passive itself, utters the secrets of the immortal gods. What wonder if to the brute mass they seem like dreams? Be it so. . . . Smile if you will. But ask me not to teach you things unspeakable, above all sciences, which the word-battle of dialectic, the discursive struggles of reason can never reach, but which must be seen only, and when seen, confessed to be unspeakable. Hence, thou disputer of the Academy!—hence, thou sneering Cynic!—hence, thou sense-worshiping Stoic, who fanciest that the soul is to derive her knowledge from those material appearances which she herself creates! . . . hence—; and yet, no; stay and sneer, if you will. It is but a little time—a few days longer in this prison-house of our degradation, and each thing shall return to its own fountain; the blood-drop to the abysmal heart, and the water to the river, and the river to

the shining sea; and the dew drop which fell from heaven shall rise to heaven again, shaking off the dust-grains which weighed it down, thawed from the earth-frost which chained it here to herb and sward, upward and upward ever through stars and suns, through gods, and through the parents of the gods, purer and purer through successive lives, till it enters The Nothing, which is The All, and find its home at last.”—Vol. i. pp. 185—189.

The foregoing extract is a fair exposition of the prominent characteristics in the teaching of the more spiritual section of the New-Platonist school. The reader will have marked its subtle pantheism, its soaring mysticism, its strained and fanciful interpretation of the worshiped creations of the past. Like Swedenborgianism, such a system furnished a certain kind of intellectual ingenuity with constant employment. This chase after hidden meanings is as illimitable as it is worthless.

The idea which presided at the foundation of Alexandria was the establishment of a great Hellenic empire which should unite opposing races. Greece and Egypt were to be renewed together at the mouth of the Nile. The wisdom of Ptolemy Soter and of Philadelphus labored to teach the pride of the Greek and the fanaticism of the Egyptian their first lesson in toleration. But it is not to the Museum of Alexandria, with all its munificent endowments, that philosophy owed those last glories which illumined, but could not avert her fall. Plotinus taught at Rome, Proclus at Athens. The apartments of the Royal Institute were tenanted, for the most part, by men like Theon,—mathematicians, critics, and literati, who spent their days in laborious trifling,—who could collect and methodize, minutely commentate, or feebly copy, but who could originate little or nothing,—who were alike indifferent and unequal to the mighty questions on which hung the issue of the conflict between Greek conservatism and the new religion. Such men chained philosophy to the past and starved it—they offered up the present as a funeral victim at the obsequies of antiquity, and science, in their hands, perished, like the camel which the ancient Arabs tied to the tomb of a dead hero and left to linger and expire on the desert sand.

For full five centuries, from the days of Philo to the days of Proclus, Alexandrian philosophy, half rationalist, half mystical, endeavored to reconcile the East and the West by one never-failing expedient—allegorical interpretation. The book of Genesis was to Philo what the Iliad was to Hypatia.

In his treatise, *De Confusione Linguarum*, Philo declares that the sky the Babel-builders sought to reach with the top of their tower, is the mind, in which dwell the “divine Powers.” Their futile attempts, he says, represents the presumption of those who place sense above intelligence, and think to storm the Intelligible World by the engine of the sensuous. Waller said that the troopers of the parliament ought to be both faithful men and good riders,—the first, lest they should run away with their horses,—the second, lest their horses should run away with them. Philo fulfilled the former condition in his advocacy of what he deemed the truth. No disputatious Greek could cavil at the books of Moses without finding himself foiled at his own dialectic weapons by the learned Jew. In the latter, he fails, and the wings of his hippocrash, Allegory, bear him far away into the dimmest realms of Phantasy.

Plato pronounces Love the child of Poverty and Plenty—the Alexandrian philosophy was the offspring of Reverence and Ambition. It combined an adoring homage to the departed genius of the age of Pericles, with a passionate credulous craving after a supernatural elevation. Its literary tastes and religious wants were alike imperative and irreconcileable. In obedience to the former it disdained Christianity; impelled by the latter, it travestied Plato. But for that proud servility which fettered it to a glorious past, it might have recognized in Christianity the only satisfaction of its higher longings. Rejecting that, it could only establish a philosophic church on the foundation of Plato’s school, and forsaking while it professed to expound him, embrace the hallucinations of intuition and of ecstasy, till it finally vanishes at Athens amid the incense and the hocus-pocus of theurgic incantation. Neo-Platonism begins with theosophy; that is, a philosophy, the imagined gift of special revelation, the product of the inner light. But soon, finding this too abstract and unsatisfactory, impatient of its limitations, it seeks after a sign and becomes theurgic. As it degenerates, it presses more audaciously forward through the veil of the unseen. It must see visions, dream dreams, work spells, and call down deities demi-gods, and demons, from their dwellings in the upper air. The Alexandrians were eclectics, because such reverence taught them to look back; mystics, because such ambition urged them to look up. They restore philosophy, after all its weary wanderings, to the place of its birth; and, in its second childhood, it is cradled in the arms of those old

poetic faiths of the past, from which, in the pride of its youth, it broke away.

The mental history of the founder best illustrates the origin of the school. Plotinus, in A. D. 233, commences the study of philosophy in Alexandria, at the age of twenty-eight. His mental powers are of the concentrative rather than the comprehensive order. Impatient of negation he has commenced an earnest search after some truth which, however abstract, shall yet be positive. He pores over the Dialogues of Plato and the Metaphysics of Aristotle, day and night. To promote the growth of his "soul-wings," as Plato counsels, he practices austerities his master never would have sanctioned. He attempts to live, what he learns to call, the "angelic life," the "life of the disembodied in the body." He reads with admiration the life of Apollonius of Tyana, by Philostratus, which has recently appeared. He can probably credit most of the marvels recorded of that strange thaumaturgist who, two hundred years ago, had appeared—a revived Pythagoras, to dazzle nation after nation through which he passed, with prophecy and miracle—who had travelled to the Indus and the Ganges, and brought back the supernatural powers of Magi and Gymnosophsists, and who was said to have displayed to the world once more the various knowledge, the majestic sanctity, and the superhuman attributes, of the sage of Crotona. This portraiture of a philosophical hierophant—a union of the philosopher and the priest in an inspired hero, fires the imagination of Plotinus. In the New-Pythagoreanism of which Apollonius was a representative, Orientalism and Platonism were alike embraced. Perhaps the thought occurs thus early to Plotinus—could I travel eastward I might drink myself at those fountain-heads of tradition, whence Pythagoras and Plato drew so much of their wisdom. Certain it is, that with this purpose he accompanied, several years subsequently, the disastrous expedition of Gordian against the Parthians, and narrowly escaped with life.

At Alexandria, Plotinus doubtless hears from Orientals there some fragments of the ancient eastern theosophy—doctrines concerning the principle of evil, the gradual development of the divine essence, and creation by intermediate agencies, none of which he finds in his Plato. He cannot be altogether a stranger to the lofty theism which Philo marred, while he attempted to refine, by the help of his "Attic Moses." He observes a tendency on the part of philosophy to fall

back upon the sanctions of religion, and on the part of the religions of the day to mingle in a Deism or a Pantheism, which might claim the sanctions of philosophy. The signs of a growing toleration or indifferentism meet him on every side. Rome has long been a Pantheon for all nations, and gods and provinces together have found in the capitol at once their Olympus and their metropolis. He cannot walk the streets of Alexandria without perceiving that the very architecture tells of an alliance between the religious art of Egypt and of Greece. All, except Jews and Christians, join in the worship of Serapis. Was not the very substance of which the statue of that God was made, an amalgam?—fit symbol of the syncretism which paid him homage. Once Serapis had guarded the shores of the Euxine, now he is the patron of Alexandria, and in him the attributes of Zeus and of Osiris, of Apis and of Plato, are adored alike by East and West. Men are learning to overlook the external differences of name and ritual, and to reduce all religions to one general sentiment of worship. For now more than fifty years, every educated man has laughed, with Lucian's satire in his hand, at the gods of the popular superstition. A century before Lucian, Plutarch had shown that some of the doctrines of the barbarians were not irreconcilable with the philosophy in which he gloried as a Greek. Plutarch had been followed by Apuleius, a practical eclectic, a learner in every school, an initiate in every temple, at once skeptical and credulous, a sophist and a devotee.

Plotinus looks around him, and inquires what philosophy is doing in the midst of influences such as these. Peripateticism exists but in slumber, under the dry scholarship of Adrastus and Alexander of Aphrodisium, the commentators of the last century. The New Academy and the Stoics attract youth still, but they are neither of them a philosophy so much as a system of ethics. Speculation has given place to morals. Philosophy is taken up as a branch of literature, as an elegant recreation, as a theme for oratorical display. Plotinus is persuaded that philosophy should be worship—speculation, a search after God—no amusement, but a prayer. Skepticism is strong in proportion to the defect or weakness of everything positive around it. The influence of *Aenesidemus* who, two centuries ago, proclaimed universal doubt, is still felt in Alexandria. But his skepticism would break up the foundations of morality. What is to be done? Plotinus sees those who are true to specula-

tion surrendering ethics, and those who hold to morality abandoning speculation.

In his perplexity, a friend takes him to hear Ammonius Saccas. He finds him a powerful, broad-shouldered man, as he might naturally be, who not long before was to be seen any day in the sultry streets of Alexandria, a porter, wiping his brow under his burden. Ammonius is speaking of the reconciliation that might be effected between Plato and Aristotle. This eclecticism it is which has given him fame. At another time it might have brought on him only derision, now there is an age ready to give the attempt an enthusiastic welcome.

Let us venture, as Mr. Kingsley has done with Hypatia, to make him speak for himself, and imagine, as nearly as may be, the probable tenor of his lecture.

"What," he cries, kindling with his theme, "did Plato leave behind him, what Aristotle, when Greece and philosophy had waned together? The first, a chattering crew of sophists: the second, the lifeless dogmatism of the sensationalist. The self-styled followers of Plato were not brave enough either to believe or to deny. The successors of the Stagyrite did little more than reiterate their denial of the Platonic doctrine of ideas. Between them morality was sinking fast. Then an effort was made for its revival. The attempt at least was good. It sprang out of a just sense of a deep defect. Without morality what is philosophy worth? But these ethics must rest on speculation for their basis. The Epicureans and the Stoics, I say, came forward to supply that moral want. Each said, we will be practical, intelligible, utilitarian. One school, with its hard lesson of fate and self-denial; the other, with its easier doctrine of pleasure, more or less refined, were rivals in their profession of ability to teach men how to live. In each there was a certain truth, but I will honor neither with the name of a philosophy. They have confined themselves to mere ethical application—they are willing, both of them, to let first principles lie unstirred. Can skepticism fail to take advantage of this? While they wrangle, both are disbelieved. But, sirs, can we abide in skepticism?—it is death. You ask me, what I recommend? I say, travel back across the past. Out of the whole of that by-gone and yet undying world of thought construct a system greater than any of the sundered parts. Repudiate these partial scholars in the name of their masters. Leave them to their disputes, pass over their

systems, already tottering for lack of a foundation, and be it yours to show how their teachers join hands far above them. In such a spirit of reverent enthusiasm you may attain a higher unity, you mount in speculation, and from that height ordain all noble actions for your lower life. So you become untrue neither to experience nor to reason, and the genius of eclecticism will combine, yea, shall I say it, will surpass while it embraces, all the ancient triumphs of philosophy!"

Such was the teaching which attracted Longinus, Herennius, and Origen (not the father). It makes an epoch in the life of Plotinus. He desires now no other instructor, and is preparing to become himself a leader in the pathway Ammonius has pointed out. He is convinced that Platonism, exalted into an enthusiastic illuminism, and gathering about itself all the scattered truth upon the field of history; Platonism, mystical and catholic, can alone preserve men from the abyss of skepticism. One of the old traditions of Finland relates how a mother once found her son torn into a thousand fragments at the bottom of the River of Death. She gathered the scattered members to her bosom, and rocking to and fro, sang a magic song, which made him whole again, and restored the departed life. Such a spell the Alexandrian philosophy sought to work—thus to recover and re-unite the relics of antique truth dispersed and drowned by time.

Plotinus occupied himself only with the most abstract questions concerning knowledge and being. Detail and method—all the stitching and clipping of eclecticism, he bequeathed as the handicraft of his successors. His fundamental principle is the old *petitio principii* of idealism. Truth, according to him, is not the agreement of our apprehension of an external object with the object itself—it is rather the agreement of the mind with itself. The objects we contemplate and that which contemplates, are identical for the philosopher. Both are thought; only like can know like; all truth is within us. By reducing the soul to its most abstract simplicity, we subtilize it so that it expands into the infinite. In such a state we transcend our finite selves, and are one with the infinite; this is the privileged condition of ecstasy. These blissful intervals, but too evanescent and too rare, were regarded as the reward of philosophic asceticism—the seasons of refreshing, which were to make amends for all the stoical austerities

of the steep ascent towards the abstraction of the primal unity.

Thus the Neo-Platonists became ascetics and enthusiasts; Plato was neither. Where Plato acknowledges the services of the earliest philosophers—the imperfect utterances of the world's first thoughts,—Neo-Platonism (in its later period, at least) undertakes to detect, not the similarity merely, but the identity between Pythagoras and Plato, and even to exhibit the Platonism of Orpheus, and of Hermes. Where Plato is hesitant or obscure, Neo-Platonism inserts a meaning of its own, and is confident that such, and no other, was the master's mind. Where Plato indulges in a fancy, or hazards a bold assertion, Neo-Platonism, ignoring the doubts Plato may himself express elsewhere, spins it out into a theory, or bows to it as an infallible revelation. Where Plato has the doctrine of Reminiscence, Neo-Platonism has the doctrine of Ecstasy. In the Reminiscence of Plato, the ideas the mind perceives are without it. Here there is no mysticism, only the mistake incidental to metaphysicians generally of giving an actual existence to mere mental abstractions. In Ecstasy, the ideas perceived are within the mind. The mystic, according to Plotinus, contemplates the divine perfections in himself; and, in the ecstatic state, individuality (which is so much imperfection), memory, time, space, phenomenal contradictions and logical distinctions all vanish. It is not until the rapture is past, and the mind, held in this strange solution, is, as it were, precipitated on reality, that memory is again employed. Plotinus would say that Reminiscence could impart only inferior knowledge, because it implies separation between the subject and the object. Ecstasy is superior—is absolute, being the realization of their identity. True to this doctrine of absorption, the pantheism of Plotinus taches him to maintain alike, with the Oriental mystic at one extreme of time, and with the Hegelian at the other, that our individual existence is but phenomenal and transitory. Plotinus, accordingly, does not banish reason, he only subordinates it to ecstasy where the Absolute is in question. It is not till the last that he calls in supernatural aid. The wizard king builds his tower of speculation by the hands of human workmen till he reaches the top story, and then summons his genii to fashion the battlements of adamant, and crown them with starry fire.

Plotinus, wrapt in his proud abstraction, cared nothing for fame. An elect company

of disciples made for a time his world; ere long, his dungeon-body would be laid in the dust, and the divine spark within him set free, and lost in the Universal Soul. Porphyry entered his school fresh from the study of Aristotle. At first the audacious opponent of his master, he soon became the most devoted of his scholars. With a temperament more active and practical than that of Plotinus, with more various ability and far more facility in method and adaptation, with an erudition equal to his fidelity, blameless in his life, pre-eminent in the loftiness and purity of his ethics, he was well fitted to do all that could be done towards securing for the doctrines he had espoused that reputation and that wider influence to which Plotinus was so indifferent. His aim was twofold. He engaged in a conflict hand to hand with two antagonists at once, by both of whom he was eventually vanquished. He commenced an assault on Christianity without, and he endeavored to check the progress of superstitious practice within the pale of paganism. His doctrine concerning ecstasy is less extravagant than that of Plotinus. The ecstatic state does not involve with him the loss of conscious personality. He calls it a dream, in which the soul, dead to the world, rises to an activity that partakes of the divine. It is an elevation above human reason, human action, human liberty, yet no temporary annihilation, but rather an ennobling restoration or transformation of the individual nature. In his well-known letter to Anebon, he proposes a series of questions which indicate that thorough skepticism concerning the pretensions of theurgy which so much scandalized Iamblichus. The treatise of the latter, *De Mysteriis*, is an elaborate reply, under the name of Abammon, to that epistle.

Thus much concerning the doctrine of the theosophic or spiritualist section of the Neo-Platonists. Iamblichus is the leader and representative of the wonder-working and theurgic branch of the school. With this party a strange mixture of charlatany and asceticism takes the place of those lofty but unsatisfying abstractions which absorbed Plotinus. They are, in some sort, the lineal descendants of those *άγρια* of whom Plato speaks—itinerant venders of expiations and of charms—the Grecian prototypes of Chaucer's Pardonere. Yet nothing can exceed the power to which they lay claim. If you believe Iamblichus, the theurgist is the vehicle and instrument of Deity, all the subordinate potencies and dominions of the upper

world are at his beck, for it is not a man but a God who mutters the words of might, and chants the prayer which shakes celestial thrones and makes the heavens bow. When the *afflatus* is upon him, fiery appearances are seen, sweetest melodies tremble through the air, heavy with incense, or deep discordant sounds betray some terrible presence tamed by the master's art. There are four great orders of spiritual existence peopling the unseen world—gods, demons or heroes, demi-gods, and souls. The adept knows at once to which class the glorious shape which confronts him may belong—for they appear always with the insignia of their office, or in a form consonant with the rank they hold in the hierarchy of spiritual natures. The appearances of gods are uniform (*μονοτόηται*), those of demons various in their hue (*τονιζει*). Often when a god reveals himself, he hides sun and moon, and appears, as he descends, too vast for earth. Each order has gifts of its own to bestow on those who summon them. The gods confer health of body, power and purity of mind: the principalities which govern the sublunary elements impart temporal advantages. At the same time there exist evil demons—anti-gods, who are hostile to the aspirant, who afflict, if they can, both body and mind, and hinder our escape from the world of appearance and of sense.

It is not a little curious to observe the process by which a more refined and intellectual mysticism gives way to a more gross, and theosophy is superseded by theurgy, in Neo-Platonism, Gnosticism, and Romanism alike. At first, ecstasy is an indescribable state—any form or voice would mar and materialize it—the vague boundlessness of this exaltation, of that expanse of bliss and glory in which the soul seems to swim and lose itself, is not to be even hinted at by the highest utterance of mortal speech. But a degenerate age, or a lower order of mind, demands the detail and imagery of a more tangible marvel. The demand creates supply, and the mystic, deceiver or deceived, or both, most commonly begins to furnish out for himself and others a full itinerary of those regions of the unseen world which he has scanned or traversed in his moments of elevation. He describes the starred baldrics and meteor-swords of the serial panoply—tells what forlorn shapes have been seen standing dark against a far depth of brightness, like stricken pines on a sunset horizon—what angelic forms, in gracious companies, alight about the haunts of men, thwarting the evil, and

opening pathways for the good—what genii tend what mortals, and under what astral influences they work weal or woe—what dwellers in the middle air cover with embattled rows the mountain side, or fill some vast amphitheatre of silent inaccessible snow—how some encamp in the valley, under the penmons of the summer lightning, and others find a tented field where the slow wind unrolls the exhalations along the marsh, or builds a canopy of vapours—all is largely told—what ethereal heraldry marshals with its blazon the thrones and dominions of the unseen realm—what giant powers and principalities among them darken with long shadow, or illumine with a winged wake of glory the forms of following myriads, their ranks and races, wars and destiny, as minutely registered as the annals of some neighbor province, as confidently recounted as though the seer had nightly slipped his bonds of flesh, and made one in their council or their battle.

Thus the metaphysical basis and the magical pretensions of Alexandrian mysticism are seen to stand in an inverse ratio to each other. Porphyry qualifies the intuitional principle of his master, and holds more soberly the theory of illumination. Iamblichus, the most superstitious of all in practice, diminishes still further the province of theosophy. He denies what both Plotinus and Porphyry maintained, that man has a faculty inaccessible to passion, and eternally active. Just in proportion as these men surrendered their lofty ideas of the innate power of the mind did they seek to indemnify themselves by recourse to supernatural assistance from without. The talisman takes the place of the contemplative reverie. Philosophic abstraction is abandoned for the incantations of the cabalist; and as speculation droops superstition gathers strength.

Such are the leading features of that philosophical religionism which attempted to rival Christianity at Alexandria, and which strove to cope, in the name of the past, with the spiritual aims and the miraculous credentials of the new faith. What were the immediate causes of its failure? The attempt to piece with new cloth the old garment was necessarily vain. Porphyry endeavored to refute the Christian, and to reform the pagan by a single stroke. But Christianity could not be repulsed, and heathendom would not be renovated. In vain did he attempt to substitute a single philosophical religion, which should be universal, for the manifold and popular polytheism of his day. Christian truth repelled his attack on the one side, and

idolatrous superstition carried his defences on the other. The Neo-Platonists, moreover, volunteered their services as the champions of a paganism which did but partially acknowledge their advocacy. The philosophers were often objects of suspicion to the emperor, always of dislike to the jealousy of the heathen priest. In those days of emperor-worship the emperor was sometimes a devouring deity, and, like the sacred crocodile of Egypt, more dangerous to his worshipers than to his foes, would now and then break fast on a devotee. The Neo-Platonists defended paganism not as zealots, but as men of letters. They defended it because the old faith could boast of great names and great achievements in speculation, literature, and art, and because the new appeared barbarian in its origin, and humiliating in its claims. They wrote, they lectured, they disputed in favour of the temple, and against the church, not because they worshipped idols, but because they worshipped Plato. They exclaimed against vice, while they sought to conserve its incentives, so abundant in every heathen mythology, fondly dreaming that they could bring a clean thing out of an unclean. Their great doctrine was the unity and immutability of the abstraction they called God ; yet they took their place as the conservators of polytheism. They saw Christianity denouncing every worship except its own ; and they resolved to assert the opposite, accrediting every worship except that Christianity enjoined. They failed to observe in that benign intolerance of falsehood, which stood out as so novel a characteristic in the Christian faith, one of the credentials of its divine origin. They forgot that lip-homage paid to all religions is the virtual denial of each. They strove to combine religion and philosophy, and robbed the last of its only principle, the first of its only power. In their hands speculation lost its scientific precision, and deserted its sole consistent basis in the reason ; for they compelled philosophy to receive a fantastic medley of sacerdotal inventions, and to labor, blinded and disdained, an enfeebled Samson in the prison-house of their eclecticism, that these might be woven together into a flimsy tissue of pantheistic spiritualism. On the other hand, the religions lost in the process whatever sanctity or authoritativeness may once have been theirs. This endeavor to philosophize superstition could only issue in the paradoxical product of a philosophy without reason, and a superstition without faith. Lastly, the old aristocratic exclusiveness of Hellenist culture

could hold its own no longer against the encroaching confusions of the time—least of all against a system which preached a gospel to the poor. In vain did heathen philosophy borrow from Christian spirituality a new refinement, and receive some rays of light from the very foe she sought to foil. In every path of her ambition, she was distanced by the excellence, yea, by the very faults of her antagonist. Did Neo-Platonism take the higher ground, and seek in ecstasy union with the divine, many a Christian ascetic in the Thebaid laid claim to a union and an ecstasy more often enjoyed, more confidently asserted, more readily believed. Did she descend a step lower, to find assurance for herself or win repute with others, to the magical devotion and materialized mysticism of theurgic art, here, too, she was outdone, for the Christian Church could not only point to miracles in the past, which no one ventured to impugn, but was growing richer every day in relics and exorcisms, and in every species of saintly marvel. Every Christian martyr bequeathed a progeny of miracles to the care of succeeding generations. His bones were the dragons' teeth, which, sown in the grave, sprang up the armed men of the church militant—the supernatural auxiliaries of the faith for which he died ; and his sepulchre became the corner-stone of a new church. Pagan theurgy found its wand broken, and its spells baffled, by the more potent incantations of Christian faith or Christian superstition. A barbaric art, compounded of every ancient jugglery of priestcraft, contended as vainly against the roused elements of that human nature which Christianity had stirred to its depths, as do the savage islanders of the Southern Sea against the hurricane, when, sitting in a dusky circle on the beach, they try, with wild noises, to sing down the leaping surf, and to lull the shrieking winds, that cover them with flying spray. Philosophy, which had always repelled the people, possessed no power to seclude them from the Christianity which sought them out. It is, perhaps, too much to say that it never attracted minds from the lower walks of life, but when it did so, the influence it exercised was not really ameliorating or even diffusive. Mr. Kingsley has correctly exemplified, in the character of Eudæmon, the operation of philosophy on the vulgar mind. This little man, who keeps the parasols in the porch of Hypatia's lecture-room, has picked up sundry scraps of philosophy. He is, accordingly, just as disdainful of the herd about him, as the real philosophers, whom he apes, would

necessarily be of himself. His frivolous and selfish pedantry is a perpetual satire on philosophic pretension. His philosophy, leaving his heart even as it was, imparts only a ridiculous inflation to his speech, and enables him to beat his wife with a high-sounding maxim on his lips. He resembles Andrew, the serving-man of the great scholar in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the *Elder Brother*, who so delights to astound and mystify the cook with his learned phrases and marvelous relations of the scientific achievements of his master :—

“These are but scrapings of his understanding,
Gilbert,

With gods and goddesses, and such strange people,
He treats and deals with in so plain a fashion,
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink,
Or Ralph, there, with his kitchen-boys and
scalders.”

Such is the style in which Eudæmon discourses to the wondering Philammon, fresh from the desert, on the wisdom and the virtues of Hypatia. This windy fare of conceit and vanity, with a certain dog-like devotion to his mistress, is all that the transcendental diet of philosophy has vouchsafed him.—Neither, in reality, were the young wits and dandies of Alexandria much more effectually nourished in virtue than this humble door-keeper at the gates of wisdom. Bitterly did Hypatia complain that her pupils remained dead to those pure aspirations which exalted her own nature. They listened, admired, and were amused ; idleness had found morning's entertainment ; they talked of virtue, but they practised vice. While Hypatia, like Queen Whims, in Rabelais' *Kingdom of Quin-tessence*, fed only on categories, abstractions, second intentions, antitheses, metapsychoses, transcendent prolepsies, “and such other light food,” her admirers, like Pantagruel and his friends, did more than justice to all the substantial materials of gluttony and drunkenness. In short, the very struggles made by heathendom in the effort to escape its doom, served only to disclose more fatally its weakness, and to show to all that the doom was merited. In one of the stories of the *Gesta Romanorum*, we are told of a warden at a city gate who was empowered to receive a penny from every passenger who was one-eyed, hunchbacked, or afflicted with certain diseases. A humpbacked man appeared one day, who refused to pay the toll ; the warden laid hands on him ; in the scuffle his cap fell off, his clothes were torn, it was discovered that he had but one eye, and, finally, that

he was a sufferer under each of the diseases amenable to the fine, so that he was mulcted, at last, in five pennies instead of one. Such has been the history of systems, political or religious, which have attempted, when their time was come, to resist the execution of the sentence. They have persisted in pretending to teach when they had nothing to impart, in arrogating an authority already disowned, or in obtruding a service which the world required no longer ; and the more protracted and obstinate such endeavors, the more signal has been their overthrow, the more conspicuous the sickly feebleness of their corruption, the heavier the penalties they have been compelled at last to pay.

The career of Neo-Platonism, as we have now attempted to describe it, is faithfully traced by Mr. Kingsley in the character of Hypatia, in her aspirations, her mental struggles, her bitter disappointment. He might have exhibited the philosophical aspects of the time, as it were, side by side with the story, in the way of long speeches and occasional disquisitions. He might, on the other hand, have made Hypatia an abstraction—an impersonation of the school she represents. Either course would have been easier than the one he has chosen—would have been, in fact, the danger of an inferior workman. In the first case, the book would have lacked interest ; in the second, nature. But Mr. Kingsley has contrived, with no little art, to render the incidents of the story themselves indicative of the character and fortunes of the philosophy he has to depict,—to make Hypatia human and real, and, at the same time, to exhibit in her individual history the strength, the weakness, and the inevitable issue of that philosophic and pagan element which, in the fifth century, leavened so large a section of the social system. In this respect, his tale may be read as history, and those best acquainted with the period he handles, will be the last to accuse his portraiture of untruthfulness. High, indeed, is the office of the novelist, who endeavors not merely to recall the dress and manners of a by-gone age, but to pierce into the heart of society, and show us how the various classes of mankind were looking at those great questions concerning good and evil, right and wrong, which are the same in their moment for all time. Such an instructor widens the door of knowledge, and introduces to the lessons of the past that large number who, in our hurrying, headlong days, have neither the time, the culture, nor the curiosity to seek them in the original records. Our liter-

ature is less rich in such productions than it should be, and we trust it will receive farther contributions from the same hand to which we owe Hypatia.

To turn now from heathenism—divided between a fanciful spiritualism and a grovelling superstition—between a thoughtful skepticism and a thoughtless indifference—doomed alike in its belief and in its disbelief,—to its successful rival, the Church. Christianity, in the fifth century, was disfigured by a widespread corruption, but Paganism was in no condition either to rival its excellencies or to take advantage of its faults. Only too many of the follies associated with heathen worship were conserved by incorporation in that church which made a ruin of every heathen shrine. There is an Indian valley in which it is said that gigantic trees have pierced and rent the walls of a long-deserted idol temple. That resistless vegetation, with its swelling girth and gnarled arms, has anticipated the work of time; but it has been itself distorted while it has destroyed. Large slabs and fragments of stone are encased in the wood, and the twisted bark discovers here and there, among the shadows of the leaves, groups of petty gods which its growth has partially inclosed. Thus did it happen with the mighty tree that sprang from the grain of mustard-seed, when by degrees it had received into its substance, or embraced in its development, many an adornment from those chambers of imagery which its youthful vigor had riven and overthrown. The heathen philosopher might, with some show of justice, retort on the Christians the charge of idolatry, when he saw them prostrate before an image, and confident in the miraculous virtues of a relic or a tomb. But the reproach availed him nothing, for the power of conviction lay with the adversary after all. He might accuse the Christian, as Mr. Martineau accuses Paley, of representing the Deity as a retired mechanist,—a creator withdrawn from the work of his own hands to a far-off heaven; but the evil was not amended by depriving the Divine Nature of personality, and diffusing it pantheistically throughout the universe. The dispute between the heathen and the Christian, on that question, amounted to this—Did God create the universe by willing or by being it? (*τῷ βούλεσθαι, or τῷσθαι.*) If the latter, man has a criminal for a Deity; if the former, (as the Church said), the mystery might be fathomless, but religion was at least possible. The Neo-Platonist might point to parallels, answering plausibly at least, to many features of the Christian doctrine, in the

old religions of mankind. But the labor was as idle then as now, for this, at any rate, the adversary of our faith could not and cannot deny, that Christianity was the first to seek out and to elevate the forgotten and degraded masses of mankind.

A survey of such parallels is of service only as indicative of the adaption of Christianity to those obscure longings of the ancient world, which are better understood by us than by themselves. The likeness observable between some of their ideas and those contained in the Christian revelation, is that of the dim and distorted morning shadow to the substance from which it is thrown. We see that their religious notions were not the nutriment their souls really needed, but substitutes for, or anticipations of, such veritable food. The pellets of earth, eaten by the Otomacs and the negroes, are no proof that clay can afford nourishment to man's system. They are the miserable resources of necessity; they deaden the irritability of the stomach, and allay the gnawings of hunger, but they can impart no sustenance. The religious philosophies of the old world could, in like manner, assuage a painful craving for a time, but they could not reinforce the life-blood, and resuscitate, as healthful food, the faint and emaciated frame. Over against all points of similarity is to be set this striking contrast—for that forlorn deep, the popular mind, Christianity had a message of love and power, while heathen wisdom had none. The masses of antiquity resemble the cairn-people of northern superstition—a race of beings, said to dwell among the tombs, playing sadly on their harps, lamenting their captivity, and awaiting wistfully the great day of restitution. They call on those who pass their haunts, and ask if there is salvation for them. If man answers yes, they play blithely all the night through; if he says, "You have no Redeemer," they dash their harps upon the stones, and crouch, silent and weeping, in the gloomy recesses of their cavern. Such a dark and ignorant sighing to be renewed, was heard from time to time, from those tarrying spirits in prison, among the untaught multitudes of ancient time. They questioned philosophy, and at her cold denial shrank away, and hid themselves again in their place of darkness. They questioned Christianity, and at her hopeful answer they began to sing.

Once more, the enemy of the Cross was reduced in that time, as in our own, to the inconsistency of extending the largest charity possible to every licentious and cruel faith that had led man's wandering farther yet

astray, while he refuses even common candor to the belief of the Christian in his Saviour. Similarly, Mr. Parker must speak with tenderness of those multifarious types of the religious sentiment which have identified homicide with worship and deity with lust; but when he comes across an evangelical—farewell calm philosophy, and welcome bitterness and bile! Mr. Parker might reply, in the nineteenth century, as Theon would have replied in the fifth—"But those Christians are so intolerant, and will have it that every thing unchristian is ungodly; they will not suffer us to place their religion among the other creations of man's devotional aspiration, and to install it in the Pantheon of our philosophic empire with the rest." Of course not, Christianity could exist on no other terms. It refused, in the days of the Cæsars, to be stabled in the Capitol among the hybrid and the bestial forms which made that centre of the world the gallery of its religious monstrosities. It declared that, as the true religion, it was the only one; that its claim was fatal to all others; and it disdained to receive, in company with a thousand falsehoods, the divided patronage of imperial policy. Just as that emperor-worship of declining Rome would fain have set the adoration of man in the place of that of God—would readily, in its catholic statecraft, have accepted the homage of Christianity as of all other creeds—substituting human sanctions for divine; so our modern sentimental Deism would herd Christianity with all other faiths in a common philosophic pasture, and make religion the worship of man rather than of God. The difference in our time is, that the human authority is not now to be centered in any *Divus Cæsar*, or perpetuated by the gaudy celebration of an apotheosis; it is to be divided among an elect priesthood of letters. It is asserted, not by the sword but by the pen; not by the municipal organization of an empire, but by the body corporate of publishers; and the Infinite is to speak, not through the carrier of a sceptre and wearer of the purple, but through an author in his study or a professor in his chair.

Mr. Kingsley has drawn no veil over the gross abuses which rendered the church of the fifth century so mournful a departure from the simplicity of more stormy times. He brings out to view the spiritual pride, the wasteful asceticism, the coarse fanaticism, of the church in the desert;—the intrigue and the faction, the ambition and the covetousness, of the church in the city. Yet, amidst

it all, both in the wilderness and in the capital, we are permitted to catch glimpses of a piety strong in its simple-mindedness, however narrow;—of a principle, working in the lives of numbers, so holy, so benign, as still to vindicate the promised presence of the Highest with his people. Great as the actual corruption may have been, the evils it displaced were greater yet. Many of the faults with which Christianity was chargeable were accounted such only by her own standard. They were short-comings in a virtue, hitherto, not simply unattained, but undesired. They were stains upon her garment, only visible by the light she herself had brought into the world.

It now remains for us briefly to trace the influence of the Neo-Platonism of Alexandria on the Christianity by which it was vanquished—to mark the workings of its principle within the church, and afterwards the revival of its spirit in opposition to it.

The Platonism of the Middle Ages, be it remembered, was not so much the doctrine of Plato as of Plotinus. The old Greeks were lost to the monastic world, and were known only through the Alexandrians, who corrupted the philosophy they professed to interpret. Neo-Platonism was studied through the medium of Augustine on the one side, and the Pseudo-Dionysius on the other; was transmitted principally by writers like Apuleius and Boethius. To the monkish scribes of the scriptorium, the æsthetic culture, so precious in the eyes of Plato, the natural science so elaborately investigated by the Stagyrite, were matters of indifference. The Christian writers only assimilated from antiquity what seemed to fall within the province of the church. The ecclesiastical world took Augustine's word for it, that Plotinus had enunciated the real esoteric doctrine of Plato. They believed, on the authority of the Neo-Platonists, that Aristotle and Plato were not the enemies which had been supposed. They viewed the school of Aristotle as the forecourt, leading to the mystic shadows of that grove of Hecademos, wherein Plato was supposed to discourse of heaven and obscurely to adore the Christian's God.

Realism and Asceticism were the common ground of the Christian and the Neo-Platonist. The same enthusiasm for abstractions, the same contempt for the body and the world of sense, animated the philosophy of the old world and the theology of the new. A spiritual aristocracy was substituted in Europe for the intellectual aristocracy of

Greece. The exclusive spirit of the sage, with his chosen group of esoteric followers,—of the hierophant, with his imposing ritual and his folding gates of brass, excluding the profane, passed from paganism into the Christian priesthood. The church, too, learnt to glory in a treasured potency and secret doctrine, which must be veiled from the vulgar eye,—professed to speak but in the symbolism of painting, of sculpture, of ceremony, to the grosser apprehensions of the crowd, and transformed the Eucharist into an Eleusinian mystery.

In the eastern church the Neo-Platonists had their revenge. With a fatal sway they ruled from their arns, when dead, that Christianity which had banished them while living. It was not long after the death of Proclus, about the time when the factions of Constantinople were raging most furiously—when rival ecclesiastics headed city riots with a rabble of monks, artisans, and bandit soldierly at their heels—when the religious world was rocking still with the ground-swell which followed those stormy synods in which Palestine and Alexandria, Asia and Byzantium, tried their strength against each other, that a certain nameless monk was busy in his cell fabricating sundry treatises and letters which were to find their way into the church under the all-but apostolic auspices of Dionysius the Areopagite. These writings are an admixture of the theosophy of Proclus with the doctrines of the church: writings in which the heathen bears to the Christian element the same proportion as the sack to the bread in Falstaff's account. The pantheistic emanation-doctrine of the New Platonists; the evolution of the universe, through successive orders of existence, from the primal Nothing called God; and the returning tendency of all being towards that point of origin (the *πρώτος* and *τελείωσις*), are dogmas reproduced without any substantial alteration. The ideal hierarchy of Proclus does service, with a nominal change, as the celestial hierarchy of Dionysius. The Divine Word is removed from man by a long intervening chain of heavenly principalities and ecclesiastical functionaries,—becomes little more than an unintelligible museum of archetypes, and is rather the remote Illuminator than the present Saviour of mankind. The tendency of the whole system was to represent the clerical order as an exact antitype of the ideal or celestial kingdom of God in heaven. Its aim was obviously to centre all truth and all power in the symbolism and the offices of the Greek church. Hence the

success of the imposture. It was the triumph of sacerdotalism. Under the name of Dionysius, Proclus was studied and commented by many generations of dreaming monks. Under that name he conferred omnipotence on those Christian priests whom he had cursed in his heart, while reading lectures and performing incantations at Athens. Under that name he contributed most largely to those influences which held the religious world of the east in a state of stagnant servitude for nine hundred years.

In the West these doctrines have a very different history. It is a remarkable fact, that the ideas of the Alexandrian thinkers have operated powerfully, under various forms, both to aggravate and to oppose the corruptions of Christianity. In the ninth century John Scotus Eriugena found time to translate Dionysius into Latin, while the Northmen were pillaging and burning up the Seine, gibbeting prisoners by scores under the eyes of the degenerate descendants of Charlemagne, and while monks and priests were everywhere running away with relics, or jumping for safety into sewers. But the spirits of Plotinus and of Proclus were now to become the ghostly tutors of a vigorous race of minds. The pantheistic system constructed by Eriugena on the old Alexandrian basis was original and daring. The seeds he sowed gave birth to a succession of heretics who were long a thorn in the side of the corrupt hierarchy of France. Even where this was not the case, Platonism and mysticism together formed a party in the church, the sworn foes of mere scholastic quibbling, of an arid and lifeless orthodoxy, and, at last, of the more glaring abuses which had grown up with ecclesiastical pretension. The Alexandrian doctrine of emanation was abandoned, its pantheism was softened or removed, but its allegorical interpretation, its exaltation, true or false, of the spirit above the letter—all this was retained, and became the stronghold from which the ardent mystic assailed the formal schoolman, and the more enlightened advocate of the religious life exposed the hollowness of mere orthodoxy and ritualism. Thus many a thought which had its birth at Alexandria, passing through the last writers of the empire or the fathers of the church, was received, after a refining process, into hearts glowing with a love that heathendom could never know, put to higher and more beneficial uses, and made to play its part again upon the stage of time in a guise of which its author could not even dream.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Neo-Platonism was revived in Italy by a class of men possessing much more in common with its original founders. At that period not a trace of the old conflict between Paganism and Christianity was found surviving in the south of Europe. The church had become heathen, and the superstition of polytheism was everywhere visible in her religious practice. The temples were now churches; Christian legends took the place of the old mythology; saints and angels became to the mass what the ancient gods had been, and were honored by similar offerings; the carnival represented the saturnalia, and, in short, so far had the old faith and the new become united, that no ancient Roman returning from his grave, and beholding the shrines, the processions, the images, the votive tablets, the lamps, the flowers, could have failed for a moment to recognize the identity of the Eternal City. Now this world of Christianized heathendom was represented, in philosophy and letters, by men who had inherited both the doctrines and the spirit of Neo-Platonism; by men to whom the earnest religious movement of the north presented itself as the same mysterious, barbaric, formidable foe which primitive Christianity had been to the Alexandrians. Thus the old conflict between pagan and Christian—the man of taste and the man of faith—the man who lived for the past, and the man who lived for the future—was renewed, in the sixteenth century, between the Italian and the German.

The Neo-Platonist Academy of Florence was not a whit behind the Alexandrians in the worship they paid to Plato. He was extolled from the pulpit, as well as from the chair, as the stronghold of Christian evidence. He was declared replete with Messianic prophecy. Ficinus maintained that lessons from Plato should make a part of the church service, and that texts should be taken from the *Parmenides* and the *Philebus*. The last hours of Socrates, the cock offered to *Aesculapius*, the cup of poison, and the parting words of blessing, were made typical of the circumstances attending the Saviour's passion. Before the bust of Plato, as before the image of a saint, a lamp burned night and day in the study of Ficinus. The hymns of Orpheus were sung to the lyre once more, to lull those passions which apostolic exhortation had done so little to subdue. Gemistus Pletho blended with the philosophy of Plato the wisdom of the East and the mythology of Greece, in the

spirit of the Alexandrian eclectics. Like them, he dreamed of a universal religion, which should harmonize, in a philosophic worship, all human creeds. Cusanus renovated the mystic numbers of Pythagoras, discovered new mysteries in the *Tetractys*, and illustrated spiritual truth by the acute and the obtuse angle. But Ficinus did not restore the Athenian Plato, nor Nicholas of Cusa, the Samian Pythagoras. The Plato of the first was the Plato of Plotinus; the Pythagoras of the second was the Pythagoras of Hierocles. Pico of Mirandola, the Admirable Crichton of his time, endeavored to combine scholasticism with the Cabala, to reconcile the dialectics of Aristotle and the oracles of Chaldea; and produced, in his *Heptaplus*, an allegorical interpretation of the Mosaic account of the Creation, which would have seemed too fanciful in the eyes of Hypatia herself. Patritius sought the sources of Greek philosophy in Zoroaster and Hermes, translated and edited the works which Neo-Platonists had fabricated under their names, and wrote to Gregory XIV., praying that Aristotle might be banished the schools, and Hermes, Asclepius, and Zoroaster appointed in his place, as the best means of advancing the cause of religion, and reclaiming the heretical Germans.

Protestantism was too strong for these scholars, just as Christianity had been too strong for the Alexandrians. Their feebleness sprang from the very same cause; their whole position was strikingly similar. They were the philosophic advocates of a religion in which they had themselves lost faith. They attempted to reconcile a corrupt philosophy and a corrupt religion, and made both worse. Their love of literature and art was confined to a narrow circle of courtiers and literati; and while the Lutheran pamphlets, in the vernacular, set all the north in a flame, the philosophic refinements of the Florentine dilettanti were aristocratic, exclusive, and powerless. Their intellectual position was fatal to sincerity, their social condition equally so to freedom. The despotism of the Roman emperors was more easily evaded by a philosopher of ancient times than the tyranny of a Visconti or a D'Este, by a scholar at Milan or Ferrara. It was the fashion to patronise men of letters, but the natural return of subservience and flattery was rigorously exacted. The Italians of the fifteenth century had long ceased to be familiar with the worst horrors of war; and Charles VIII., with his ferocious Frenchmen, appeared to them another Attila.

Each Italian state underwent, on its petty scale, the fate of imperial Rome, and the Florentine Academy could not survive for a twelvemonth its princely master, Lorenzo de Medici. The philosophic and religious conservatism of Florence was thus as destitute of real vitality, of all self-sustaining power, as its prototype at Alexandria. The Florentine Platonists, moreover, did not exhibit that austerity of manners which gave Plotinus and Porphyry no little authority even among those to whom their speculations were utterly unintelligible. Had Romanism been unable to find defenders more thoroughly in earnest, the shock she then received must have been her death-blow; she must have perished, as Paganism perished. But, wise in her generation, she took her cause out of the hands of a religious philosophy, committed it to the ascetic and the enthusiast, and, strong in resources heathendom could never know, passed her hour of peril, and proved that her hold on the passions and terrors of mankind was still invincible. The Platonists of Alexandria and of Florence both were twilight men; but the former were men of the evening, the latter men of the morning twilight. The passion for erudition, which followed the revival of letters, might be wasted, south of the Alps, on trifles; it was consecrated to the loftiest service in the north. The lesson conveyed in the parallel we have attempted to draw, is a grave one; twice has the effort been made to render the abstractions of a philosophized religion a power among mankind—in each case without success. The attempt to refine away what is distinctive of a revelation, real or imaginary, and to subtilise the residuum into a sentimental theism, has always failed. Such a system must leave the indifferent many as they were, and superstition is unchecked. It must excite the disdain of the earnest few, as a profane and puerile trifling with the most momentous questions which can occupy the mind of man. As its inconsistencies become apparent, it will always be found to strengthen the hands of the parties it professes to oppose. It must urge the higher class of minds into a thorough and impartial, instead of a one-sided skepticism, and so reinforce the ranks of consistent and absolute unbelief. It must abandon minds of a lower order to all those religious corruptions which lull the conscience, and gratify the passions. It has done nothing to reform the world; and, never strong enough long to oppose a serious obstacle to progress, it has been suffered repeatedly to die out of itself.

Such examples in the past should much diminish the dread which many feel of that would-be religious skepticism among ourselves which essays to emasculate the truths of revelation, much as the Alexandrian and Florentine Platonists proposed to etherealize the myths of polytheism and the doctrines of Christianity into a vague sentiment of worship.

While the theosophy of the Alexandrian school enjoyed a revival in the hands of men of letters, its theurgy was destined to impart an impulse to the occult science of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is not a little interesting to trace the same mental phenomena at the entrance of the European world on the middle ages, and at its exit from them. We see the same syncretism which confounded the Oriental and Hellenic conceptions together, the same endeavor to hold converse by theurgy, and by white magic with the unseen world. As Plotinus returns with Ficinus to the regions of day, so Iamblichus revives with Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa. The ancient and the modern cabballists established their theurgy on a common basis. Plotinus and Campanella both agree on this point, that the world is, as it were, one living organism, all the parts of which are related by certain sympathies and antipathies, so that the adept in these secret affinities acquires a mastery over the elements. It was by this principle, according to Agrippa, that art made nature her slave. As Proclus required of the theurgist an ascetic purity, so Campanella makes it an essential that the cultivator of occult science be a good Christian—one possessing no mere historic, but an "intrinsic" faith, a man qualified alike to hold commerce with holy spirits, and to baffle the arts of the malign.

The spirits called by Iamblichus lords of the sublunar elements are equivalent to the astral spirits of Christian theurgy; and those powers which are said by him to preside over matter and impart material gifts, answer to the elementary spirits of the Rosicrucians. Iamblichus and Proclus were firm believers in the efficacy of certain unintelligible words of foreign origin, which were on no account to be Hellenized, lest they should lose their virtue. Cornelius Agrippa enjoins the use of similar magical terms, which he declares more potent than names which have a meaning, and of irresistible power, when reverently uttered, because of the latent divine energy they contain. The "Shemhamphorasch" of Jewish tradition, and the

“Agla” of the cabalists, are examples. The great point of distinction between the theurgy of the earlier and of the later period is sufficiently obvious. In the fourth and fifth centuries theurgy came in to eke out an unsatisfactory philosophy, and to prop a failing religion. In the sixteenth century a similar intrusion into the unseen world was the offspring of a newly recovered freedom. It received its direction and encouragement, in part from the revived remains of ancient tradition, but it was pursued with a patience, an originality, and a boldness, which showed that the impulse was spontaneous, not derived. These magical essays were the gambols of the intellect let loose from its long scholastic durance.

In modern Germany, the philosophy of Schelling rests in substance on the foundation of Plotinus—the identity of subject and object. It is generally admitted, that his intellectual intuition is a refined modification of the Neo-Platonist ecstasy. But it is in some members of the so-called romantic school that the fallacious principle of the Alexandrians is most conspicuous. Frederick Schlegel did his best to make it appear that the great want of Christian literature was a mythology like that of the Greeks. His philosophy seeks to throw over all life and history the haze of a poetic symbolism. He was symbol-mad; and, very naturally, became a Roman Catholic deist, to indulge his taste that way to the utmost. He wrote bitter diatribes against the Reformation. He deprecated Luther as the mere translator of the Bible. He extolled Jacob Behmen as the gifted seer who revealed to mortal gaze its utmost mysteries. He evolved as much Christianity as he cared to conserve from the fancies of the Indian Brahmins. Such a fantastic religio-philosophy as this, is the result for which experience bids us look whenever men attempt thus to combine a poetical theosophy with popular superstition. Frederick Schlegel was never an authority, and the little influence he once exerted is rapidly

passing away. This destructive conservatism—this superstitious skepticism—this subtilized materialism, is a contradiction too monstrous to be kept alive by any amount of mere cleverness.

The dialogue Mr. Kingsley has imagined between Orestes and Hypatia is prophetic. If ever the skeptical intuitionism of our times should have the opportunity of trying on any considerable scale, the efficacy of its principles, that prophecy would be fulfilled. It would then appear that the masters in this school are capable of pandering to the passions of the multitude as Orestes did. Their theories would be as impotent to influence the general mind as the speculations of Hypatia concerning the myths of Greece. The same proud selfishness would display itself. The mass of mankind, “without intuitions,”—the multitude who never hear the mystic voice of the “over-soul,” or open the avenues of their nature to the influxes of the All, would be left of necessity to themselves. Their existence is but transitory; their vices the shadows of the great picture of the universe—a necessary foil, whereby to exhibit the super-Christian virtues of the philosophic few. They will soon be resolved into the aggregate of souls which make up the heart and motive power of all matter—so, why should they not live as heretofore? This people, that knoweth not our transcendental law, are accursed. This spiritualist pantheism would not indeed restore, under its old names, the Olympus of Greece, as the Alexandrians strove to do. But it would come to the same thing upon their leaguing, as they would be forced to do, with some form or other of that baptized paganism we call popery. These religions for the few, however, with their arrogant refinement and idle subtlety, have played the part of priest and Levite too often. That faith which has proved the Good Samaritan and true neighbor to suffering humanity can alone finally secure its homage and its love.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A GOSSIP ABOUT LAUREATES.

THE laurel is the fig-tree of the poet. He sits under its shadow with a double assurance of fame and protection. What a book might be written on laurels! How intimately they are mixed up with the history of poetry, the romance of love, and the annals of crime. The ancients crowned their poets with bays, which, says old Selden, "are supposed not subject to any hurt of Jupiter's thunderbolts, as other trees are." Petrarch regarded the laurel as the emblem of his mistress, and is said to have been so affected by the sight of one on landing from a voyage, that he threw himself on his knees before it. From this leaf, too, which has formed the coronal of the Muses through all time, subtlest poison is distilled, and the assassinations committed by the agency of laurel-water would make a curious companion-volume to the lives of the laureates. Thus there is an adjusting element in the laurel to avenge as well as to reward, and the love which finds its glory in the bays may also extract its vengeance from them. We need not go beyond the poets themselves for illustrations of the two principles of good and evil—the life and death—typified in the laurel. Their noblest works exhibit the one; their abuse of their power, their littlenesses, their satires, envy and detraction betray the other. We have two familiar examples in Dryden and Pope. If the "Religio Laici," and the "Annus Mirabilis," the "Essay on Man," and the "Rape of the Lock" contain the living principle, may we not carry out the metaphor by saying, that "Mac-Flecknoe" and the "Dunciad" were written in laurel-water? Prussian acid could not have done its work more effectually than the ink which traced these anathemas. The laurel that confers immortality also carries death in its leaves.

This is a strange matter to explore. There is a warning in it that dulls a little of the brightness of all poetical glories. Suppose we assemble under a great spreading laurel-tree, all the poets who have worn the bays in England and drank or compounded their tierces of wine from Ben Jonson to Tenny-

son*—let us hear what confessions they have to make, what old differences to re-open or patch up, what violated friendships to re-knit, mingled with reproaches and recriminations—

"Digesting wars with heart-uniting loves."

It will be as good as a scene at the "Mermaid," with a commentary running through to point a moral that was never thought of when the Browns and Draytons met over their sack. First of all, here is Ben Jonson telling us how he escaped having his ears cropped, and his nose slit (rather more ceremoniously than the like office was performed on Sir John Coventry) for having assisted in casting odium on the Scotch; and how by a begging petition to Charles I., he got the pension of a hundred marks, worth about thirteen shillings and four pence each, raised to so many pounds, with a tierce of wine in perpetuity added to them, for the benefit and delectation of his successors. Upon this, Dryden, taking a large pinch of snuff, observes, that his successors had little to thank him for; that nothing could exceed the meanness of Charles II., who rewarded men of letters by empty praise, instead of keeping them out of jails by a little timely munificence: that he had said as much in a famous panegyric of his upon that monarch's memory, insinuating his contempt for the shabbiness of the deceased sovereign, in a line which the stupid people about the court took for an extravagant compliment; and that, as for the tierce of Canary, it was well known that James II., who had as much sympathy for poets and poetry as one of his own Flemish coach-horses, had robbed him of it when he wore the laurel, although he changed his religion with the change of kings, and celebrated high mass in the "Hind and Panther," with a thousand times more splendour than

* For whose histories, traced chronologically, the reader is referred to a recent volume of pleasant literary biography, called "The Lives of the Laureates," By W. S. Austin, Jun., B.A., and John Ralph, M.A.

ever it was celebrated in the private chapel at Whitehall.

It cannot be supposed that Shadwell will sit by quietly, and hear such remarks as these in silence ; accordingly, no sooner has Dryden excluded (no one will venture to speak while Dryden is speaking, out of that old habit of deference with which he used to be treated at Will's Coffee-house) than Shadwell, rolling his great globular body right round to the table, and looking with rather an impatient and impudent stare at Dryden, reminds him of the obligations he owed to James II., who, if he deprived him of his tierce of Canary, increased his pension : and as there is no longer any reason for being delicate about such subjects, he adds, that the whole world believes that he changed his religion for the sake of that petty one hundred pounds a-year. At all events, that the coincidence of the conversion and the gratuity looked very much like one of those astrological conjunctions from which men like Dryden himself, drew ominous inferences ; and that even Dr. Johnson, who, considering his own strong opinions on religion, was singularly generous to Dryden's memory, could not resist observing, that " that conversion will always be suspected, which, apparently, concurs with interest ; and he that never finds his error till it hinders his progress towards wealth and honor, will not be thought to love Truth for herself." The theme is too tempting for Shadwell to stop here ; it revives the ancient grudge in all its original bitterness, and he cannot help, for the ghost of him, closing up with a touch of his ancient dare-devil humor to the effect that, for his part, he can not say he was much surprised, when he heard of Dryden's *perversion* ; that he had seen it plainly enough all along, even so far back as the trial of Shaftesbury ; that, in fact, he believed all religions were the same to a man who, within the compass of a few months, had prostituted his pen to Puritanism, Protestantism, and Popery ; that the true solution of the case was to be found in the charge long before brought against him, and that he was now more than ever convinced, that, from the beginning to the end, Dryden was neither more nor less than an atheist.

This does not disturb Dryden much, although it shocks the ghostly company of laureates sitting round about, some of whom belong to a more polite age, and, intimate as they are with these Billingsgate conflicts in books, are not prepared to be personally mixed up in one of them. But Dryden's calmness, and that slow confident smile of

contempt with which he surveys the rotundity of Shadwell's person, as if he were again taking its measure—

" Round as a globe, and liquored every chink !"

re-assures them. If Dryden is not hurt at being called an atheist, why should they ? Every man looks to himself in this world, and human frailty still haunts the inspirations of these laureated shades. Dryden is going to say something—he takes another huge pinch, and, tapping his box with the air of a conqueror, repeats the terrible name of " Og !" two or three times, with increasing emphasis at each repetition. Concerning the term Atheist, he says, he disposed of that long ago, and flung it back with interest upon the " buffoon ape" who

" Mimicked all sects, and had his own to choose."

He was quite content to rest upon the controversy, as he left it in the great conclave of beasts he had brought together under the auspices of the British lion, and whenever such reeling asses as Shadwell should show themselves able to comprehend the mass of theological learning he had heaped up in weighty couplets for the use of disputants in all time to come, he would be ready to answer any indictment they might concoct against him. In the meanwhile, he would recommend Shadwell to control his tongue, and try to look sober, and mend his manners. Rochester had done him greater mischief by praising his wit in conversation than he had ever done him by exposing his stupidity in print ; and one thing was quite certain, that whatever Shadwell might have suffered in reputation from Dryden's pen, to that same pen, charged as it was with contempt, he was solely indebted for his elevation to the laurel. Shadwell should remember that, and not be ungrateful. If he, Dryden, had not singled him out as the True Blue Protestant poet, and given him that appellation at a time when it was likely to stick, King William would never have degraded the office which he, and Ben, and Will Davenant had held, to confer it upon a fellow who, whatever his drunken companions of the tavern might think of him, was never a poet, as he had long ago told him, of God's own making.

Now, as Shadwell had always been remarkable in the flesh for intemperance of all sorts, and was as " hasty" in his temper as in his plays, of which he usually composed an act in four or five days, we may easily imagine

how he would retort upon Dryden after such a speech as this. The most vulnerable part of Dryden's character was his jealousy of other poets, and Shadwell, naturally enough, indemnifies himself for all such abuse, by ascribing it to envy. He refreshes Dryden's memory, by recalling the praises he used to lavish upon him before they quarreled. Did he not once say in a prologue, that Shadwell was the greatest of all the comedy writers, and second to only Ben himself (who, by the way, was the only man Shadwell would consent to be second to); and he would now tell him to his face, that the real spring of the malignity with which he afterwards pursued him, was his success in the theatre. He never could forgive him his success. He hated every man that succeeded. How used he to treat poor Crowne? Was it not notorious that when a play of Crowne's failed (which, he confessed, was no uncommon occurrence), Dryden would shake hands cordially with him, and tell him that his play deserved an ovation, and that the town was not worthy of such a writer; but when Crowne happened to succeed, he would hardly condescend to acknowledge him. He could not help admitting that Crowne had some genius; but then he would account for it by saying, that his father and Crowne's mother were *very well acquainted*. Who was Dryden's father? He never knew he had a father. He doubted the fact. He might have had a dozen, for all he knew, but he never heard of any one in particular.

This sort of scurrilous personality is not agreeable to Nahum Tate. He has not forgotten his share in the Psalms, and thinks that it becomes him to put a stop to a discussion which borders on licentiousness. He does not pretend to say who Dryden's father was: but he knows both Dryden and Shadwell well, and bears an allegiance to the former (who rendered him the greatest honor his miserable life could boast) that will not suffer him to hear Dryden lampooned in this fashion with impunity. If Dryden was envious of rivals, it was a failing incidental to all men; but he could tell Shadwell that his contempt was larger than his envy, as Shadwell might discover, if he would sit down quietly and dispassionately, and read the second part of "Absalom and Ahitkophel," once more. He might recommend the perusal of that book with perfect propriety, because it was well known to all writers and critics that the particular passages which related to Shadwell, and his friend Elkanah Settle, were not written by him. Perhaps

the internal evidences would be sufficient to show that. He did not set up for a poet, although he *did* write all the rest of the poem, and made an alteration of Shakspeare's "Lear," which still keeps the stage in preference to the original itself. It must be admitted that it was quite consistent with a modest appreciation of his own merits, to plume himself a little on those incidents in a career to which posterity attached a value his grudging contemporaries denied. It was something, he thought, to be honestly proud of, that his Psalms are, to this hour, used in the Church of England, and that the name of Nahum Tate is likely to go down to the end of time, or at least as long as the English language lasts, in every parish church and playhouse in the kingdom. He might be a very bad poet. It was not for him to say anything on that point. But he should be glad to be informed what other English poet, from the earliest times to the present hour, could boast of ministering so variously and so constantly to the profit and pleasure of the English people—on the Sundays in the organ-loft, helped out by a general chorus of the congregation, and all through the week on the stage, for he supposed there was hardly a day in the week in which "King Lear," as he improved it, was not played somewhere? Yet how was he, who had left these imperishable legacies to posterity, treated by his own generation? It was true he succeeded Shadwell in the laureateship. Laureateship! Starvation! Talk, indeed, of pensions and tierces of Canary; talk of duns and bailiffs. When the Earl of Dorset died, he ought to have died too, for he had lived literally on the charity of that pious nobleman, and when he lost his patron he was left to starve. Was he not obliged to fly from his creditors and take refuge in the Mint, where, to the shame of the age, he died of want? To be sure, that is a common fate amongst the poets, and he ought not to complain of a dispensation under which so many better men had suffered; but that was the least of it. Once he was dead he might have been left to his repose. The jibe and the sarcasm, however, followed him to his grave. What had he done to Pope, who was only lisping verse when he was at the height of his fame, that he should hold him up to universal ridicule? And how had it happened that every pretender to verse or criticism, history or biography—not one in a hundred, perhaps, of whom had ever read a line of the Psalms—should with one accord fix upon his name as

the common mark for their ignominious ribaldry?

Nicholas Rowe hears these lamentations with an appearance of some uneasiness. He was always believed to have been rather of a religious turn, and there is a misapprehension abroad concerning the succession to the laureateship, which, as an honest man, he desires to correct. And so, drawing his hand somewhat solemnly over his chin, and turning his handsome face mildly towards our ruffled Nahum, he call to his recollection the time and circumstances of his death. He tells him that Dr. Johnson, who has made several mistakes of a graver kind, expresses some fears that he, Nicholas Rowe, obtained the laurel by "the ejection of poor Nahum Tate, who died in the Mint, where he was forced to seek shelter by extreme poverty." Nothing could be more erroneous. Upwards of a fortnight elapsed after that melancholy event before he was appointed. He hoped his friend Nahum would do him justice with posterity on that point. It really made him very uncomfortable; for, ghost as he was, he looked back with a justifiable satisfaction to a life of irreproachable integrity, and he wished it to be understood that Mr. Tate enjoyed all the honors and advantages, whatever they were, of the office of Court Poet up to the moment of his demise. He was sorry that the translator of the Psalms should have had so much occasion for putting their divine philosophy into practice. Want was a hard thing. He could not account for Mr. Tate's distresses. It was no business of his to intrude upon the private sorrows of a brother poet; but he knew that Mr. Tate had his pension, or ought to have had it, to the last hour of his chequered struggle. For his own part, he had nothing to complain of, except that the full tide of prosperity flowed in upon him rather late in life. He enjoyed three uninterrupted years, however, of high and palmy existence, which was more, he suspected, than many poets could count up through their variegated lives, and at the close he was honored with tributes which enabled him to rest satisfactorily in a fine tomb. He must say that he did not agree with his predecessor in the slur he flung upon Pope. Mr. Tate might have personal reasons for taking posthumous offence at the "Dunciad." Of course people will sometimes be carried away by their feelings; but Pope was a great poet, and a judicious critic, and had written an epitaph for a certain monument in Westminster Abbey, which he could not help es-

teeming as one of the most exquisite things in the whole range of funereal literature. In that epitaph, Pope stated that he, the author of "Jane Shore," was,

"Blessed in his genius—in his love too blest."

He always thought that line a remarkable specimen of condensed expression. It said nearly everything of him that he could have wished to be said; and had he written it himself, which he had not the presumption to suppose he could have done, there was only one slight improvement he would have desired to make. It was true to the letter; but it did not tell the whole truth. Pope forgot that he had been married a second time. The line did not bring out the full flavor of that double happiness. The merest verbal alteration would adapt it felicitously to the true state of the case; thus:—

"Blessed in his genius—in his love twice blest."

That would have been a complete biography. At the same time, he had no doubt that Pope avoided any allusion to his first wife, from a feeling of delicacy towards the second, at whose expense the monument was built. He might have thought it scarcely decorous to record upon the marble erected by one lady the fact that the gentleman who slept below had been previously blest by another lady. Of the laureateship, as an asylum for the last suffering poet of an age, or as a reward for the most distinguished, he did not feel that it became him to say much. Mr. Tate was better qualified to speak on that subject, as he held the bays longer than anybody else, having been upwards of three-and-twenty years, or thereabouts, singing in the purloins of the palace. What sort of songs Mr. Tate sang, he confessed he did not know. He never read any of them. They might have been very numerous, and of an excellence as unique as the Psalms. He could only speak to his own discharge of those arduous duties; and here he could conscientiously declare that he never omitted a legitimate occasion of glorifying the throne by the exercise of whatever little Pindaric skill he could devote to the service of the House of Hanover.

The eulogy on Pope could not fail to produce a sensation amongst the laureled hearers. There is hardly a man amongst them of this period who had not suffered at his hands; and none had greater reason to resent Rowe's praises than the versifier who succeeded him in office. The outside world has never heard of the Reverend Lawrence Eus-

den—yet here he sits amongst the group of laureates, looking as pert and panegyrical as any of them. What manner of poet he was, may be best described by such critical terms as fustian, rhodomontade, stuff, rubbish, and the like. He seems to have been expressly intended by nature for the dignity which a friendly Lord Chamberlain imposed upon him in an access of delirium, just as an intoxicated Viceroy of Ireland once conferred knighthood on some sheltering boon-companion. He wrote hard for the office before he obtained it. All the spontaneous verses of his that have come down to us, are laureateous in character. They are coronation and birthday odes in disguise—divine right rhymes, of the true entire possibilities of pork stamp—they go the whole extremities of Court adulation—have a prophetic aroma of the Canary in them—and point him out for the office long before he could have dreamt of leaping into it. For twelve dreary years he showered down his official lyrics upon an ungrateful public. The critics hissed him, the poets shunned him, lords and ladies bore his flatteries as well as they could. They were obliged to do duty in that as in other horribly fatiguing things. It was like standing behind the Queen's chair at the Opera all night. What could be done? He was a parson and poet-laureate, a combination which courtiers could not openly resist. It does not appear whether he drank the whole tierce of Canary himself, or compromised it for a pipe of port, or a puncheon of whiskey; but probability is in favor of the last supposition, for he is known in the latter part of his life, as we are informed by his last biographers (and, we presume, they are the last he will ever have), to have given himself up to drinking and Tasso. He lived in a state of conspicuous obscurity. Poet laureate as he was for that long dismal term of a dozen years, and writing hard as he did all sorts of eulogistic extravagancies, there is nothing known whatever of his life, beyond the two least important items in it—his birth and his death.

He makes a motion as if he were about to say something, and the dreaded name of Pope is already hovering on his lips, when every one of the laureates turns his back upon him. Even Pye looks aside with the air of a high-born gentleman, for bad a poet as he is, he is Horace and Virgil, and a hundred Homers compared with Lawrence Eusden. Colley Cibber breaks in on the awkward pause, and feels it necessary to apologize for having allowed himself to be

appointed successor to the last-named individual. But he assures his friends that it was purely a political appointment. He avows frankly that poetry was not his forte. He hopes he is too good a judge to be misled by any egotism of that sort. He never was a poet, and he knows it quite as well as they can tell him. He is fully aware of his strength and his weakness. He thinks that he has substantial claims upon posterity as a dramatic writer. Changes of habits and manners operate fatally on the permanence of comedy; but he had as little reason to complain of neglect as greater writers. What had become of Etherege and Wycherley? Was Congreve or Vanbrugh ever heard of now? Why should he murmur at a fate in which they participated? One thing he had done, which would make him remembered as long as books were read. He need not say that he alluded to the *Apology* for his life. Perhaps they might say he had done a better thing in living the life that called for such an apology. Of course. He must have lived it, or he could not have had the materials to work upon. That was a book—an enduring book. It outlived the libels of Pope. It was better known, more read, and certainly contained more agreeable reading than the "*Dunciad*." At least, that was his opinion. He did not pretend to say that his appointment to the laureateship was altogether a proper appointment; but he could not help remarking that he considered an actor equal to a parson any day. He was not so bad an actor as Eusden was a parson; and the amount of merit a man discovered in whatever he undertook to do was the standard by which he should be relatively tested. It would be invidious to make any comparison with his predecessor on the score of poetry. He had always acted candidly in his controversies, and even when Pope hunted him with malevolent falsehoods, he answered him openly and honestly. He would take no advantage of Mr. Eusden; but as it was clearly impossible that any person who had been decently educated, or who had enough of capacity to put two lines of correct English into a couplet, could sink the office lower than it had been sunk by that gentleman, he believed there was no great vanity in taking credit to himself for not having left it in a more degraded state than he had found it.

Mr. William Whitehead, and the Reverend Thomas Warton, who were next in succession to the laurel, may be excused for exhibiting a little dissatisfaction at Mr. Cribber's observations. Whitehead, the most industrious of

all the makers of odes, and Warton, the most refined, have special reasons of their own for dissenting from most of these remarks. Whitehead thinks Mr. Cibber a little vulgar. It is easily understood why he should be rather sensitive on the matter of gentility. No men are *so genteel* as men of obscure birth—the thing they ought to be most proud of, when they have lifted themselves, as Whitehead did, by the force of their merits into high positions. But Whitehead is evidently nervous on this point. He wishes it to be seen that he is a gentleman, and would have it known that he visits lords. Let us forgive him the foible. He makes so large a demand on our forbearance in other respects that we can afford to tolerate his weakness in a trifle of this nature. If we could as easily pardon his forty-eight odes as we can overlook his ambition to be thought well of in good society, it would be more to the purpose of his fame. But Whitehead is no longer to be found among the British Poets. He is like a racer that has fallen away out of sight, and his place, in the language of the turf, is—no-where. Not so Warton. He stands, like a granite statue, on his *History of Poetry*. But his pedestal, solid as it was when it was first set up, is crumbling rapidly under his feet. The opening of a thousand new sources of knowledge since his time has developed to us at once the extent of his industry and the inadequacy of its results. It is no longer a history to which students can repair with safety; but it will

always be regarded with respect as a pioneer labor which has facilitated the onward progress of subsequent research. Warton might justly object to the indifferent tone in which Cibber speaks of the laureateship. He had himself adorned the office with graceful chaplets, disclosing much ingenuity, learning and taste. He does not choose to be confounded with the poetasters and parasites who brought it into scandal and disrepute. He knows how many men of rank in the republic of letters refused to be laureated, and could not be prevailed upon to drink the Canary. But he had accepted the crown, and tapped the tierce, and redeemed the honor of poetic royalty. He says as much to the bards around him; and says it with an impassioned voice, that calls up a similar vindication from his successor.

To him Pye—as the Epic writers have it. But what Pye said may be unhesitatingly consigned to oblivion with his own Epic, which nobody born within the last thirty years ever heard of, and the name of which shall not be disentombed by us.

For any further information concerning the Laureates—going as far back as old Drayton, whose fine head, in the only portrait that is known of him, is always encircled by a wreath—we refer the curious reader to the volume of biographies just published by Messrs. Austin and Ralph. It is a book full of biographical particulars, and critical suggestions, and will amply repay the hour consumed in its perusal.

AN AWKWARD STAGE.—There is an amusing story which I believe that renowned collector, Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steel, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and, before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking,

and did not know what to say to his honor; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and, after a moment, the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible: “Sir Richard Steel!” he said, “for three months past, me and my men has been a working in this theatre, and we’ve never seen the color of your honor’s money: we will be very much obliged if you’ll pay it directly, for until you do we won’t drive in another nail.” Sir Richard said that his friend’s elocution was perfect, but that he didn’t like his subject much. Thackeray.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NOTHING had we heard of "Nile Notes" or its author, when our eye was "fixed" by a collection of mottoes imprinted on the fly-leaf. Anon we were fain to construe "Nile Notes" as signifying promissory notes, issued by a capitalist of substance, and paying something more than simple interest. The traveler who had chosen epigraphs of such a kind, was himself likely, we inferred, to indite a noticeable autograph. The bush he had hung out was so unlike the dry scrubby stump commonly in use, that, in spite of the adage, we drew up at his door, in the assurance of finding good wine within. Indeed, so fond is our admiration of Sir Thomas Browne, and so susceptible our ear to the musical pomp of his rhetoric, that we should probably have been won to read "Nile Notes" had its title-page glistened with none other motto than the old knight's stately, sonorous, mystically solemn sentence: "Canopus is afar off; Memnon resoundeth not to the sun; and Nilus heareth strange voices," —a sentence, by the way, which reminds us of a lady-friend, that she has often, in reading Sir Thomas, "felt a sense*" from the organ-like grandeur of his style, before she fully comprehended it." Then again, there are mottoes from the Arabian Nights, and from Death's Jest Book, and the Sphinx Unriddled, and Browning's Paracelsus, and Werne's White Nile, and—not unaptly, for Mr. Curtis sometimes mouths it in almost imitative parade—from Ancient Pistol himself, who

Sings of Africa and golden joys.

Nor did a perusal of "Nile Notes" break its word of promise to the hope. It made us acquainted with a writer sometimes laboried and whimsical, but on the whole, rich in fancy, and lavish of his riches—master of

a style glowing with the brilliancy of the region he depicts, and attuned to Memnonian resonances and the "strange voices" of Nilus. The stars of midnight are dear to him; to his spirit there is matter in the "silence and the calm of mute insensate things;" his ear loves to lean "in many a secret place;" and albeit a humorist and a "quiz," with the sharp speech at times of a man of the world, and a dash of the cynic in his composition, he is no stranger to that vacant and pensive mood when past impressions, greater and deeper than he knew, "flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

Sarcasm and rhapsody are so interfused in "Nile Notes," that one division of readers admires or abhors just those particular chapters or pages which another division abhors or admires. Lydia Languish is in ecstasies with the sentimental paragraphs, "love-laden with most subtle sweetness, or "fringed with brilliant and fragrant flowers," and breathing an atmosphere of "silent, voluptuous sadness." Major Pendennis reads the satirical expositions of knavish dragomen and travelling Cockaigne, and swearing the Howadji is a fellow after his own (Major P.'s) heart (*μη γενοίτο!*), and that there's no nonsense about the man, no bosh in him, sir.

Knavish dragomen and their knight-errant victims are sketched amusingly enough among these Nile Notables. So are the crew of the *Ibis*; its old grey Egyptian captain, who crouched all day long over the tiller with a pipe in his mouth, and looked like a heap of blankets, smouldering away internally, and emitting smoke at a chance orifice; brawny, one-eyed Seyd, a clumsy being in the ape stage of development—slightly sensual, and with ulterior views upon the kitching drippings—and alas, developing backwards, becoming more baboonish and less human every day; Saleh or Satan, a cross between the porcupine and the wild cat; together with a little old-maidish Bedouin, "who told wonderful stories to the crew, and prayed endlessly," and other grisly mariners, all bad workers, and lazy exceedingly—familiarity

* As in Wordsworth's sublime dream of the Arab, in whose shell the poet

— Heard that instant in an unknown tongue, Which yet he understood, articulate sounds, A loud prophetic blast of harmony."

Prelude. Book V.

with whom bred decided contempt, and convinced the Howadji, in spite of his prepossessions to the contrary, that there is fallacy in the fashion which lauds the Orient, and prophesies a renewed grandeur ("as if the East could ever again be as bright as at sunrise")—and that if you would enjoy Egypt, you must be a poet, not a philosopher (the Howadji is a cross of both)—must be a pilgrim of beauty, not of morals or politics, if you would realize your dream. "The spent summer re-blooms no more," he says; "the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent, and even "Medea's wondrous alchemy" will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances for ever upon the shore—the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. . . . Cairo is an English station to India, and the Howadji does not drink sherbet upon the Pyramids, but champagne." And thus he anticipates a speedy advent of the day when, under the sway of England or of Russia (after the lion and the polar bear have "shivered the desert silence with the roar of their struggle"), Father Ishmael shall be a sheikh of honor, but of dominion no longer, and sit turbaned in the chimney corner, while his hatted* heirs rule the house—and the children cluster around him, fascinated with his beautiful traditions, and curiously comparing their little black shoes with his red slippers.

What an open eye, nevertheless, our

* Lamentable will it be if the Hat lasts a paramount fashion until *that* time of day—and a shame it will be to the arbiters of taste, to every living "Glass of Fashion and Mould of Form," if that monstrous device of ugliness and discomfort be allowed to displace the Turban. It will seem, if Turban be rejected for Hat, that the heads of men are thickened, rather than their thoughts widened, by the process of the suns. For we hold with the lively author of "*Aesthetics of Dream*," that the Hat is one of the strangest vestimental anomalies of the nineteenth century:—"What a covering! what a termination to the capital of that pillar of the creation, Man! what an ungraceful, mis-shapen, useless and uncomfortable appendage to the seat of reason—the brain-box! Does it protect the head from either heat, cold, or wet? Does it set off any natural beauty of the human cranium? Are its lines in harmony with, or in becoming contrast to, the expressive features of the face? Is it," *de, de, de*. In the single article of head-gear we should have hotly sympathized with that D'Israelitish youth, of whom Charles Lamb asked, in the parting scramble for hats, what he had done with his turban!

tourist has for the sublime and beautiful in Egyptian life, or life in death, may be seen in every section of his sketch-book. Witness his description of the temples at Aboo Simbel, and the solemn session there of kingly colossi—figures of Rameses the Great, "breathing grandeur and godly grace"—the stillness of their beauty "steeped in a placid passion, that seems passionlessness"—the beautiful balance of serene wisdom, and the beautiful bloom of eternal youth in their faces, with no trace there of the possibility of human emotion*—a type of beauty alone in sculpture, serene and god-like. Witness, too, his picture of the tombs of the kings at Thebes—of the Memnonium—of Karnak, "older than history, yet fresh, as if just ruined for the romantic," as though Cambyses and his Persians had marched upon Memphis only last week—and of the Sphinx, grotesque darling of the desert, "its bland gaze serious and sweet," a voice inaudible seeming to trail from its "thinned and thinning lips," declaring its riddle still unread, while its eyes are expectantly settled towards the East, whence they dropped, not "when Cambyses or Napoleon came."

Young America is much given to Carlylish phraseology, and Mr. Curtis deals largely on his own account in this questionable line. This is one of the "conceits" which prejudice many against him. He loves to repeat, in the Latter-day Pamphleteer's fashion, certain compound epithets, indifferently felicitous at times, of his own coinage—as

* Mr. Curtis's impression of Egyptian sculpture remind us of a passage in the English Opium-eater's writings, in reference to the Memnon's head, which, then recently brought from Egypt, struck him as "simply the sublimest sight which in this sight-seeing world he had seen." Regarding it as not a human but as a symbolic head, he read there, he tells us, "First: the peace which passeth all understanding. Secondly: the eternity which baffles and confounds all faculty of computation; the eternity which *had* been, the eternity which *was* to be. Thirdly: the diffusive love, not such as rises and falls upon waves of life and mortality, not such as sinks and swells by undulations of time, but a procession—an emanation from some mystery of endless dawn. You durst not call it a smile that radiated from the lips, the radiation was too awful to clothe itself in adumbrations or memorials of flesh . . . The atmosphere was the breathlessness which belongs to a saintly trance; the holy thing seemed to live by silence." Surely the Memnon's head must have been a sublime and oft-recurring presence in the Opium-eater's dreams—and a national set-off, we would hope, against the horrors of being kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles (see "*Confessions*"), and lost with unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

"Bunyan Pilots," "Poet Harriet" (*scil. Miss Martineau*), "beaming elderly John Bull," "Rev. Dr. Duck," "Mutton Suet," and "Wind and Rain." This habit of "calling names" has set many a matter-of-fact reader against him. More, however, have taken exception to his prolonged description of the dancing-girls of Esse—a voluptuous theme on which 'tis pity that chapter after chapter should find him "still harping," with voluntary and variations not attuned to healthy English taste. But it is a mistake to pronounce him all levity and quicksilver—to deny him a heart that can ache with deep feeling, or a brain that can throb with generous and elevated thought. Capricious he is, and eccentric, waywardly independent in outspoken habits—dashingly reckless in his flights of fancy, and quaintly exaggerated in his parts of speech; but they must have read him very superficially, or in some translation of their own, who overhear not amid his fantasies, a still sad music of humanity, an earnestness, a sober sadness, a yearning sympathy with Richter's trinity, the Good, the Beautiful and the True.

The Howadji of the Nile Notes appeared next, and in continuation, as the "Wanderer in Syria." He tells us that, of the Eastern tours without number, of learned and poetic men, with which he is acquainted, the most either despairing of imparting the true Oriental flavor to their works (thinking perhaps, that Eastern enthusiasm must needs exhale in the record, as the Neapolitans declare that the *Lachrymæ Christi* can have the genuine flavor only in the very Veuvian vineyard where it grows)—or hugging some forlorn hope that the reader's imagination will warm the dry bones of detail into life—do in effect write their books as bailiffs take an inventory of attached furniture:—"Item. One great pyramid, four hundred and ninety-eight feet high.—Item. One tomb in a rock, with two bushels of mummy dust.—Item. Two hundred and fifty miles over a desert.—Item. One grotto at Bethlehem, and contents,—to wit: ten golden lumps, twelve silver ditto, twenty yards of tapestry, and a marble pavement." Let no student of statistics, therefore,—let no auctioneer's catalogue-loving soul,—let no consulting actuary, addicted to tables and figures—let no political economist, no census-taking censor, no sturdy prosaist, look for a kindred spirit in this Howadji, or for *mémoires pour servir*, serviceable memorabilia, in his picturesque pages. His avowed object is, not to state a

fact, but to impart an impression. His creed is that the Arabian Nights and Hafiz are more valuable for their practical communication of the spirit and splendor of Oriental life, than all the books of Eastern travel ever written.* And he affirms the existence of an abiding charm in those books of travel only, which are faithful records of individual experience, under the condition, always, that the individual has something characteristic and dramatic in his organization—heroic in adventure, or of graceful and accurate cultivation—with a nature *en rapport* with the nature of the land he visits.

From Cairo to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Damascus, the Wanderer meanders (not maunders) on, in his "brilliant, picturesque, humorous, and poetic" manner. The people he discusses are, some of them, the same as those known in "Nile Notes"—though they "come out" with less power, and with fewer salient points. A new, and markworthy acquaintance we form in the instance of MacWhirter. And who is Mac Whirter? A bailie from the Salt-market? or a bagman from a Paisley house? or a writer from Charlotte-square? or a laird from the wilds of Ross? or a red-whiskered half-pay of the Scots' Greys? Nay; Mac Whirter is our Howadji's "ship of the desert," poetically speaking; or, in plain prose, his camel:—the great, scrawny, sandy, bald back of whose head, and his general rusty toughness and clumsiness, insensibly begot for him in his rider's mind this Carlylian appellative. An immense and formidable brute was Mac Whirter—held in semi-contempt, semi-abhorrence by the Howadji, as indeed the camel species at large seems to be; for he regards them as "strange demoniac animals," and describes, apparently with a shudder, their amorphous and withered frame, and their level-lidded, unhuman, and repulsive eyes. The name "ship of the desert," he accepts, however, and dilates upon, as suggestively true. The strings of camels perpetually passing through the streets of Cairo, threading the murmurous city life with the desert silence, he likens to marinera in tarpaulins and pea-jackets, who roll through the streets of seaports and assert the sea. And in the desert itself, not

* Of which books he pronounces *Eothen* certainly the best, as being brilliant, picturesque, humorous, and poetic. Yet he complains of even *Eothen* that its author is a cockney, who never puts off the Englishman, and is suspicious of his own enthusiasm, which, therefore, sounds a little exaggerated.

only is the camel the means of navigation, but his roll is like that of a vessel, and his long, flexible neck like a pliant bowsprit.*

The Howadji found MacWhirter's neck too long and flexible by half, when, in his first desert days, he thought to alter the direction of the beast by pulling the halter (instead of touching the side of his neck with a stick,) and found, to his consternation, that he only drew the long neck quite round, so that the "great stupid head was almost between his knees, and the hateful eyes stared mockingly at his own." The weariness and tedium of this kind of locomotion are vividly described—its continuous rock, rock—jerk, jerk—till you are sick of the thin, withered slip of a tail in front, and the gaunt, stiff movement of the shapeless, tawny legs before you—while the sluggish path trails through a defile of glaring sand, whose sides just contemptuously obstruct your view, and exasperate you because they are low and of no fine outline. Wearied and fevered in the desert of Arabia, the sun becomes Mandragora, and you sleep. And lo! the pomp of a wintry landscape dazzles your awaking: the sweeps and drifts of the sand-hills among which you are winding, have the sculpturesque grace of snow. Up rises a seeming lake, circled with low, melancholy hills, bare, like the rock-setting of mountain tarns: and over the whole broods the death of wintry silence. The Howadji's picture of Jerusalem, the "Joy of the whole Earth," is comparatively tame. The Bethlehem grotto forms a high-colored piece—"gorgeous with silver and golden lamps, with vases and heavy tapes-tries, with marbles and ivories—dim with the smoke of incense, and thick with its breath. In the hush of sudden splendor it is the secret cave of Ala-ed-deen, and you have rubbed the precious lamp." The Jordan winds imposing through these pages—the "beautiful, bowery Jordan"—its swift, turbid stream eddying through its valley course, defying its death with eager motion, and with the low gurgling song of living water: fringed by balsam poplars, willows, and oleanders, that shrink from the inexorable plain behind it, and cluster into it with trembling foliage, and arch it with green, as if tree and river had sworn forlorn friendship in that extremity of solitude. The Dead

* The marine analogy in question was strengthened and fixed for ever by one of Mr. Curtis's fellow-pilgrims, a German, who, he tells us, "with the air of a man who had not slept, and to whom the West-Oestlicher Divan was of small account, went off in the grey dawn, sea-sick upon his camel.

Sea lies before us like molten lead; lying under the spell, not of Death, but of Insanity—for its desolation is not that of pure desert, and that is its awfulness. The Vale of Zabulon comes in triumphant relief; flowers set, like, stars, against the solemn night of foliage; the broad plain flashing with green and gold state-livery of the royal year; the long grasses languidly overleaning winding watercourses, indicated only by a more luxuriant line of richness; the blooming surfaces of nearer hills, and the distant blue mistiness of mountains, walls, and bulwarks of the year's garden, melting in the haze, sculptured in the moonlight, firm as relics of a fore-world in the celestial amber of clear afternoons. We coast the Sea of Galilee—embosomed in profound solitude and mountainous sternness; and scrutinize its population—the men in sordid rags, with long elfish earlocks, a wan and puny aspect, and a kind of driveling leer and cunning in the eye—"a singular combination of Boz's, Fagin and Carlyle's Apes of the Dead Sea;"—the women, however, even comely, with fair round faces of Teutonic type, and clad in the "coarse substantiality of the German female costume." Longingly and lingeringly we gaze on Damascus, the "Eye of the East"—whose clustering minarets and spires as of frosted flame, glister above the ambrosial darkness of endless groves and gardens; the metropolis of Romance, and the well-assured capital of Oriental hope; on the way to no Christian province, and therefore unpurged of virgin picturesqueness by Western trade. Each Damascus house is a paradise—each interior a poem set to music, a dream palace, such a pavilion as Tennyson has built in melody for Haroun El Raschid. In this way doth the Howadji etch his Wanderings in Syria.

His characteristic enthusiasm, skepticism, sentiment, and satire might be illustrated from many a passage. Thus, in Gaza, city which he had vaguely figured to himself when, a child, he listened wondering to the story of Samson, Sunday came to him "with the old Sabbath feeling, with that spirit of devotional stillness in the air which broods over our home Sundays, irksome by their sombre gravity to the boy, but remembered by the man with sweet sadness." Thus he pleads for youth's privilege to love the lotus, and thrive upon it; saying, "Let Zeno frown. Philosophy, common sense, and resignation, are but synonyms of submission to the inevitable. I dream my dream. Men whose hearts are broken, and whose faith falters,

discover that life is a warfare, and chide the boy for loitering along the sea-shore, and loving the stars. But leave him, inexorable elders, in the sweet entanglement of the 'trailing clouds of glory' with which he comes into the world. Have no fear that they will remain and dim his sight. Those morning vapors fade away—you have learned it. And they will leave him chilled, philosophical and resigned, in 'the light of common day'—you have proved it. But do not starve him to-day, because he will have no dinner to-morrow." And these eldern sages are reminded, that the profoundest thinkers of them all have discovered an inscrutable sadness to be the widest horizon of life, and that the longing eye is more sympathetic with Nature, than the shallow stare of practical skepticism of truth and beauty. The "mixed mood" of our Wanderer—at once pointedly indicative, tenderly optative, vaguely infinitive—passes through a strange conjugation: sometimes he sneers, sometimes is almost caught suppressing a sob, often a sigh. He is sarcastic upon tourist Anglo-Catholics at the Calvary Chapel, "holding candles, and weeping profusely"—and upon the Mount Zion Protestant mission, by which "the tribes of Israel are gathered into the fold at the rate of six, and in favourable years, eight converts per annum." He is pathetic on the solicitude of Mary, at the fountain of El Bir, when she discovered, on her homeward route, that the child of Jesus had tarried in Jerusalem—and it is her mournful figure that there haunts his imagination—Madonna, elected of the Lord to be the mother of the Saviour, and yet, blessed above women, to taste little maternal joy, to feel that He would never be a boy, and, with such sorrow as no painter has painted, and no poet sung, to know that even already He must be about His Father's business. He is serious on the sanctity of Jerusalem—in whose precincts the image of its Great King in the mind perpetually rebukes whatever is not lofty and sincere in your thoughts, and sternly requires reality of all feeling exhibited there; for, though in Rome you can tolerate tinsel, because the history of the Faith there, and its ritual, are a kind of romance, it is intolerable in Jerusalem, where, in the presence of the same landscape, and within the same walls, you have a profound personal feeling and reverence for the Man of Sorrows. And closely in keeping with his tone of thought is the finale—the *Nunc Dimittis* he calls it—of his Wanderings, when he pictures himself homeward bound, receding over the

summer sea, and watching the majesty of Lebanon robing itself in purple darkness, and lapsing into memory, until Night and the Past have gently withdrawn Syria from his view—then sighing that the East can be no longer a dream, but a memory—feeling that the rarest romance of travel is now ended—grieving that no wealth of experience equals the dower of hope, because

What's won is done, Joy's soul lies in the doing—and, as a snow-peak of Lebanon glances through the moonlight like a star, fearing lest the poet sang more truly than he knew, and in another sense,

The youth who farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended,
Until the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

And so the Howadji leaves us. Is not his leave-taking sorrowfully significant? Continually—whether truly or not—he reasons thus with life.

Who would not have predicated an Eastern fantasy—Eastern in subject and in tone—of his "Lotos-eating: a Summer Book?" All his known antecedents warranted the expectation of something far removed from that great New World that "spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change," and of which all true Lotos-eaters would testify, saying,

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, while the
surge is seething free,

in our go-a-head career, and therefore

Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

But this "Summer Book" is in fact, a record of Mr. Curtis's summer tour among the hills and lakes of his native land. The Lotos-eater is a shrewd and satirical, as well as poetical observer, who steams it up the Hudson, and ridicules the outer womanhood of the chambermaid at Catskill, and reveals how the Catskill Fall is turned on to accommodate parties of pleasure, and criticises dress and manner and dinner at Saratoga, and is sceptical where others are enthusiastic at Lake George, and impatiently notes the polka-dancing and day-long dawdling of Newport, with its fast horses, fast men, and fast women,—its whirl of fashionable equipages, its con-

fused din of "hop" music, scandal, flirtation, serenades, and supreme voice of the sea breaking through the fog and dust. Not that the prevailing tone, however, is ironical. On the contrary, his own poetical habit of thought and feeling colors and warms every page, and sustains its predominance by frequent citations from his favourite minstrels. Thus we find him again and again quoting whole pieces from Herrick, and introducing Uhland's Rhine ballad, "Take, O boatman, threethy fee"—and Heine's tenderly-phrased legend of Lorelei—and tid-bits from Wordsworth's Yarrow, and Tennyson's Princess, and Longfellow's Waif, and Keats' Nightingale, and Waller's "Go, lovely Rose!" and Charles Lamb's "Gipsy's Malison," and George Herbert, and Shelley, and Browning, and Charles Kingsley,* and (for is not he also among the poets?) Thomas de Quincey. Being no longer on Eastern ground, the author's style is, appropriately enough, far more subdued and prosaic than when it was the exponent of a Howadji; yet of brilliant and rhapsodical passages there is no lack. His characteristic vein of reflection, too, pursues its course as of old—and the blood thereof, which is the life thereof, will repay extraction.† American as he is, to the core,

* The lines, namely, in "Alton Locke," beginning
"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,"

which certainly have a pictorial power, and a wild suggestive music, all their own—and of which Mr. Curtis justly says: "Who that feels the penetrating pathos of the song—but sees the rain-shroud, the straggling notes, and the loneliness of the beach? There is no modern verse of more tragic reality."

† We are here too stinted for room to apply the lancet with effect. But in illustration of the aphoristic potentiality (*'wg 'srog 'erziv'*) of the Lotos-eater, we may refer to his wise contempt for an indiscriminate eulogy of traveling, as though it involved an *opus operum* grace and merit of its own—saying, "A mile horizontally on the surface of the earth does not carry you one inch towards its centre, and yet it is in the centre that the gold mines are. A man who truly knows Shakespeare only, is the master of a thousand who have squeezed the circulating libraries dry."

The following, again, has the true Emerson stamp: "Any great natural object—a cataract, an alp, a storm at sea—are seed too vast for any sudden flowering. They lie in experience moulding life. At length the pure peaks of noble aims and the broad flow of a generous manhood betray that in some happy hour of youth you have seen the Alps and Niagara."

One more, and a note-worthy excerpt: "He is a tyro in the observation of nature who does not know that, by the sea, it is the sky-cape, and not the landscape, in which enjoyment lies. If a man dwelt in the vicinity of beautiful inland scenery, yet near the sea, his horse's head would be turned daily

he by no means contends that the homescenery he depicts is entitled to "whip creation." Indeed, both implicitly and explicitly his creed in this respect is a little independent of the stars and stripes. He has been in Italy and Switzerland, and has not forgotten either. The Hudson is dear to him, but so is the Rhine. "The moment you travel in America," he says, "the victory of Europe is sure"—and he thinks it ill-advised to exhort a European to visit America for other reasons than social and political observation, or buffalo hunting—affirming the *idea* of the great American lakes, or of her magnificent monotony of grass and forest, to be as impressive and much less wearisome than the actual sight of them. In presence of Trenton Falls and Niagara, he cannot restrain longing allusions to the thousand Alpine cascades of Switzerland that flicker through his memory, "slight avalanches of snow-dust shimmering into rainbow-dust"—and to the Alpine peaks themselves, those "rugged edges of creation, half-blent with chaos," upon which, "inaccessible for ever, in the midst of the endless murmur of the world, antemundane silence lies stranded, like the corse of an antediluvian on a solitary rock-point in the sea"—those solemn heights towards which painfully climbing, you may feel, "with the fascination* of wonder and awe, that you look, as the Chinese say, behind the beginning." Why does not Mr. Curtis give us his travels in Switzerland? All his Alpine references have an Alpine inspiration that makes us wish for more.† And albeit his

to the ocean, for the sea and sky are exhaustless in interest as in beauty, while, in the comparison, you soon drink up the little drop of satisfaction in fields and trees."

* Akin, perhaps, to that of Wordsworth's "Stepping Westwards."

† Elsewhere he sketches the view of the Righi—celestial snow-fields, smooth and glittering as the sky—rugged glaciers sloping into unknown abysses, Niagaran cataracts frozen into foam for ever—the range of the Jura, dusky and far, and the faint flash of the Aar in the morning mist—while over the hushed tumult of peaks thronging to the utmost east, came the sun, sowing those sublime snow-fields with glorious day. And again, of his impressions from the Faulhorn, the highest inhabited point in Europe, he says: "And as I looked across the valley of Grindelwald, and saw the snow-fields and ice-precipices of all the Horns,—never trodden and never to be trodden by man,—shining cold in the moonlight, my heart stood still as I felt that those awful peaks and I were alone in the solemn solitude. Then I felt the significance of Switzerland, and knew the sublimity of mountains." This "significance" is noted *apropos* of the Catskill view, where he feels the want of that true mountain sublimity, the presence of lonely snow-peaks.

temptation may be to indulge in a little rhapsody; and to dazzle with diamond-dust, yet has he too keen a sense of the ludicrous, and too confirmed a tendency to sarcasm, to lose himself in mystic rapture. Even at sunrise on the Righi, he has more than "half-an-eye" for the cloaked and blanketed cockneys beside him—"as if each had arisen, bed and all, and had so stepped out to enjoy the spectacle"—and finds the exceeding absurdity of the crowd interfere with the grandeur of the moment.

The chapters devoted to Saratoga and Newport, remind us in many a paragraph of both Hawthorne and Thackeray. The watering-places' talk is of blooming belles, who are grandmothers now, and of brilliant beaux, bald now and gouty: mournful midnight gossips! that will not let you leave those whose farewells yet thrill in your heart, in the eternal morning of youth, but compel you to forecast their doom, to draw sad and

strange outlines upon the future—to paint pictures of age, wrinkles, ochre-veined hands, and mob-caps—until your Saratoga episode of pleasure has sombred into an Egyptian banquet, with your old, silently-smoking, and meditative *habitué* for the death's-head. Savors this not of "Edward Fane's Rosebud" and of "Vanity Fair?"

A history of that community whereby hangs a tale of "Blithedale Romance," has been suggested to Mr. Curtis by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who says, "Even the brilliant Howadji might find as rich a theme in his youthful reminiscences of Brook Farm, and a more novel one,—close at hand as it lies,—than those which he has since made so distant a pilgrimage to seek, in Syria, and along the current of the Nile." Such a history, by such a historian, might be a curious parallel, or pendant, to the record of Miles Coverdale.

From Sharpe's Magazine

THE OCCUPIED PROVINCES—MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA.

MOLDAVIA, so called from the river Moldan, which, escaping from the gorges of the Kappacks, flows by Jassy, and becomes a tributary of the Danube; and Wallachia, a name signifying *abounding in cattle*, from the immense quantities of animals of every kind found there by the ancients, was formerly inhabited by the Dacians. Sober, laborious, and fond of war, the courage of this people often bordered on temerity, their devotion on fanaticism. They believed that death was only the passage to another world, and that, on quitting this life, they would rejoin their great legislator, Zamolxis, who, after his death (490 B.C.), had become the object of their worship. During his early life, Pythagoras had been his instructor; but, having incensed that philosopher, and being obliged to fly, Zamolxis went to Phoenicia, to finish his studies in geometry; to Chaldea, to acquire a knowledge of astronomy; and to Egypt, to perfect himself in the science of medicine.

On his return to Dacia, he aimed at the sovereignty; his superior attainments being the foundation of his hopes. By the prediction of an oracle he gained the confidence of the people and the favor of the great. He assembled the chief men of the country into a vast hall of Ionic construction, which he had erected for the purpose, and there taught them the doctrine of metempsychosis, revealed to them another state of existence, and assured them that they should not die, but enjoy a future and eternal happiness in another world. His success was great, and to manifest their veneration for his wisdom, the Dacians eventually raised him to the throne. Being recognized as sovereign, his ambition proposed another step. In the eyes of his subjects he already passed for a person of divine origin. He aspired to be accounted one of their gods—an honor which his intrigues accomplished for him.

Under Decæneus, the successor of Zamolxis, the Dacians felt the iron hand of the

Roman legions. Victory had been often against them. They made a last invocation to their tutelary god, and sought a savage and a bloody augury. Having cut down the branches of an olive-tree, they soaked them in the consecrated oil, and then burnt them. With care they collected the cinders, and with them formed a circle, within the area of which stood the chief of the aruspices. In the meantime, a deep fosse had been dug around, and covered over with planks in many places. Then came the victim. A youth of twenty, selected for his beauty, was seized by twelve lance-bearers by the feet, the head, and the arms, and, being hurled into the air, was received in his descent on the point of their spears. The sacrifice being accomplished, Decæneus descended to consult it; but a terrible avenge which ensued, between them and the Romans, in which the latter were victorious, proved the fallacy of whatever hopes the soothsayers may have inspired them with. Yet they were not crushed; and a series of battles and struggles, sometimes for independence, sometimes for existence, continued for four centuries, until the reign of Trajan. This prince determined to subdue or exterminate this troublesome people. Accordingly, throwing that celebrated bridge, of which history is so proud, across the mighty stream of the Danube, he sent over a formidable army, and, by the might of his arms, transformed the rude and inhospitable Dacia into a Roman province.

His next care was to colonize the district with Roman citizens, and in this he was successful. Thousands were constantly transported from Italy to take up their abode in this newly-acquired territory, and to cultivate its soil. Hence the Moldo-Wallachians bear a strong resemblance to this great people. With very little admixture of Slavonic blood into their veins, they have preserved their ancient origin. Both male and female possess fine figures. The same majestic forms frequently found here and there, such as we yet see on the triumphal arches raised by the Latin emperors, attest their descent from the old masters of Europe; and, notwithstanding four centuries of conflict, of oppression, and of degeneracy, of which they have been the victims, they still retain thus far the characteristic features of their ancestors. Yet it is not thus with all his people. All the population has not this beauty; many are of diminutive stature, and meagre in appearance, but these probably are a type of the Dacians.

The extent of the modern Moldo-Wallachia has long been undetermined. Obliged to fly before the barbarian hordes which during the ninth and thirteenth centuries invaded and ravaged their country, the inhabitants retired within the narrow limits of the present district of Craiova. Even here, however, they were not unmolested; so that, enfeebled by the continual attacks made upon them, and wishing to escape from the iron yoke of a cruel enemy, they forsook their homes, crossed the steep chain of the Carpathians, and placed themselves under the protection of the King of Transylvania.

Here, however, far from losing their generic character, they formed two colonies, elected chiefs under the title of *Banni*, and eagerly engaged themselves in all the exercises of war, and in organising a military company, in the hopes of some day repossessing their native country. The moment for this did not long delay itself. Seconded by the government, under whose generous auspices they had been enabled to preserve their nationality and keep up an army, the two Banni placed themselves at the head of their troops, which were numerous and well-trained, and repassed the Carpathians. Young, ardent, intrepid, and devoted to their cause, they fearlessly attacked the Tartars, and drove them from the soil. Having accomplished this, they partitioned the country between them, the one taking Moldavia and the other Wallachia; and from that day, Moldo-Wallachia has had its limits more certainly defined. The successors of the two Banni, or Governors, directed all their efforts to the establishment of their power and their authority, and succeeded so far as to give to their empire a geographical position.

However, they were not long to remain tranquil. At the close of the fourteenth century, Bajazet the First, flushed with his recent conquests in Anatolia and Greece, ordered his general, Soliman, to cross the Danube with an army, and to await his arrival, as he intended to join the expedition in person, on the banks of the Pruth. This was done: the Danube was crossed. The army encamped on the banks of the Pruth. Bajazet himself appeared, but it was only in time to save his army, by his presence, from utter annihilation. Stephen, Bann of Moldavia, surnamed the great, from his heroic bravery and remarkable intelligence, enraged at the insolence with which the Turks came to brave him in his own dominions, hastily collected his army, attacked the intruders,

and in the first onset of enthusiasm dispersed them. The vanquished Bajazet hesitated only until the flower of his reserves, whom he recalled from the heart of Asia, could arrive; then, throwing a bridge of boats across the Danube, he passed that stream. Every step he took into the ill-fated country was tracked with fire and slaughter; nor did he check the havoc till he came upon the Sereth. On its right bank he met the victorious Stephen, ready to give him battle. His cohorts were young and valiant; their recent success had increased their confidence in their prowess; each soldier felt himself qualified to be a general, each general a hero. The battle commenced: on each side the contest was maintained with a fierceness which history has seldom to relate. Stephen was, however, beaten and routed. Obliged to quit the field, he marched all night towards the fortified town of Nemevez, where he had left his family. At break of day he appeared before its gates, and taking his buffalo's horn, mounted in gold, which he always carried attached to an ornamented baldric, he blew a loud blast. At the sound, his aged mother, who recognised the signal, hastened to the ramparts, the better to see her son, and welcome him as victor; but she had no sooner seen him covered with blood and dust, his plume dishevelled, and his arms reversed, than, divining the truth, she ordered the warders to let fall the portcullis and raise the bridge. Then she turned to the defeated: "Is it thou," she addressed him, "that I see in this state, my son, a hero always successful, always crowned with laurels, to-day vanquished and covered with shame? Fly, unworthy, fly from my presence! and if ever thou desirest again to see my face, let it be only with the spoil of thine enemies. Return to the combat: I would rather that thou shouldst die at the foot of duty, than live to reproach thyself with a life saved at the expense of our honor."

The effect of these words was electrical. The dejected Stephen obeyed the command, collected the remnants of his army, filled them once more with hope and courage, fell unexpectedly upon the general, Soliman, who had pursued the retreat, and defeated him with a loss of 30,000 men. Following up his victory, Stephen was quickly under the walls of Bucharest, the head-quarters of Bajazet himself, and, but for a fatal generosity, might have taken him prisoner. However, he compelled him to retire behind the Danube; but the Turks were indefatigable. They recrossed the river at every opportu-

nity; the arm of Stephen was no longer there to protect the desolated provinces, and fifty years later the whole country was subjugated by Mahomet the Second, who completed his conquest by the erection of strong fortresses, to overawe and crush any attempted rebellion.

The territory thus acquired—that is, Moldavia and Wallachia—is about 480 miles long and 300 in breadth. It is bordered by Bessarabia, Podolia, the Carpathian mountains and the Danube. Situated between the 44th and 48th degrees of latitude, it enjoys a climate for the most part exceedingly agreeable. The winter is ushered in with a shrewd and biting wind, which creates frost and snow and ice, but is happily of short duration. This is succeeded by spring time, which appears in March. Then the transition from one season to the other is so sudden as to produce the most magical effects. The plants, even the most common, burst from the soil with the rapidity of mushrooms; the whole vegetable kingdom feels the impulse of the change. In three or four days the trees are green with foliage, the buds peeping forth, and the flowers in bloom. Every thing in nature quits its lately torpid character and wakes to animation and enjoyment. In the summer, and especially during the months of June, July, August and September, the weather is excessively hot; the sun, after midday, acquires a force that makes it dangerous to encounter its rays; the atmosphere is like a furnace. The nights, however, are delightfully cool, and give a season of charming freshness to everything; then those who could not venture out in the day walk forth to inhale the tepid breezes of evening. The storms, which during the great heat are frequent, present a spectacle the most magnificent that can be imagined; but, when the autumn takes her place, a richer season is enjoyed than perhaps the spring itself afforded, and in spite of rains, black mud, and mist, the praises of these delightful months are everywhere resounded.

For a long time Moldo-Wallachia could boast of a population of several millions, and its armies were often composed of a hundred thousand men; but, by little and little, the expulsion of the barbarians, the retreat of their allies, and the successive alterations of its boundaries have greatly reduced the number. Some have also attributed this decline to the plagues, the fevers, and the endemic maladies which they affirm afflict the country. But this is not altogether true. The air of the two provinces is pure, and the sky open

and cloudless. Among the mountains, however, there is a disease which they suppose to arise from the impure state of the waters; it consists in a large soft tumor, which comes upon the neck, like the knotty excrescences that grow upon the trunks of oaks; but even this disease has its remedy in an herb, which grows in the same districts, and the proper application of which has proved an unfailing specific. It is evident, however, that this malady is not peculiar to the Moldo-Wallachians alone, but is common to the inhabitants of many mountainous regions. The cretins of the Valois, and the goitreux of Styria, seem to suffer from a similar complaint.

A more probable cause of this decline may be found at hand. The wars between the Russians and the Turks, or the occupation of these provinces by the former, will afford a satisfactory solution. Whether it be a war, or whether it be an occupation, these unfortunate people suffer nearly the same. But, add to this, the barbarous treatment which the Mahometans have exercised towards their rayah population, and we shall not be surprised at the depopulated condition of the country. Like beasts of burthen, in the last war, they were employed to carry on their backs the heavy munitions—a labor which was enforced with brutal inhumanity. They were compelled to march, thus burthened, from morning to night, through heat or cold, through snow or rain. The forests, the mountains, the marshes, the arid plains, sandy, parched up by a torrid sun—nothing was allowed to interfere with their drudgery. The privations, too, occasioned by insufficiency of food, decimated them by thousands before the eyes of their brutal oppressors; and of those who survived the immediate effects of this fatigue and exhaustion, the greater portion returned to their cabins, faint, heart-worn and maimed for life.

Christians, according to the ritual of the Greek Church, the Wallachians are generally devout, and conform themselves to the dogmas of the Council of Nice. Their festivals are numerous—more so, perhaps, than those in the Catholic Calendar, but Easter, and the festival of the Assumption, are the principal. They fast twice in the week, reject images from the churches, retaining only pictures of the saints, and display great pomp in their religious ceremonies. They repudiate the doctrine of purgatory, adopt the confessional, under some restrictions which are not accepted in the Latin Church, and make the sign of the cross with the thumb, the forefinger, and another, united, as an emblem of the Trinity. On the day of a festival, a Walla-

chian closes his door and gives himself up to the duties of religion, which often consist of the most ascetic practices. He is very superstitious; does he leave his home, does he pass a church, is he on foot or on horseback, meets he a stranger, or does he walk alone, he crosses himself three times, habitually using the "*Miserere mei Domine.*" In this respect, as well as in whatever concerns the saints, nothing can check his fanaticism. Under its influence a robber will steal, even while on his knees, from his neighbor, and feel no scruple; or he will kill a man imploring divine mercy, palliating his guilt and easing his conscience with the idea that his victim could die at no better time. The captain of a band—a famous brigand—seeing his lieutenant licking a pat of butter in a house into which they had broken, to plunder and, if necessary, to murder the inmates, dislocated his jaw with the blow of his fist, exclaiming, by the way of justification, "Do you not know it is Friday? Have you not the fear of God before your eyes?"

All the Wallachians, as may readily be conceived, are very credulous. Men and women believe in apparitions, good and evil genii, mysterious revelations, visions, and charlatanism; they believe and fear, and remain in their fears and their belief, without the power or the will to emancipate themselves from this unnatural thralldom of the spirit.

Yet the Moldo-Wallachian is not without fine qualities; of remarkable intelligence, of a quick spirit, engaging, fanciful, and of a flexibility of character little common, he labors with zeal when the opportunity and the temptation incite him—that is, among the less oppressed classes. This aptitude forms a strong contrast with the Orientals, his neighbors. Disposed always to yield to impulse, he marches rapidly on the high-road to progress. In 1810 an impulse was given to education in the country. The venerable Metropolitan, Ignatius, founded at Bucharest a college, whither were invited professors of every kind, and the national language, foreign languages, mathematics, chemistry, physic, drawing, besides a regular course of general studies, were taught with the most happy results. After two years, however, this establishment fell to the ground, but was shortly after succeeded by another, which sprang from its ashes, and the regulations of which were very severe. Organized upon the Lancastrian principle, it gives instruction to a great number of youths, and will one day if properly conducted, prove of the highest service to the country. High spirit, good

sense, and great aptitude, mark the characters of the students. When they have finished their education in this place, many are not unfrequently sent to the universities of other countries to complete their studies.

The clergy of Moldo-Wallachia allow their beards and moustachios to grow until they have acquired a venerable length, and in this respect retain the custom of the ancient patriarchs. They wear a kind of full toga, and on their heads a small skull-cap, which, during the performance of any religious ceremony they exchange for a mitre, sometimes white and sometimes black, ornamented with precious stones. They are divided into two bodies—the priests secular and the priests married; and again subdivided into four classes—the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and monks. They receive for their chief the Patriarch of Constantinople, who, in his turn is subject to a synod composed of the Metropolitan or Archbishop, who resides at Bucharest, and three other bishops of the Greek Church in Turkey.

The ceremony of marriage is very lightly esteemed in Moldo-Wallachia. The people often marry without a civil contract, the benediction of the priest having taken place sanctions the fact. In the middle classes, the signatures of four witnesses, parents or friends, is sufficient; amongst the nobility, another custom maintains: it is in their case necessary to solicit the signature of the Metropolitan and H ospodar, or Governor; but this is regarded merely as a mark of distinction, and can always be claimed as a prerogative by these privileged classes. It is consequently never refused.

When the ceremony takes place in a church, it is accompanied with a most lugubrious pomp. The bride, young or old, is hermetically enveloped in a thick veil of silk or cotton, rich with gold or silver, according to her rank; upon her head she wears a bunch of black feathers, like the plumes of funeral horses; she is invested, like an ancient vestal, in a kind of purple tunic, and for four-and-twenty hours before the hour of the wedding she remains thus enveloped.

On the morning of the ceremony, four bridesmaids, her most intimate friends, come and conduct her, two by the hands and two by her girdle, in the most profound silence to the church, where, as soon as she has crossed the threshold, the bridegroom meets her. She then distributes alms to the poor, and kneels down to kiss the slab of the portal. The two advance, when this is done, towards the altar slowly, their eyes downcast and

their hands joined. When the religious portion—which is not long—is over, they return home, and, amongst the common people, a season of festivity, dancing, and singing ensues. With the nobles, however, it not unfrequently happens that the husband maintains that reserve which half-civilized autocrats falsely suppose to be dignity, and as soon as he re-enters his house, without a word throws himself upon his divan, and smokes his pipe.

The Moldo-Wallachians, when wealthy—which, unhappily, is confined to very few—are less choice in their dishes than in the service of their table. They are exceedingly hospitable, give instances of the most generous self-denial amongst their friends, and never swerve from an obligation when voluntarily imposed. Many of the opulent nobles, or *boyars*, admit foreigners who have no fortune to their table, considering themselves sufficiently repaid by the pleasure of their conversation; yet many of them can neither read nor write. When a person is invited, he arrives a few minutes before the time appointed, enters, salutes, speaks or not, as he pleases, and awaits the announcement of dinner. The dinner served up, the guest, be he an *habitué* of the house or a new comer, follows slowly the family, sits down at the table, and eats. Then commences the conversation, and this is kept up with great animation during the whole process of mastication.

The luxury of the aristocracy is very great, and resembles that of the Orientals. They live in spacious houses, and keep up the most magnificent parade. They have generally eight or ten slaves in attendance. An eye-witness has facetiously observed upon this extravagance, "There is one to fill his pipe, another to light it, another to bring it, and another to see his master smoke it; there is one to fetch him a glass of water, another spreads out a napkin, a third will unfold his handkerchief; five others are required to dress him, to shave and comb his beard, to wash his hands, anoint his hair; fifty others are engaged in various arrangements of the house, the kitchens, the carriages, the horses, the harness, the gardens, &c., without counting those which are required to look after the slaves themselves."

This picture is unhappily too true. Placed as they are between Russia and Turkey the Moldo-Wallachian provinces have always suffered severely from the evils of misgovernment, and in every misgoverned state it is the peasantry that feel the bitterness of oppression. There is not a people more weighed down and

broken than the peasants of Moldo-Wallachia. In the eyes of the Turks they are nothing more than *giaours*, or infidels, accursed by the law of their Prophet, and therefore without the pale of pity. They are regarded with distrust, as a race inclined to alternate in loyalty between the eastern and western banks of the Pruth. They are feared by their feeble masters, lest they should revolt to the Russians, and oppressed, that their spirit and their power may be crushed together. We must not, therefore, be surprised that the peasantry—a large majority of the Wallachians—are degraded, and in the same state of bondage that the Poles were in under their tyrannical aristocracy. The *boyars*, or nobles, possess all the land; enterprise is, therefore, deadened. The peasant thinks not of providing for the morrow, for the fruits of his labor go to enrich those who have no right to

receive it; he lives from day to day, and his misery is thus effectually perpetuated.

There is another class, the *zagans*, which are the *real* slaves of the country. They consist of about 150,000, of which the State possesses a third; the others are distributed amongst the monasteries and the nobles. Some have the enormous number of 5,000 or 6,000 in their houses, and upon their estates. They employ them in works the most laborious and ignoble; they sell them or change them at certain periods of the year at so much a head, according to the age, strength, or sex of the individual; and such is sometimes the cruel treatment to which they are subject, that these unfortunate beings purposely maim themselves, to escape being oppressed to death by toil, or commit suicide, to escape some anticipated punishment.

From Tait's Magazine.

JOHN HORNE TOOKE, AND THE STATE TRIALS OF 1794.

WHEN the French Revolution of 1789 burst, like the eruption of a volcano, upon the nations of Europe, carrying dismay and terror into the despotic dynasties of ages, and causing them to totter on their thrones, whilst it inspired their subjects with hope in the future, the rising spirit of freedom extended itself to the United Kingdom, and produced here, an enthusiasm more than commensurate with the actual condition of the country. So great and general, indeed, was the political intoxication of the people, that few were able to exercise a sober judgment upon an event which was truly described as "a thing without precedent, and *therefore* without prognostic." It required the mind of a Burke to take that enlarged view of the matter, which alone could lead to a just estimate of the momentous importance and extent of that event. A nobleman was congratulating that astute statesman on the negotiations of Lisle, and the probable termination of the Révolution. "The Revolution over!" he replied. "To be sure!" "Why, my Lord, *it is not begun*. As yet, you have only heard the first music; you'll see

the actors presently; but neither you nor I shall live to witness the end of the drama!"

It is now sixty years since this prediction was uttered, and the "drama" is not yet closed. A series of "acts" have at intervals been performed on the Gallic political stage, which, although each has been denominated "a Revolution," are but a reiteration of the same struggle of freedom with despotism. And such is the vitality of the ancient system of government in Continental Europe, that although repeatedly shaken to its very foundations, it will, in all probability, require a further series of such "acts" to bring the "drama" to a close, and establish rational freedom amongst its yearning peoples.

Situated as England was, it was impossible that she could wholly escape the revolutionary enthusiasm which prevailed in France. It is true, the *theory* of the British constitution was infinitely more favorable to liberty, than that of any other nation in Europe; but then it had never been fully carried out in all its length and breadth. Whilst the *letter* was scrupulously and ostentatiously proclaimed,

its *spirit* was evaded, and a wide margin was allowed for a monarch, despotically inclined, to exercise his tendencies. Whether the reigning monarch of that period was such a man, we do not take upon ourselves to assert. Certain it is, however, that George the Third did not possess a mind sufficiently enlarged or instructed to comprehend the great principles of civil and religious liberty, in their full extent; and that he entertained too high opinions of his monarchical rights and prerogatives, and too great a jealousy of the people, to think with complacency of those reforms, which the abuses that have crept into the constitution imperatively called for. Thus, he formed his government upon his own views; and, by the most stringent measures, endeavored to crush that spirit of freedom which was widely diffused amongst his subjects, in common with the other peoples of Europe.

We would not, however, compare the condition of the British people at that period, with that of any of the continental nations. Whatever defects might have crept into the working of the constitution by the lapse of ages, enough of liberty existed to enable the people, without a physical struggle, to reform them; in which respect, their condition was infinitely superior to that of their neighbors. On all occasions, when the principles of the constitution have been boldly asserted, the free institutions of the country have enabled the people successfully to combat with the Crown; and every flagrant attempt to abridge or to fetter the liberty of the subject, was sure, in the end, to result in the extension and confirmation of that liberty. Such was the case in regard to the state trials, which took place in the United Kingdom from 1792 to 1796; and it is to the events which then and previously transpired, that we propose to direct the attention of the reader, as illustrative both of the spirit which actuated the government of that period, and of the power of constitutional principles alone to counteract and disarm it.

The first opening of the revolutionary "drama" in France, took place in 1789; and being the spontaneous uprising of a great nation for the assertion of its just and natural rights, it met with the countenance and support of all great and good men in the civilized world. To it the King, Louis XVI., was compelled to become a party; and it would have been well for him, his family, and his people, had he determined cordially to unite with the latter in effecting those reforms which the nation demanded. His insincerity

and duplicity ruined all; and the second act succeeded—a horrible tragedy, appalling and bewildering to the nations around, and causing the entire disruption of the whole framework of society in that which constituted its theatre.

The French Revolution has been justly ascribed by political writers, to the part taken by the government of France in the rupture between Great Britain and her American colonies. The sanction thus given to the principle of popular resistance to constituted authority, confirmed by the early recognition, by Louis XVI., of the infant Transatlantic Republic, in order to spite her rival, were acts little short of suicidal. By them the seeds of liberty were sown broad-cast amongst the French people, and soon gave rise to a desire for constitutional reform perfectly irresistible. A simultaneous spirit, as we have before observed, pervaded a large portion of the British people, amongst whom the American war had never been popular; and about the year 1780, societies began to be formed for the purpose of obtaining parliamentary reform, embracing, as fundamental principles, annual parliaments and universal suffrage.

The first association for this purpose was founded by the celebrated Major Cartwright, and was called "The Society for Constitutional Information." It numbered amongst its members and supporters some of the most eminent political characters of that or any other age. The Duke of Richmond acted as chairman, whilst Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Grey, Tooke, Earl Stanhope, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Norfolk, Earls Camden and Surrey, Lord Mahon, the Lord Mayor of London, and a host of others, comprising members both of the aristocracy and of the two Houses of Legislature were enrolled on its lists. Many of these withdrew from the society before the stirring scenes of the French Revolution were enacted. Amongst the first of these was the Duke of Richmond, who, having accepted the post of Master of the Ordnance, was afterwards one of the foremost in prosecuting his former colleagues—the members of the society.

The object of the institution was the diffusion of correct political information, in reference to the principles of the British Constitution, in order to prepare the minds of the people on the subject of Parliamentary Reform; a perfectly legal object, and constitutionally pursued by the association to the end of its existence. A plan for this object was drawn up by the Duke of Richmond;

and on three several occasions brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Pitt—namely, in 1782, 1783, and 1785. At the last named period he had become a minister of the Crown, but on all these occasions the motion was lost. It may be as well here to state, what the measure proposed by Pitt, and concocted by him and the Duke of Richmond, amounted to, as it will best illustrate their conduct and character, in subsequently prosecuting with so much vindictiveness, the men whom they were, at this time, pursuing the very object which constituted the ground of future prosecution.

The Duke of Richmond was both one of the first, and one of the most active, zealous, and efficient members of the association, until he received his official appointment. The subject appears to have occupied his mind almost exclusively; and finding that there was a wide range of opinion upon it, amongst the members, some being in favor of a moderate; and others of a sweeping measure of reform, his Grace drew up a specific plan, which appears to have met the approbation of the majority. It embraced annual parliaments, and universal suffrage in the broadest acceptation of the term. His language, expressed in a letter published at the time, was as follows:—"From that quarter," the House of Commons, "I have nothing to hope. It is from the people at large that I expect any good; and I am convinced that the only way to make them feel that they are really concerned in the business, is to contend for their full, clear, and indisputable rights of universal representation. When the people are fairly and equally represented in Parliament, when they have annual opportunities of changing their deputies, and, through them, of controlling every abuse of Government, in a safe, easy, and legal way, there can be no longer occasion for recurring to those ever dangerous, though sometimes necessary expedients of an armed force, which nothing but a bad Government can justify."^{*} It was well remarked by Mr. Erskine, on the subsequent trial of John Horne Tooke, that "if this letter, which, coming from the Duke of Richmond, was only a spirited remonstrance against corrupt ministers, had been read in evidence as the letter of any of the state prisoners, the whole mass would have been transmuted instantly into high treason against the King!"

^{*} Letter of the Duke of Richmond to Colonel Sharman, at that time the commander of the Volunteers of Ireland, (a self-constituted military body,) but without any commission from the Crown.

The efforts of the Constitutional Society to bring the subject of Reform before the House of Commons, although unsuccessful, were the means of diffusing a knowledge of its importance and necessity throughout the kingdom. Similar societies were formed in most of the cities and large towns, such as Southwark, Manchester, Norwich, Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds, &c. These kept up an intimate correspondence with the central one in London; but the difference of opinion which existed amongst the members, led to the secession of some of the earliest and warmest friends of parliamentary reform, who could not go the length of annual parliaments and universal suffrage; believing that, however sincere the advocates of those changes might be in desiring to engrave them on the constitution, they would ultimately lead to the destruction of the monarchy, and the existing order of things. Amongst the first of the seceders were Charles James Fox, William Pitt, the Duke of Norfolk, and several other eminent men. The Duke of Richmond also left early, upon his appointment as a cabinet minister.

This decline of the Constitutional Association was not on account of any exceptions taken to its proceedings by the Government, nor were these considered dangerous to the constitution or the authorities of the country. That event, however, soon occurred which, whilst it gave a fresh stimulus to this society, caused the founding of others in various parts of the kingdom, some of which certainly went dangerous lengths in their ideas and plans of reform, and thus brought both upon themselves and those who were more moderate and constitutional in their views, the vengeance of the Government, many members of which had themselves been the chief instruments in raising the spirit of the people, which they now sought to crush by a vindictive and relentless prosecution.

The French Revolution, which commenced in 1789, was hailed by the friends of liberty in England, as the commencement of a new era in the history of mankind. And certainly, if ever a government needed a change it was that of France; if ever a monarchy had forfeited all claim to the suffrages of a people, and rendered itself unworthy of their support, it was the dynasty of the Capets. Despotism the most grinding; corruption the most venal; profligacy the most unblushing; and extravagance the most unbounded, characterized the Court and administration of the Bourbons; poisoning the very fountains of virtuous and well-ordered society, from the domestic circle to the bench of justice. The

lives, the liberties, the properties of the subject, were liable to be sacrificed at any moment, *under authority*, for a mercenary consideration. And the pernicious example of the Court gave a tinge to the various gradations of society, down to the very lowest class.

It is not our design to give a history of the French Revolution, but rather to exhibit its reflex action upon the British people, who felt the shock in a far greater proportion, it must be confessed, than the circumstances of the country warranted. The question of Reform, it is true, had been mooted by the highest authority, so far, at least, as rank, talent, and influence were concerned; but, by this time, a large number of the most influential friends of that measure had receded from the movement, on account of the difficulty of keeping some of the members within constitutional bounds. Several of the seceders had also become cabinet ministers, amongst whom were William Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, both of whom were now the determined enemies of the Constitutional Association, and those other societies which had arisen out of the circumstances of the times.

It was not, however, till the second phase of the French Revolution had taken place, when the vacillating conduct of Louis XVI. had brought upon the royal family and the aristocracy those horrible disasters which alarmed and distracted the whole of Europe, that the corresponding movements in the United Kingdom began to engage the serious attention of the Government. Without question, a large party had drank deep into the republican spirit, from the same fountain which had supplied the Jacobins of France, namely, the example of the American colonies, whose independence had settled into that form of government. We shall not stop to enquire what effect such a change would have produced with us, or how far the theory of republicanism is or is not superior as an abstract principle to that of monarchy. But of this we are sure, that none of the European countries or peoples are prepared for such a change; and France, above all others, is unfitted for the adoption of republican institutions. Every attempt to effect such a change there, has ended in the establishment of a military despotism, and the consequent extinction of liberty.

It is possible that from the different character of the British people they would have exhibited a more rational development of the republican principle, had they at that period

been able to effect the change. But the fact is, a large majority, especially of the middle class, of the British nation, were warmly attached to royalty, and to the constitution, and had no wish whatever for a change of government, however desirous they were to have a reform in the House of Commons. It was, therefore, with grief that they saw revolutionary clubs established, and republican principles openly avowed by the members of those clubs, which not only laid *them* open to the vengeance of the Government, but involved all, even the more constitutional societies, in the same denunciation, and the same vindictive prosecution.

The five years which followed the death of Louis and the destruction of the French monarchy, reflected lasting disgrace upon the administration of William Pitt. It was a reign of terror in England, as well as in France, with this difference, that, in the latter case, the frightful atrocities were committed by a band of lawless miscreants, who soon after, in their turns, expiated their crimes at the guillotine; whilst here the Government were the butchers, who attacked indiscriminately the guilty and the innocent—the ferocious republican and the moderate reformer. Hundreds of blank warrants, ready signed, were sent down to the different cities and towns where reform associations were established, to be filled up at the leisure and discretion of the infamous myrmidons of the Government,* who, anxious to show their zeal and loyalty, made no scruple of denouncing some of the most estimable characters in the kingdom. No discrimination was made, but the same charge of high treason was brought against men as loyal as the

* At Norwich, for instance, between one and two hundred such warrants were sent to Clover, who acted in the double capacity of barrack-master and spy. A curious circumstance occurred at this period, in connection with this man, which, as it will illustrate the character of the times, and has never been in print, we will relate. Clover had received a letter from W. Wyndham, then secretary at war, charging him to keep a sharp look-out upon the Reformers, and particularly to watch the conduct of the Rev. *Mark Wilkes*, who appeared to be a leader. This letter was accidentally dropped in the street by Clover; and being picked up by a friend of Wilkes, was instantly taken to him. He at once took it to March the printer, and ordered 500 copies to be struck off. Clover, having been informed of this, went in a towering rage to demand his letter from the printer; but Wilkes happening to be in the shop, after giving him a good rating, which he was quite capable of doing, increased his order to 5,000 copies, which were struck off, and circulated through the city. Clover never recovered his character after this blow.

minister himself, and who had but followed the former precept and example of Pitt and the Duke of Richmond, both of whom were now seeking their blood.

Amongst the most respectable of these men was John Horne Tooke, who, after the secession from the Reformers of the Duke of Richmond, acted as chairman at the meetings of the Constitutional Society. This gentleman was by profession a clergyman, but had no appointment.* He had passed the middle age, and being in a weak state of health, would gladly have retired entirely from public life, and shut himself up in his house and garden at Wimbledon, where he resided. A sense of duty to his country alone led him to continue holding his post in the movement of the day; and his presence at the meetings of the Association was often the means of keeping the more rash and ardent members within bounds. He was, in fact, by the influence his character and station afforded him, the moderator of the party; and all documents of importance belonging to the association, or emanating from it, were submitted to him for approval or correction.

In the meantime, arrests had taken place in Ireland and Scotland, where many parties had been tried on the charge of high treason. In several cases convictions were obtained, and some had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Others had been sentenced to transportation for long periods, amongst whom were Palmer, Skirving, Muir, Margaret, and Gerald, in Scotland. The cases of these men excited the deepest sympathy with all classes, except that of the persecutors. No one who knew their previous characters, believed them guilty of the crimes laid to their charge; and the infamous character of some of the witnesses brought against them, excited the indignation of all honest men. Transportation to New South Wales (or Botany Bay) was no sinecure at that period; and such were the hardships and cruelty these men were subjected to, that, we believe, not one of them lived to return to his native land. It was, in fact, believed, that the Government directed them to be treated with such severity, as to break down their spirit and constitution at the same time.

Tooke had once been returned a member of Parliament for some borough, but his political opinions rendered him so obnoxious to the Government that, in order to get rid of him, they put in force an order or rule of the House, before seldom enforced, that no person in holy orders should be eligible to serve in Parliament. In consequence of this resolution he was compelled to vacate his seat.

This conduct of the Government, far from daunting the London reformers, excited them to greater activity, accompanied with more vigilance and caution. They passed votes of sympathy and commiseration with the sufferers, and memorialized the king for a mitigation of their sentences. A deaf ear, however, was turned to their representations, and it was very evident that not only would their memorial not be attended to, but that the memorialists themselves would thenceforth be marked men, and that their turn would soon come to stand at the bar, on the same sweeping charge of conspiring the death of the king.

At this period, Horne Tooke was looked up to as the head of the Constitutional Association in London. Moderate in his views, and a sincere lover of the constitution in Church and State, of which he repudiated all wish to change the form, whilst he boldly and fearlessly advocated a correction of its abuses, he rallied round him reformers of all shades of opinion, holding the more violent in check, and stimulating the lukewarm to more decided action.

Every Sunday, his house at Wimbledon Common was open to all comers who could bring a recommendation from any leading man of the party. At these political reunions, which were sometimes numerous, public affairs were discussed with the greatest freedom, under the impression that no spies or traitors could possibly obtain admittance, and that consequently self-interest would prevent what took place from transpiring. Such, however, proved not to be the case.

On one of these weekly occasions, a young man of the name of John Wharton was introduced, as having recently been returned a member of Parliament in the Reform interest, for the borough of Beverley, in Yorkshire. He was represented as possessing considerable talent, and capable of introducing a measure in Parliament with good effect. The following passage in the life of John Horne Tooke, by a contemporary, will explain this man's character:—

Among the immense number of spies and informers now employed, were several of a higher order, some of whom were solely actuated by zeal, while others, who would have spurned the idea of pecuniary gratification, were influenced by the hope of office and appointments. One of these latter had for some time attached himself to Mr. Tooke, and was a frequent visitor at Wimbledon. His situation and character were calculated to shield him from suspicion; but his host, who was too acute to be so easily duped, soon saw through the flimsy veil of his pretended discontent;

as he had many personal friends in various departments of Government, he soon discovered the views, connections, and pursuits of his guest; but instead of upbraiding him for his treachery and dissimulation, and treating him with contempt, as most other men in his situation would have done, he determined to foil him, if possible, at his own weapons.

He accordingly pretended to admit the spy into his entire confidence, and completed the delusion by actually rendering the person who wished to circumvent him, in *his turn*, a dupe. Mr. Tooke began by dropping hints relative to the strength and zeal of the popular party, taking care to magnify their numbers, praising their unanimity, and commanding their resolution. By degrees he descended to particulars; and at length communicated confidentially, and under the most solemn promise of secrecy, the alarming intelligence that some of the Guards were gained, and that an armed force was organized, and that the nation was actually on the eve of a revolution.

After a number of interviews, he at length affected to own that he himself was at the head of the conspiracy, and boasted, like Pompey of old, that he could raise legions by merely stamping his foot on the ground.

Although no name is mentioned in this account, there is not a doubt, from what followed, that Wharton is the party referred to. We think it, however, doubtful whether Tooke was so well acquainted with the detestable mission with which Wharton was entrusted, as the account would lead us to believe. At any rate, it appears that the whole party was completely mystified as to the real cause of the important events which took place soon after the introduction of Wharton to Mr. Tooke's weekly meetings. These events were, the arrest of Mr. Tooke and eleven other members of the Constitutional Association, of the details of which we shall now give a summary account.

One of the first persons arrested in London was Thomas Hardy, the secretary of the association. The character of this man, like that of Tooke, was beyond suspicion, either in point of moral or political integrity. He was a shoe-maker; but in intelligence was far superior to the generality of tradesmen, for which cause he was chosen for the office. Upon his arrest, the following letter was addressed to Mr. Tooke;

"Dear Citizen.—This morning, at six o'clock, Citizen Hardy was taken away by an order from the Secretary of State's office. They seized everything they could lay their hands on. Query: Is it possible to get ready by Thursday?

"Yours,
"JERH. JOYCE."

This letter was stopped and opened at the post-office, where it was considered of so much importance, that it was sent to the Secretary of State. The last clause of it, which merely referred to the preparing of extracts from the "Red Book," of the emoluments which Mr. Pitt and his family derived from the public, was believed to have reference to a general rising; and the Government were instantly on the alert. Mr. Tooke's movements were narrowly watched, and his carriage was followed to town. He dined, the next day, at a friend's house in Spital Square, and had the honor of a patrol of horse soldiers to guard the house. All this was merely amusing to Tooke, who was quite unconscious of having committed any overt act that would lead to his arrest. In this he was mistaken; for Ministers had taken the alarm, and early in the morning of the 16th of May, 1794, he was seized in his house at Wimbledon, by virtue of a warrant from the Secretary of State, on a charge of high treason, and at once conveyed to the Tower.

Here he was confined, a close prisoner, for several months, not being allowed pen, ink, and paper, nor was any one permitted to visit him, or hold intercourse with him by letter or otherwise, except his jailer. His health sinking under this treatment, an application made to the Privy Council, and an order was consequently issued for the admission of Doctors Pearson and Cline, as often as the state of Tooke's health rendered it necessary, and also of his nephew.

There has been a good deal of misapprehension respecting the precise charge upon which Mr. Tooke's arrest took place; it being generally supposed that the letter given above, which was written in an ambiguous way, was the moving cause. Mr. Tooke himself was for a long time, as we have before observed, exceedingly mystified on the subject, not being aware of the existence of the letter, and quite unconscious of any act that could be construed into treason by the laws of England. Still he did not know how far he might have been compromised by, and implicated in, the acts of others, who were less cautious than himself. The real cause, however, was subsequently made known to him in a manner which precluded its being made public during the life of the principal party concerned, only three persons being privy to it. On the death of the personage referred to, which took place about the year 1806, the secret became known to a few persons, amongst whom was the writer of this

sketch, to whom it was related by an eminent divine; and the correctness of it was confirmed to him in the year 1820, by John Thelwall, one of Horne Tooke's associates, and imprisoned with him on the same charge of high treason. The details of this account we shall now present to the reader.

Upon the arrest and committal of Tooke and his friends—twelve in number—the association dissolved itself, as did also those in the country. But in every place the members were marked men, and warrants were sent down, as we have already stated, to be instantly executed, in case Tooke and the other prisoners were convicted. Happily the efforts of the Crown to effect its sanguinary purpose were frustrated by the friendship for Tooke of an individual in high life. It is possible that the honest jury who tried him might have acquitted him, independent of this act of friendship; certain it is, however, that by it the Crown was disarmed, and the only distinct act of delinquency was omitted to be urged against him through the following stratagem.

One evening after Tooke's nephew, who usually visited him every day, had left him, a stranger was announced by the turnkey. Tooke desired he might be shown in, when a tall man, muffled up in a wrapping cloak, and with his hat slouched over his face, entered the room, and saluted him courteously. When the turnkey had retired, the stranger addressed Mr. Tooke to this effect: "You are no doubt surprised at my visit, but I beg to say that it is a perfectly friendly one, in proof of which I am about to put my life in your hands in order to save yours. I am a member of his Majesty's Privy Council, and my object in coming is to inform you of the real cause of your arrest, and of the danger to which you are exposed. It will be in your recollection that at your dinner party on Sunday last, a motion was proposed, to be brought before Parliament, for increasing the pay of the navy; and that when it was objected by one of the company that this would breed a mutiny, you remarked, '*that's exactly what we want!*'* This observation

* The circumstances respecting this affair were as follows: At a previous meeting at Tooke's house, it was determined that Wharton should bring forward in the House of Commons a motion bearing on the subject of Reform. This was done, and the motion being seconded, it was simply met by the previous question being moved, which was put to the vote and carried, without any one speaking against the motion on the part of the Ministry. This was considered rather singular, but as Wharton acquitted himself very creditably on the occa-

was carried to the Minister by Wharton, the member for Beverley, who was of the party, and your arrest was the consequence.

"In the Privy Council held to-day, Wharton has been examined, and it was afterwards debated in what way his evidence should be adduced against you; whether the informer should be called by the Crown, or whether they should allow you to call him, and so convict you out of the mouth of your own witness? The council broke up without deciding this question, which will be brought before it again to-morrow. I will, therefore, be here again to-morrow evening, to let you know their decision."

"The scoundrel," said Tooke, when the stranger had concluded: "I always suspected him of not being over hearty in the cause, but I could not have believed him guilty of so atrocious a breach of confidence. However, we must endeavour to out-maneuvre them yet." After a short conversation the stranger took his leave.

The next morning, Tooke sent for his solicitor, and in confidence communicated to him what he had learned, but without divulging the way in which he obtained his information. He then directed him to go to Wharton and serve him with a subpœna, and to beg of him not to absent himself from the court at the trial; that he considered him the most important witness in his favor; and, in short, that he depended on him more than all the rest; and it was, therefore, of the utmost consequence to him that he should be present on the occasion.

This was done the same day; and in the evening, Tooke's incognito visitor again made his appearance, and stated that Wharton had detailed to the Privy Council what had passed with the solicitor. Upon which it was unanimously agreed, that Tooke should be allowed to call him as his witness, and that then the counsel for the Crown should obtain the most direct and unequivocal evidence against the prisoner by a cross-examination.

sion, not much importance was attached to the circumstance.

On a subsequent meeting at Tooke's, it was proposed that another, and more pointed motion should be brought forward by Wharton. During the debate as to the nature of it, one of the guests proposed that it should be a motion for increasing the pay of the navy. "No," said another, "that would create a mutiny amongst the seamen." "Well," said Tooke, "that's just what is wanted." The meeting broke up without coming to any decision; and, before the next Sunday, the arrest of Tooke and his friends had put a stop to their further proceedings.

Tooke now felt completely at ease, and began making his arrangements for his defence. It is said that he had determined to defend himself; but his solicitor, after a long argument with him on the subject, concluded by saying, "Well sir, you must act as you please; but if you do, you will certainly be hanged." "Then," replied Tooke instantly, "I'll be hanged if I do!" and directed him to give the brief to Henry Erskine.

The number of witnesses subpoenaed on both sides amounted to some hundreds. Those for the defence consisted chiefly of the higher ranks of society, with whom Tooke had been on terms of intimacy all his life: they included his quondam associates in the cause of Reform, not forgetting William Pitt (the Prime Minister), and the Duke of Richmond (the Master of the Ordnance), with many other distinguished personages, who, like them, had not only abandoned their former principles, but were now the vindictive persecutors of those who acted with greater consistency. Wharton appears to have been subpoenaed by both the prosecutor and the prisoner, as his name appears—for the first and last time in the proceedings—amongst the witnesses for the Crown, on whose behalf, however, he was not called, as was previously arranged.

The trial commenced under favorable circumstances in many respects. The whole of the twelve prisoners* were included in the same bill of indictment, sent up to the grand jury; but they claimed to be tried separately, which was granted. Hardy had previously been tried and acquitted, there not being a shadow of evidence that could be relied on, to bring home to him the charge of treason. Erskine, who had so successfully conducted his defence, was himself a staunch reformer; and although he had seceded from the association, was well enough acquainted with Tooke's principles and associates, to know both the weak points of the charge against the prisoners, and the strong ones in their defence. When these advantages are coupled with the powerful eloquence, the great legal acumen and knowledge, the ardent love of freedom, and the undaunted courage by which Erskine's character was marked, it will be manifest that

the chances were greatly in favor of the prisoners.

But, independent of this, the public mind began to take the alarm, as to whether the vindictive proceedings of the Crown were tending. The prosecutions in Scotland were harsh in the extreme, and made no discrimination between the respectable and moderate reformer and the furious democrat; and the same tragical results—for lives had been taken both in Scotland and Ireland—were now sought to be obtained in London and the English provinces. Nor would it stop here if the Crown proved successful in the present prosecution. It had determined to "run a muck" at all reform and reformers, and by a multitude of warrants make a complete sweepstake of the most respectable of the latter, thereby hoping to strike terror into the inferior ranks. The writer of this sketch happens to be but too well acquainted with the truth of this assertion, upwards of fifty of his own relatives and friends in a provincial city having been amongst the proscribed, every one of whom would have been arrested and tried on a charge of high treason, had Horne Tooke been convicted; the warrants for their arrest (among others) being in the hands of the local authorities, ready to be executed at a moment's warning. It was therefore the general feeling—doubtless extending itself to the jury-panel—that nothing but the most direct and unequivocal evidence of guilt would justify an adverse verdict against the prisoners. Consequently the principle of *constructive treason*, upon which alone it was hoped to obtain a conviction, was kicked out of court with disgust and abhorrence, as unworthy of a free country and of the institution of Trial by Jury.

An incident occurred at the outset of the proceedings which displays the fearlessness of Tooke's character. When called upon to plead and to say how he would be tried, he eyed the court for some seconds in a significant manner, which few men were better able to assume; and shaking his head, emphatically replied,—"I *would* be tried by God and my country; but —"

It is impossible to give any adequate analysis of this memorable trial, the favorable result of which to the prisoners probably saved the lives of hundreds, if not thousands, of respectable citizens. It must suffice us to state that the evidence for the Crown, whilst it displayed great imprudence in some, and folly in others, of the Reformers, did not bring home a particle of guilt to the prisoner.

* Their names were Thomas Hardy, John Horne Tooke, J. A. Bonney, Stewart Kyd, Jeremiah Joyce, Thomas Wardle, Thomas Holcroft, John Richter, Matthew Moore, John Thelwell, Richard Hodgson, and John Baxter.

This the counsel for the Crown did not regard, feeling himself sure of eliciting enough for a conviction upon the cross-examination of Wharton, who stood there in court as the bosom-friend of the man he was about to betray to the executioner. The chief part of the charge consisted of a multitude of written and printed documents, which it was attempted to identify or connect with Tooke, as a leading member of the Constitutional Association. It was proved, however, that when such papers were put into his hands for inspection, he invariably altered and softened down such expressions or sentences as appeared to him to have a revolutionary tendency; and even the witnesses for the Crown were compelled to admit that the Duke of Richmond's plan of reform was the basis of Tooke's own plan, and that the latter never went beyond it, or sought to obtain it by other than constitutional means. Thus the case for the Crown was closed without bringing home to the prisoner anything whatever stronger than constructive guilt of the most inconclusive kind.

For the defence, a hundred witnesses were collected in court, including the most illustrious names that adorn the history of that eventful period. Charles Fox, William Pitt, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the Duke of Richmond, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Bedford, with a host of similar celebrities, were called up on this occasion and spoke to the general respectability of the prisoner; and most of them expressed their disbelief that he could possibly be guilty of the crimes laid to his charge. Pitt committed himself most grossly by his repeated "*non mi ricordo*" replies, when questioned upon facts that occurred when he was himself a member of the Constitutional Association; so that, at last, Tooke called up another witness (we believe it was Fox) to confront him, when he at once recovered his recollection and admitted the fact in question. Tooke turned to the court and said: "My lord, the honorable gentleman appears to have a very convenient memory, which retains nothing he wishes to forget!"

But where was the traitor Wharton? Waiting to complete the purchase of the Minister's favor, by the betrayal of the man who, he believed, depended upon him more than any other for a successful defence. As

the reader will have surmised, *he was not called at all*, but stood like a guilty thing enduring the indignant glances of the prisoner, conveying the conviction that the latter was fully aware of his treachery. In fact, so little apprehension had Tooke of the result of the trial, that not more than from ten to fifteen of his witnesses had been called, when he signified to his attorney that he wished the defence to be closed, being quite satisfied that it should rest upon the evidence already adduced. The counsel for the Crown objected to this in vain, conscious that it was upon Wharton alone that their hope of a conviction now rested. Tooke was inflexible, and the case on both sides being closed, the Judge summed up, in a speech which occupied a whole day in delivering; in the course of which he remarked that notwithstanding the high character the prisoner sustained by the evidence of the illustrious persons who had been called for in the defence, as well as those for the Crown, there were suspicious points in his conduct which he would have been glad to have had cleared up by *further evidence*. Why the prisoner had declined calling those witnesses who by their more intimate acquaintance with his proceedings could have done this, was best known to himself; but certainly it would have been desirable to have had those points satisfactorily explained.

After the charge of the judge, the verdict occupied but a few minutes, the jury being unanimous in declaring the prisoner "*Not Guilty*." Before leaving the court, Tooke addressed Wharton: "Thou base scoundrel," said he, "go home to your Yorkshire den, and hide your head there, for you are unfit to mix in the world with honest men."

The result of this memorable trial was most fortunate for the country. Thelwall and Holcroft were put to the bar the next day, but no evidence was brought against them, and they were acquitted. All ulterior proceedings of the Government against the Reformers were stayed, and the people were again enabled to breathe freely, under the conviction, that however despotically inclined the Government may, at times, show themselves, there is a power in the constitution, and in the institutions of the country, to counteract it, and to re-establish its liberties by the very means taken to destroy them.

From Hogg's *Instructor*.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF MILTON.

A POET can only be appreciated during his lifetime, and receive the honor due to the nobility of his nature, and the greatness of his genius, when he arises in a primitive age, or in a period, like the present, of general enlightenment and comparative repose. In a middle era of change and conflict, he is certain to remain in obscurity, to be visited only by a few faint rays of approving sympathy, and even to be maligned by many who may have been opposed to him in the warfare of public life. Homer, we may well imagine, would hear soft voices waxing eloquent in his praise, when he wandered over the Chian Isle, and he would be regarded as only a little lower than the gods by the men whose hearts rose to the swellings of his voiceful strain. There was little danger of the Scandinavian scald, of the Grecian or Celtic bard, being doomed to live an inglorious life, and to be buried in an unknown grave. Nor can we conceive it possible that, at the present day, another Milton or a second Shakspere could arise, without receiving a warm and general welcome, and being rapturously crowned with the laurel wreath. A recent instance has strikingly shown that, utilitarian as this age is called, and mechanical as are its mightiest movements, the old love for poetry, and the primitive reverence for the poet, still remain as divine and enduring instincts in the human heart. But it fared far otherwise with Milton, in that strange seventeenth century, when the powers of light and of darkness were struggling for the ascendancy in the land. He had fallen on evil days and evil tongues; and, while extensively known as a scholar, a schismatic, and a fierce controversialist, he only found, as a poet, an audience fit, though few. This neglect of the great poet should not be attributed altogether to his connection with Cromwell, to his defence of regicide, or to his ultra views in political and ecclesiastical affairs. It was also owing, in a large measure, to the general laxity and insincerity of the times succeeding the Restoration. How was it possible that the power, the majesty, the beauty,

and the consecration of "Paradise Lost," could be felt and appreciated at a period when the court was a pool of pollution, when the church owned no head higher than the second Charles, and when Puritanism was persecuted and laughed to scorn as the latest and most contemptible form of fanaticism? Johnson attempted to attribute the neglect of Milton to the paucity of readers and the ignorance of the age. But he approached nearer the truth when he said, "Wit and literature were on the side of the court; and who that solicited favor or fashion, would venture to praise the defender of the regicides?" Wordsworth, in one beautiful line, describes the real relation in which this mighty poet stood to the men of an era that must ever remain as a foul blot upon the page of English history—

" His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Milton might mourn over the blindness that shut out from his view the glories of earth and heaven; but he fronted in majestic patience the indifference and neglect of the times, content to possess for the present a small select circle of auditors, and looking calmly forward to the coming ages, when his genius would be seen in its full-orbed beauty, and felt in the plenitude of its power. The world-poet can see, through the darkness of his own day, the far-future of his fame spanning and brightening like a rainbow arch above the path of the rolling years. He knows that the anointing oil of inspiration has not been poured out upon him in vain. He is conscious of the greatness of his thoughts and the value of his work, although he dwells in darkness, and is with "dangers compassed round." He rests satisfied in the conviction, that the great soul of the world is just, and that men of congenial spirit are yet to arise, who will unfold all the glories of his song, and teach the unborn generations to reverence his name. The very obscurity in which he lives will draw more tenderly towards him the heart of the

future, and serve as a shadowy back-ground to make the bloom and brightness of his genius more distinctly visible. All this, we need scarcely remark, is truly applicable to Milton. The broad light-halo that now encircles his name has been a very gradual accumulation. The poet who had listened to celestial colloquies sublime in the heaven of heavens, who had walked with Michael over the crystal pavement of the upper world, winged with Raphael through the azure deeps of air, and stood with Adam in Eden, looking towards sunrise with wonder in his eye and praise upon his lips, had a mien too noble, and a step too majestic, to be called a congenial companion by the last century wits of the school of Voltaire, and poets who burned incense to Boileau. Even Addison, whose heart overflowed with the love that can alone purify the inward sight, proved himself as incompetent to mate with the grandeurs of "Paradise Lost," as to relish and describe the sublimities of Alpine scenery. And, when perusing Johnson's life and critical estimate of the poet, we are moved alternately to smiles and sneers, and feel at one moment inclined to pity, and at another to pillory the strong-minded, but pedantic and prejudiced old Jacobite.

With the present century, a giant race of literary men arose, whose spirits responded to the cathedral chant of Milton's divine song. They admired the noble and magnanimous nature and conduct of the man, while they adored the creations of the poet. They strove earnestly, also, to scatter the envious shadows that had so long eclipsed the full glory of his genius. But this task was not accomplished in a day; for Channing asserts, in his eloquent criticism, written after the discovery and publication of the "Treatise on Christian Doctrine," that the mists which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson had spread over the bright name of Milton, were not even then altogether dissipated, although fast hastening away. The able and brilliant criticisms produced in recent times by some of the most eminent of living authors, have tended still more to remove any remaining prejudices from the minds of men, and to develop more fully the intellectual and moral qualities of this mighty poet. These various dissertations have been followed by the admirable edition of the poetry of Milton now before us, containing a life and critical estimate of the genius and works of the poet, from the pen of George Gilfillan.* It was

assuredly full time that the editions of Newton, Hawkins, Todd, Warton, and others, should be superseded by something more in accordance with the spirit of the times, and more honorable to the taste and intellect of the poet's native land. The great thoughts and rolling lines of Milton require a wide page, and a typography correspondingly large. They lose half of their power when compressed into a small pocket edition, as a great painting, like David Scott's "Vasco de Gama," fails to move the heart when dwelted down into a small chalk engraving. The publisher selected an editor who has shown how eminently qualified he was for discharging that important duty. He had a difficult and responsible task to perform; but he has risen boldly up to the full measure and stature of his theme. In sounding the depths and measuring with a golden reed the heights of Milton's mind, he does not "reel, or blench, or tremble, display weakness, or indicate terror." It is the Addisons and Wartons who look up with a timid gaze, and walk with a trembling step. There is very little in either of the volumes that the most fastidious or carping critic could desire to alter or erase. The life is calm, accurate, and subdued, written in a fine spirit and a fitting style, and blooming out at intervals into brief passages of much beauty. Every fact and date connected with the career of a poet like Milton is interesting, but that interest can be greatly increased by the style and spirit in which the narrative is told. The passages describing the appearance of the young poet on his departure for Italy; the meeting of Milton and Galileo in one of the cells of the Inquisition at Florence; and the brief reflections on the ascension of the "majestic man-child to God and to his throne," are the products of a richly-gifted mind.

The critical estimate contained in the second volume strikes a bolder string, and is the outflow of a loftier mood. It demanded the free and firm exercise of the highest powers of the mind. The man who would enter thoroughly into the spirit of Milton, so as to present us with a faithful daguerreotype of his genius, must live ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, and under the shadow of the Infinite; must possess a lofty moral nature, love liberty, and reverence truth; must be native and endued to the sublime, and cling to the bosom of the beautiful. The critic

Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes, by the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN, 2 vols. Edinburgh: James Nichol.

* Milton's Poetical Works. With Life, Critical

destitute of any of these qualifications, cannot possibly perceive and give due prominence to those characteristics in the constitution of the poet's soul which he does not himself possess. He will therefore produce a defective criticism, and be unable to reflect, from the mirror of his mind, a complete image of the poet. If he be destitute of a large, magnanimous nature, he will fail to perceive the grandeur of Milton's character; if he be filled with no deep passion for the sublime, he will fail to perceive the grandeur of Milton's genius. That great poet approached nearer to the ideal man—to roundness and entireness of being—than any other of the intellectual sons of Anak in ancient and modern times. He may not have possessed subtlety, insight into character, and dramatic power equal to Shakspere, although "Paradise Lost" displays all these characteristics in a very eminent degree; but he had, instead, a more reverential spirit—a loftier mould of mind. A corresponding completeness is accordingly required in the critic who would present us with a perfect portraiture of the poet who passed, like a permitted guest, through the crowds of quiring cherubim. But this form and fashion of man is very rarely to be found in this lower sphere, since the gods ascended from the earth, and the contributions of variously-constituted minds must therefore supply the deficiencies of the individual soul. Macaulay expatiates, with much brilliance and enthusiasm, on the power, the beauty, and luxuriance of Milton's genius, but has less sympathy with the higher qualities of his moral nature; and Channing supplies that defect. Coleridge—who in his Chamouni-hymn seemed to have found again the harp of the blind old bard—brings forth certain characteristics prominently to view. De Quincey, Wilson, and others, develop, in different ways, other phases and peculiarities of the poet's genius: and thus, by comparing together these various contributions, a very searching and comprehensive criticism may be obtained. In the products of such a capacious genius, every critic is certain to find his own—to find something with which he can deeply sympathise. By the combination, then, of such a variety of minds, a more perfect image of the poet will be presented than one man, who bordered even on Miltonic completeness, could possibly have produced.

Now, without entering into a comparison between Gilfillan and any of the eminent critics mentioned above, we may confidently assert, that he has produced as rich and com-

plete a critical estimate of Milton's powers and place in literature as any yet given to the world. He has seized at once upon the prominent peculiarities of the poet's genius, and presented them in bold, forcible, and beautiful language. He has a thorough appreciation of all the great qualities that combined to form the god-like mind of Milton. The criticism contains many brilliant and powerful passages, and many original thoughts. We doubt if any other living literary man could have been competent to enter with so much sympathetic rapture into the spirit of the poet, or to follow with such a steady wing the dark, downward course of the master-fiend. The training he has undergone admirably adapted him for the work he has accomplished with so much success. It was only the man who had followed into the wilderness the footsteps of the Bible bards, who had gazed with Ezekiel on the terrible crystal, the eyed wheels, and the fourfold-visaged Four, or mingled with John amid the tumultuous glories of the Apocalypse, who could tread aright the path that Milton so majestically trod. The entire estimate may be called the pillared porch of a mighty temple, that is filled with the incense of adoration and the rolling organ-peals of praise.

In further commenting upon Milton, we shall take occasion to introduce one or two quotations from the editor's dissertation to corroborate, if that indeed be necessary, our high estimate of its power and beauty. We propose to dwell, in the remainder of this paper, on the heroism and devotedness of Milton's life, to regard the highest effort of his poetry as the necessary result and reflection of his life and times, and to conclude with a critique on a few of the characters and characteristics of his poetry.

It was finely said by the poet himself, that the man who would sing aright the high praises of heroic men or famous cities, ought himself to be a true poem. Milton was one of the few who fulfilled this lofty condition: "he was a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things;" and his life was no dreamy idyl, no pleasant musical masque, but a grand and severe epic. His life, like his poetry, is a study for every man who would wish to be great and good, and to leave the stamp of his soul upon his age.—Like one of his own giant angels, Milton shed a radiant light around him wherever he moved. The longer we meditate on the many high moral and intellectual qualities he possessed—on the earnestness with which he engaged in the struggle of life; on the fear-

lessness with which he met and repelled the enemies of liberty and the assailants of truth ; and on the power he possessed of rising superior to circumstances, and retaining the purity of his prime in a tainted political atmosphere—we see the less to condemn, and the more to admire. Among the many qualities he manifested in so unusual a degree, there are none more interesting or apparent than his self-denial and his self-devotion to the cause of liberty. During his college career, and when dreaming the dream of "Comus" among the beautiful woods and fields of Horton, he would doubtless revel in the anticipation of spending a studious life, and of devoting himself to the cultivation of poetry. Besides the strong native tendencies of his heart, and the applause his early contributions had already received from the discriminating, his consciousness of possessing poetical capabilities of no ordinary kind would at once shape the course, and determine the end of his life. When he left the meditative seclusion of Horton for Italy, it was on a poetical tour that he was bent : it was not so much to study the manners of other people and the political constitution of other countries, as to feed the fire of genius that was burning in his heart ; to visit the land that had been consecrated by the muse of Dante, of Petrarch, and of Tasso ; to gaze into the glancing eyes of the daughters of the south ; to drink in poetry from the woody Apennine and hills of Fesole, from the moonlight Colosseum, the dome of St. Peter's, the friezes of Michael Angelo, the softer creations of Raphael, and the masterpieces of Italian art. He went away flushed from "Comus" and "Lycidas," and had, in all probability, little expectation or desire of ever being aught than a poet. Indeed, it is almost impossible that we can connect the conception of a state secretary, a polemic, and a lexicographer, with the appearance of the bright Apollo when he set out for Italy, "with youth and manhood mingling on his brow, with his long auburn hair, with his beautiful Grecian face, with a mild, majestic enthusiasm glowing in his eyes, with cheek tenderly flushed by exercise and country air, with a form erect and buoyant with hope, with a body and soul pure and uncontaminated, and bearing, like the ancient gods, a musical instrument in his hand."* But, incongruous as this union may appear, it was nevertheless destined that the great heart of the poet should stifle its divinest instincts

during a long course of years. The first decided act of his self-denial, and the first stern step that showed the noble and determined course he would pursue in after years, was his stopping short at Naples on his way to Sicily and Greece, when he heard of the commotions that were shaking his native land. That this resolution was not taken without a severe pang, may readily be believed, when we reflect that to Milton the Iliuss was a sacred stream, and Parnassus a holy hill ; and we may picture him for one moment trembling in the balance, while the mighty spirits of the past—the memories of Marathon and "old Platæa's day"—invited him on before, and the voices of his countrymen, now struggling for their liberties, called loudly upon him from behind. Regarded as the index of the part he was to play in public life during the coming years, a weight of interest hangs upon this noble act of self-denial. He seems at this juncture to have formed the resolution to throw himself manfully into the coming struggle, to crush down for the present the original tendencies of his heart, and to fight for the triumph of truth, ere he sung of the awful beauty of her brow. Shortly after his return to England, and when the warm blood of youth was yet blushing in his cheek, he began that wonderful series of prose dissertations, defences and attacks, which he continued, with little intermission, till the period of his death. In the composition of these prose works, however, his poetical powers were not suffered to remain altogether dormant. The life within him was too exuberant to be confined—the fire was too mighty to be restrained. We find, accordingly, in his first treatise of "Reformation in England," some of the finest swells of prose-poetry in our language, wound up by a prayer to the Tripersonal Godhead, surely the most solemn and sublime that ever ascended from mortal lips to the throne of God. This irrepressible outburst of the internal fire attains its climax in the "Areopagitica," which is above all Greek and Roman fame, which equals in eloquence any of the great Pandemonium speeches in "Paradise Lost," and is beyond all comparison the richest, the stateliest, the most fervid and conclusive oration preserved in any language under heaven. Still, as it is natural to suppose, Milton did not feel altogether at home in the composition of such a variety of prose dissertations. The poetical thoughts that rose up ever and anon from the depths of his heart, would upbraid him when expressed in other than a poetical form. How-

* Gilfillan's Life.

ever earnestly he might pen his treatises on reformation, education, and prelatical episcopacy, his "Tetrachordons" and "Colasterions," he could not but feel that his highest thoughts were unuttered, and the deepest fountains of his heart were unstirred. The frequent feelings that possessed him on this point, may be gathered from his own confessions in the remarkable introduction to the second book of "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy." After announcing his long-cherished intention to write an heroic-poem, "not to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases," he proceeds to say—"Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it evident with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, *but from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.*" Yet twenty-four years elapsed, after his intention was thus publicly proclaimed, ere the MS. of "Paradise Lost," which had been begun two years before the Restoration, was put into the hands of young Ellwood, the Quaker. The only distinct poetical links that connected the young Apollo of Horton with the blind old poet of "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," were those divine sonnets which oozed out from his heart even in the very heat of his conflict, when a great grief, or a joy, or a glow of admiration had stirred his spirit into song. Many an unrecorded silent struggle must have shaken the strong heart of the poet, as year after year passed on, and the great work of his life, on which his hopes and affections were intently set, had still to be begun. None of the world-poets, who are usually placed on the same platform with Milton, or any poet, indeed, of whom a record remains, have led lives so useful and eventful, fought such a noble fight for the general good, stilled so long the deep tendencies of their natures at the command of conscience, or exhibited so much versatility of genius. Homer only haunted old battle-fields, and heard the voice of his majestic verse echoed by the surge of the still older sea. Dante, indeed, in his life, as well as in

his poetry, bore a closer resemblance to Milton, for he served his country both as a soldier and a statesman; but his own personal sorrows subsequently occupied him more than the welfare of his country or of the world: he was scorched by suffering into song; and, in his prose work, "De Monarchia," he supported those very principles which the English poet struggled to overturn during the whole course of his life. Shakspeare, again, seemed to have no great ambition or desire to take an active part in public life; the times in which he lived were not so stirring as those of his great successor; and the pressure of civil care was never so great as to restrain the activity of his genius. Milton, then, by the combined greatness and versatility of his powers, and more especially by the peculiarity of the struggles he underwent, must be regarded as standing apart from all other poets in ancient or in modern times. When we think of the poet who had written "Lycidas" and "L'Allegro," and who yet aimed at producing a strain that might echo, not unworthily, the "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies" of the Apocalypse—when we think of him sinking for a time his high aims and aspirations, and engaging in all the civil and ecclesiastical controversies of his age, bearing with calm composure torrents of the vilest abuse, and writing himself blind in the defence of liberty—now buffeting a bishop, and anon slaying Salmasius, one of the greatest scholars of Europe, we do not know whether most to admire his power and intrepidity, or his self-denial and determined devotion to truth.

But the struggles through which he passed, and the stormy life he led, were not without their beneficial influence upon the mind and heart of Milton. They nerved his arm, consolidated his powers, made him feel his own weight, and imparted a statuesque strength and dignity to all his movements. He entered the lists beautiful as Uriel, with a golden tiara of sunny rays circling his head, and his long locks waving round, "illustrious on his shoulder's fledge with wings," and came forth majestic as Michael from the combat with the rebel angels, clad in a panoply of adamant and gold, bearing in his right hand a sword tempered from the armory of God, and on his head an eagle-crested helm, that flashed back the noon-day sun. When his outward trials had somewhat subsided, and when he had retired into private life, we see this "noble and puissant poet rousing himself like a strong man after

sleep, and shaking his invincible locks; we see him as an eagle renewing his mighty youth, and kindling his undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing his long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance." Had it been possible for Milton to have stood aloof from his age, to have looked with a still stoical eye upon the struggles in which his countrymen were engaged, while he devoted himself assiduously to study, and courted the company of the Muses, he would never, we are persuaded, have been able to produce such a colossal creation as "*Paradise Lost*." The self-denial he so wonderfully exercised, produced at last its own divine fruit. The humblest drudgeries in which a poet may engage, cannot crush out the living spirit of poetry from his heart; and the higher kind of toil that engrossed the attention of Milton during the best years of his manhood, tended rather to sublimate than to subdue his genius. The war which he waged with tyranny in the court and the church was, in fact, as necessary a preparation for the production of "*Paradise Lost*," as Byron's miseries and misanthropy were absolutely requisite to the composition of "*Manfred*" and "*Cain*." Milton's great epic was the natural result and the sublimated reflection of his life and times. To the choice of such a subject as the one therein presented, he would in no small degree be impelled by his deep interest in the conflict that was still raging over the land, and of which he had been no inactive spectator. In his Satan, we may perceive the embodiment and culmination of the evil spirit of tyranny that was then stalking haughtily abroad, and striving both by wiles and open warfare to obtain the sceptre of universal dominion. When describing the defeat of the mighty paramount by the "thunder-clasping hand" of the unconquerable Son, his downfall from the radiant battlements of heaven into the gulfs of hell, and his further descent from the proud prince of darkness to the cringing, lying, and fettered fiend, he also shadowed out the gradual decline and final destruction of tyranny, that might enjoy a temporary triumph, but was certain at last to be overthrown by a mightier arm. In the great work, then, of the blind and despised old poet, the courtly and priestly tyrants of that time might have read their own doom, and beheld a representation of their own downfall.

The characteristics of Milton's genius have so frequently been expounded, and are now so generally known, that we are spared the

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necessity of entering upon any minute analysis. "Wholeness, sublimity, and simplicity," in Mr. Gilfillan's summary estimate, may be regarded as comprehending its leading features and qualities. Wholeness includes the consecration, as well as the multiformity, of his genius. We prefer rather to exhibit the greatness and power of the poet, by dwelling briefly on some of the parts and characters of "*Paradise Lost*." Of that mighty epic, as a whole, so full of the power, the rapture, and the glory of genius, we have not words to express our admiration. It might have been written by one of the giant angels who had engaged in the terrible conflict with the apostate spirits—who had accompanied the burning chariot of the sun in its conquering career—and who had witnessed all the scenes and events that are there so wonderfully described. In its large utterance, its rush of power and tumult of glory, in its descriptions of heaven and hell, its reverential spirit and ascriptions of praise, it bears a striking resemblance to that "high and stately tragedy," the *Apocalypse* of St. John. To form an estimate of the power of the poet, and take a comprehensive glance of the majesty of the poem, we have but to think of the numberless inimitable passages and pictures with which it abounds; of Satan rearing aloft his mighty stature from the rolling billows of the lake of fire; the mustering of the infernal squadrons at the call of their commander, and the unsurfing of their ten thousand meteor-banners; the rising like an exhalation of the Temple of Pandemonium with its storied pillars and golden architraves; the speeches of the princes of hell in their council-hall, so eloquent and grand, that every demon seemed more than a Demosthenes; the gryphon-like flight of the master-fiend through the wild abyss of chaos and ancient night; the glorious apparition of Uriel standing in the sun; Satan's sublime address to that luminary on the top of Niphates Mount; the descriptions of Eden, with its palmy hills and crisped brooks; of Adam, with his hyacinthine locks, and Eve with her dishevelled tresses; the morning hymn of our first parents in their innocence, and swelling up at intervals over all the hallelujah chorus of heaven: the flight of the faithful and fearless Abdiel from the ranks of the rebels to the Mount of God; the terrible avatar of the avenging Son in his chariot of careering fire; the uprising of the world from the unapparent deep, and the song of acclamation that concluded the creation-work, and followed the triumphal ascent of the Son; the

aspect of the infernal serpent, with his crested head and neck of verdant gold rising above the maze of surging spires; and Michael, from the mountain-top, unfolding to Adam, in successive magnificent pictures, the future history of the world and all our wo. By thus grouping together so many unequaled passages, we obtain a more perfect idea of the power and glory of "Paradise Lost" than extended analysis could supply.

In his representation of angels and fiends, Milton has most strikingly manifested his epic as well as his dramatic power. He was partly indebted to the Bible for his sublime conceptions of the former, and more especially to those descriptions, in the Apocalypse, of the Son of Man, when he walked among the seven candlesticks, girt with a golden girdle—of the mighty angel who came down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and with a rainbow round his head, whose face shone like the sun, and whose feet were as pillars of fire—and of the coming forth of the Faithful and True, to judge and make war, with eyes like flames of fire, and many crowns on his head, clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and followed by the armies of heaven, riding upon horses white as their own glittering garments. The poet, however, has not permitted these descriptions to mar the originality of his own conceptions, and his apostate spirits are new visions under the sun. His angels appear in different aspect and attire, according to the nature of the duties in which they may be engaged, and to their various ranks various offices are assigned; but, for the most part, they are presented before us not as stripling cherubs, with curls under their coronets playing on either cheek, but as strong, fire-armed archangels, with helmets, instead of crowns of amaranth, covering their radiant brows. Their outward aspect, and the armor they wear, fittingly represent the invincibility of their courage, the sternness of their virtue, and the strength of their devotion to God. The appearance of the fallen cherubs also corresponds to the attitude of hostility to Heaven they have assumed, and to the remorse, the despair, the pride, and the passions that agitate their breasts. By their might and eloquence, by the dignity of their fallen majesty and the rays of old glory that still linger around their brows, they irresistibly command our pity and our awe. They have fallen from the heights of moral purity, but their intellect still retains its full power; the faces that once shone in circles around the Throne have been blackened by the thun-

der-scars, but the thoughts that wander through eternity still light them with the glimmering glow as of a moonlit tarn; and they still retain the knowledge they had gained through ages of contemplation and research. The heroes of Homer, in strength, in stature, in eloquence, and arms, sink into insignificance beside the peers of Pandemonium: Achilles is no match for Beelzebub, nor Ajax for Belial, and Agamemnon, king of men, dwindles into a shadow's shade beside the mighty monarch of hell. Homer's heroes are mere fighting masses of matter, with little about them to attract our admiration, except their determined self-reliance and their defiance of death; but Milton's devils are mighty and melancholy forms, their materialism is shaded off and sublimised into a spiritual structure, and the boldness of their bearing in opposition to Omnipotence clothes them with a garment of grandeur.

The sublimity which attaches in various degrees to all the infernal peers, attains its climax in the person of Satan. Much of the sublimity of his character and person arises from the contrast we are ever compelled to institute between his first and fallen estate. The troubled glory, as of a thundrous sunset, that streams from his haughty brow, the proud sparkle of his eyes, the regal port and step of majesty, irresistibly recall the time when he sat on his royal seat on the Mountain of the Congregation, or when he rode in his sun-bright chariot,

"Idol of majesty divine,
Enclosed with flaming cherubim and golden
shields."

The poet employs the grandest images to dilate the dimensions and magnify the power of the superior fiend. Beelzebub may be described as rising like a pillar of state, or as standing

"With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies;"

but Satan's superior stature stretches to the sky, and he stands, "like Teneriffe or Athos, unremoved." When he lies floating many a rood on the billows of hell, he is compared to the mythological monsters of ancient fable, or to the Leviathan, whose enormous bulk diminishes the great ocean to a stream. When he appears in shape and gesture proudly eminent among his companions in exile, he is compared to the sun under eclipse, which sheds down disastrous twilight, "and, with fear of change, perplexes

monarchs." When glaring upon the grizzly Terror at the gate of hell, he burned like a comet that shakes pestilence and war from its horrid hair. And when foun dering on through chaos, "half on foot, half flying," he resembled a gigantic gryphon, speeding with extended wings through the waste wilderness. How well Milton has succeeded in rearing up a shape more terrible and grand than any since conceived and described, may readily be perceived when we compare his creation with those of other poets who have in some measure striven to follow in his steps. Byron's Lucifer is an argumentative fiend, not a majestic and fire-armed archangel. He might be quite competent to mislead a morbid, moody man like Cain; but he is not the proud and determined demon who would have led the embattled seraphim to war. He is even inferior to Milton's inferior fiends, and possesses neither the wily wisdom of Beelzebub, the fierceness of Moloch, the winning eloquence of Belial, nor the worldly wisdom of Mammon. He would have preferred to remain in hell, and reason of fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute, rather than undertake the voyage that Satan undertook through the unexplored regions of Chaos and Old Night. He possesses spiritual politeness, instead of defiant pride; he is more the loquacious fiend than the demon of action. The great round orb of Satan's shield would grind him into powder; and hell would never grow blacker at his frown. He is more beautiful than terrible—more to be pitied than feared. The Lucifer of Byron resembles the Mephistopheles of Goethe. They are not so much the direct antagonists of God—demons who would boldly defy the Almighty to his face—as sneering, wily, low-thoughted sceptics. The Lucifer of "Festus" is a higher creation than that of Byron or Goethe. He has more power, more grandeur, more subtlety of thought and eloquence of speech; but he is still vastly inferior to the Satan of Milton. The relation in which he stands to God, consciously and obediently working out the Divine will, removes the shade of darkness from his brow, and diminishes the sublimity of his character. He appears also in somewhat ludicrous lights, when he becomes a street preacher, and falls in love with a mortal maiden. The poet who has succeeded best in bringing back Satan in his old Miltonic glory and gloom is Thomas Aird, in the "Dovil's Dream." His description of the "Grizzly Terror," who had an aspect like the hurrying storm, as he winged his

way over the darkened earth and the Syrian wilderness; whose eyes were filled with shadows of care and sorrow; whose brow gleamed like a "mineral hill, where gold grows ripe;" and from whose head the clouds streamed like a tempest of hair, would not have been unworthy of the poet of "Paradise Lost."

We have already said that much of the sublimity attaching to Satan arises from the contrast we are compelled to make between his first and his fallen condition. Milton, in many places throughout "Paradise Lost," introduces contrasts with the strangest and most touching effect. When the "superior fiend" had reached the shore of the sea of liquid fire, he employed his gigantic spear

"To support uneasy steps
Over the burning marble; *not like those steps*
On heaven's azure."

We have another striking example in the speech of Beelzebub, that concluded the long debate in the infernal council-hall. He applauds the "synod of gods" for the great things they have resolved, and rejoices in the hope of soon being lifted up

"Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with
neighboring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter heaven; or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of those corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm."

To feel the full touching power of these beautiful lines, we have only to think where and by whom they were spoken, and to whom they were addressed. It is as if a soft air from heaven had suddenly breathed over the brows that were burned and blackened by the torrid clime and fiery vault of hell. The words of Beelzebub resembled those dewy lips in the "Devil's Dream" that kissed the fiend "till his lava breast was cool." Aird, also, in that grand poem to which we have already referred, has imparted to it in some places a ghastly beauty, and proved his power as a poet by introducing similar touches of contrast. Of a melancholy form writhing among the "salted fires" of the Second Lake, he presents us a terrible picture in these two lines—

"And backward, in sore agony the being
stripp'd its locks,

As a maiden, in her beauty's prime, her clasped tresses strokes."

We could have wished to enlarge on many more of the beauties and characteristics of "Paradise Lost;" but our remarks have already extended so far, that we are compelled abruptly to conclude. Of "Paradise Regained"—that pure, noble and finely classical poem—we would rather speak at the beginning than the conclusion of an article. Mr. Gilfillan says truly of it,—"If comparatively a fragment, what a true, shapely, beautiful fragment it is! Its power so quiet, its elegance so unconscious, its costume of language so Grecian, its general tone so Scripturally simple, while its occasional speeches and descriptions are so gorgeous and so faultless. The views from the mountain, the storm in the wilderness, the dreams of Christ when he was an-hungered, so exquisitely true to his waking character—are in the poet's very highest style, and one or two of them, indeed, have a gloss of perfection about them, as well as an ease and freedom of touch, rarely to be found in his large poem. In the "Paradise Lost," he is a giant tossing mountains to heaven with far-seen struggle, and in evident trial of strength. In the "Paradise Regained," he is a giant gently putting his foot on a rock, and leaving a mark inimitable, indelible, visible to all after time. It is a foolish and ignorant objection to this poem to say, that Milton has degraded the devil in "Paradise Regained," and

shorn him of all his sublimity and strength. It was the devil who degraded himself—the history of his decline and fall is progressing—and we are witnessing the miserable discomfiture of the proud friend who dared defy the Omnipotent to arms. Moreover, if his regal port be gone, and the faded splendor be still more wan, his eloquence continues powerful to the last; and some of his speeches in "Paradise Regained," are superior to many in "Paradise Lost." When opium began to operate with a palsyng effect upon the intellectual faculties of De Quincey, he says, if he felt moved by any thing in books, it was by "the grand lamentations of Samson Agonistes, or the great harmonies of the satanic speeches in "Paradise Regained."

We regret that we must close this paper without particularizing those divine, rich, and delicate first-fruits of the poet's genius—"Comus," "Arcades," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso;" the "Hymn on the Nativity," that seems set to the far-swelling music of the morning stars; the sonnets, so condensed, so manly, and clear; or "Samson Agonistes," that gloomy temple of unadorned architecture ever echoing with a melodious wail. But we have performed our duty for the present, if we have pointed, "with however feeble a finger, to fountains of song which no impurity defiles, and which are as fresh and full this hour as when they were first opened by the hand of the master-spirit."

From Fraser's Magazine.

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

If there are certain existences more complicated, more romantic, more improbable, in a word, than any imaginary romance ever spun from the prolific brain of modern novelist, we may cite in the very first rank those of the French actresses of the past century. In this golden age of frivolity the fair daughters of Thespis knew how to live; they might be likened to the grasshoppers of the sunny hour, which sing and dance through the live-long summer's day, without reflecting that November will come; November, with its cheerless days, its dreary, endless

nights, its fogs, and rains, and frosts. The present race of actresses are of an entirely different stamp; they have learned by heart La Fontaine's fable, and more than one among them, like the ant, thinks only of winter during her golden days of spring. Like all moralists, La Fontaine has preached falsely, so far as the stage is concerned; there it is not the ant, but rather the grasshopper, whose example is taught and followed, while the disciples of the fabulist form only the exception to the general rule.

It would require the pencil of a Watteau

or a Vanloo faithfully to depict the careless frankness of Mademoiselle Clairon—that queen of the French stage—who stripped off all the petals from the flowers of life with regal ardor, who was charming even in her follies, and who, after having lived for years as the spoilt and prodigal child of fortune, taking money with one hand to scatter it with the other, died at length as a sage, poor, aged, solitary, and forgotten.

A few years before her death Mademoiselle Clairon wrote her "Mémoires," *Mémoires d'outre Tombe*, since they were not intended to appear till after her death. A faithless friend, however, having published a German translation of these reminiscences, Mademoiselle Clairon in consequence, on the 28th Thermidor, year VI. of the Republic, wrote as follows to the editor of the *Publiciste* :—"Since my book has appeared in a foreign country, the fear of failing in the gratitude and respect I owe to the public and to my nation determines me to print myself this essay. Signed, La Citoyenne Clairon."

By following the career of the celebrated actress in her *Mémoires*, in the newspapers and Journals of the day, and in the various published letters of the time, it is easy to discover, word for word, her strange and ever-shifting life, such, in short, as love and chance had made it. Let this article, then, be regarded only as a patient study over which fancy will not once come to shake the golden dust from off her radiant wings. But who knows if, in studying the life of a French actress, there is not more philosophy to be gleaned than in the history of a queen consort of France. For whether the queen of the theatre or the queen of France is the more royal, who will venture to determine?

Mademoiselle Clairon (Claire, Hippolyte, Leyris de la Tude) was born at Condé, in Hainault, in the year 1723. We will leave her to relate, in her own words, the circumstances attending her birth, which circumstances, it must be allowed, were highly significant of her future career:—"It was the custom of the little city in which I was born, for all parties to meet together during the carnival time at the houses of the wealthiest citizens, in order to pass the entire day in dancing and other amusements. Far from disapproving of these recreations, the curé partook of them in company with his parishioners, and travestied himself like the rest. During one of these *fiète* days my mother, who was but seven months advanced in pregnancy, suddenly brought me into the

world, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. I was so feeble that every body imagined a few moments would terminate my career. My grandmother, a woman of eminent piety, was anxious that I should be carried at once to the church, in order that I might there receive the right of baptism. Not a living soul was to be found either at the church or the parsonage. A neighbor having informed the party that all the city was at a carnival entertainment at the house of a certain wealthy citizen, thither was I carried with all possible despatch. Monsieur le Curé, dressed as harlequin, and his vicar as Giles, imagining from my appearance that not a moment was to be lost, hastily arranged upon a sideboard everything necessary for the ceremony, stopped the fiddle for a moment, muttered over me the consecrated words, and sent me back to my mother a Christian—at least in name."

It is amusing to see Mademoiselle Clairon, in her old age, philosophizing over her past life, and giving utterance, upon the sayings and doings of her early years, to certain profoundly serious reflections. As an old woman, she is as sententiously grave as she was inconsiderately gay in her youth; she lends an attentive ear to the whispered reminiscences of her heart, and she writes; she demands the secret of her life, and she endeavors to reply. After eleven reflections, each worthy of Socrates, she comes to this, the twelfth one: "In order to fulfill the duty imposed upon me by reason, to be in a state of judging myself, must I not go back to the principal of all? What am I? What have I done? What have I been in a condition to effect? Providence deposited me in the bosom of a poor bourgeoisie, free, feeble, and ignorant; my misfortune preceded my birth."

From this point starts old Hippolyte Clairon, with all the gravity of Jean Jaques Rousseau, to relate, in good set terms, the history of her past existence. In this narrative of her life we ever find philosophy predominating; we feel that she had too frequently "assisted," as the French have it, at the suppers of the encyclopædist. Her manner of writing recalls, also, her manner of acting; she preserves throughout the solemn, pompous accent of the stage; in short, from the title to the conclusion of these singular memoirs, which, far from displaying, rather masks the writer, we discover not a single ingenuous expression, nor hear a single cry which seems to spring from the heart.

We are already acquainted with the cir-

cumstances attending the birth of Mademoiselle Clairon. Her mother, it would appear, had not only the misfortune to be poor, she was also ill-tempered, bigoted, and superstitious; a rigidly strict Roman Catholic, she endeavored to beat religion into her daughter, and would torment her youthful mind with pictures of hell, and its endless torments. Poor little Hippolyte, although now a girl of eleven years of age, had never been allowed to play about out of doors with children of her own age; she was a little, pale, thin, Cinderella-like creature, debarred of all the amusements suited to her years, her sole distractions being limited to the perusal of two books—the catechism and a prayer-book.

Madame Clairon, in order to get rid of her daughter during certain hours of the day, was accustomed to shut her up by herself in an unfurnished room at the top of the house, where she would leave her, with strict injunctions to ply her needle diligently. But Hippolyte, who was born a queen, as others are born servants, could never by any chance keep a needle between her fingers. What, then, was she to do in her prison? "Suppose I open the window?" thought she. She made the attempt, but was unsuccessful—she could not reach the fastening; in despair, she climbed upon a stool, and pressed her face close to one of the panes: as she was on the fourth story, her view was limited to the roofs and chimney-pots and garret-windows of the opposite houses. All at once a large window in front of her was thrown open, and a magical spectacle struck her childish eyes: it so happened that the celebrated Mademoiselle Dangerville lived in the opposite house, and she was at this precise hour taking a dancing lesson. "I was all eyes," writes Clairon in her *Mémoires*; "not one of her graceful movements escaped me. She was surrounded by the members of her family. The lesson over, every one applauded, and her mother tenderly embraced her. This contrast between her lot and my own filled me with grief, and my fast-flowing tears shut out the scene from my view. I descended mournfully from my perch, in order to give full vent to my sorrow; and when the throbbing of my heart had in some measure subsided, and I was able to regain my position, all had disappeared."

At first she could scarce believe the evidence of her senses; she imagined that all was a dream; she pondered in her mind what she had seen, and was sad and happy at the same time, in the thought that there were

daughters in the world who were not beaten and locked up in garrets by their mothers, with no companions save a catechism and a prayer-book. At these thoughts her tears would flow afresh; but soon, without wishing it, she began involuntarily to copy what she had seen, and she would dance and jump about her little chamber, in humble imitation of the sylph-like motions of the beautiful Mademoiselle Dangerville. From this time forth her prison-chamber became a paradise for her. She would get herself locked up, on some pretext or other, every day; and as soon as the key was turned in the door, she would climb joyfully up to her post of observation at the window, and remain there a motionless, silent, but enthusiastic spectator of the dancing lesson of her fair neighbor.

One evening, when there was some company at her mother's, she said to a gentleman who was chatting with her—"Tell me, sir, are there women who pass their lives in dancing?" "Yes," replied he, "actresses. But why do you ask?" She then related to him mysteriously what she had lately seen from her garret window. "I understand," said the visitor, "you have seen Mademoiselle Dangerville, who lives opposite." The gentleman turned then to her mother: "Madame Clairon," said he, "I must take your daughter, Hippolyte, with me to the theatre to-night." "To the theatre!" exclaimed Madame Clairon, in horror, "you might as well ask me to let her go to the kingdom of darkness at once." "Pardon me, madam, the mischief is already done; you have yourself unwittingly taken your daughter to the theatre by shutting her up in the garret, from the window of which she has seen Mademoiselle Dangerville rehearsing over the way." Scarcely had the visitor ceased speaking, when little Hippolyte, carried away by the force of her reminiscences, bounded into the middle of the room, and reproduced, with a fidelity absolutely astonishing, the pirouettes and entrechats of her fair original. Loud was the applause; and even her mother, who never laughed with her daughter, could not keep her countenance. It was arranged that Hippolyte should go to the theatre the following night.

It was at the Comédie-Française that Mademoiselle Clairon made her entry into the world. For her the theatre was the universe entire; so great was her joy, so excessive her delight, so lively her astonishment, that, as she herself expressed it, she was afraid of going mad. Three weeks afterwards, this little girl, who was then but twelve years of

age, made her *début* on the stage of the Theatre Italien, under the protection of Desbais. But the famous Thomassin, who had daughters to bring forward, ere long opposed the increasing success of our miniature debutante; and, strange as it may appear, a cabal was actually formed against the child, in order to obtain her dismissal from the "Italiens," where her delicate beauty and artless grace were the themes of universal admiration. On leaving the "Italiens," she obtained an engagement in the company directed by La Noul, at Rouen, to sing and dance, and play all the characters suited to her age.

After relating circumstantially this first period of her life, our philosophical actress pauses for reflection, and writes at the head of a page—*RECAPITULATION*. We should fail in our duty as historians, were we to omit reproducing a portion of this curious page. "So far," she writes, "I have nothing to reproach myself with: I knew nothing, I could do nothing; I blindly obeyed a destiny of which I have seen myself all my life at once the spoiled child and the victim." We are accordingly to understand from this that Mademoiselle Clairon could not escape those frequent deviations from the path of rectitude of which her career exhibits so many deplorable examples. According to her view of the matter, destiny—that convenient scapegoat of the worldly-minded, the extravagant, and the gay—led her, despite herself, into all the faults and follies of which she in after life was guilty.

At Rouen, Mademoiselle Clairon had her laureate and her libellist united in the person of an individual by name Gaillard. As she herself expresses it, he possessed in an eminent degree the art of rhyming and supping-out, two indispensable qualifications in the eighteenth century. The salary of our heroine having been raised to about a thousand crowns a-year, her mother, Madame Clairon, began to ape the airs of a mistress of the house; she instituted a supper every Thursday night, to which were admitted all the wealthy admirers of her daughter. Gaillard used to season the *gigots* with madrigals, in which Venus and Vesta were treated in the light of ragged adventuresses when compared to Mademoiselle Hippolyte Clairon. Gaillard, however, did not content himself with singing the praises of the pretty actress; he dared to love her. After sighing for about six months, he succeeded in gaining over an old duenna, who, for a consideration, put him up to all the turnings and

windings of the house. One morning, while Mademoiselle Clairon was studying in bed, Gaillard penetrated to the chamber door, and exclaimed, in impassioned accents, that he was going to cast himself on his knees before her. Our actress, highly incensed that any one should dare to appear in her presence at such an unseemly hour, without more ado sprang out of bed, and armed with her anger and a trusty poker, unceremoniously drove the audacious madrigalist not only out of the room, but out of the house also. Gaillard, indignant at being thus treated by an actress whose adventures were already matter of public notoriety, wrote his famous book—a book, it must be admitted, utterly destitute of either style, wit, or vigor—entitled, *Histoire de Mademoiselle Fretillon*. Gaillard was amply and cruelly avenged for his ignominious treatment at the hands of Mademoiselle Clairon, for this disgraceful libel saddened her fairest years. His victim, however, was herself in turn avenged, for so violent was the outcry raised by the public against the author of the pamphlet, that Gaillard was compelled to seek safety in a hasty flight from the kingdom.

It would take a "forty-author power" to follow our heroine through all the scenes, adventures, and follies of her early years, a faithful narration of which would fill at least a dozen volumes, and would moreover, we fear, but little edify our readers. From Rouen, Mademoiselle Clairon proceeded to Lille, and from thence to Ghent, from which last-named town she was obliged to make a nocturnal flight, in order to escape from the power of a British General, who wanted, right or wrong, to marry her, and carry her off with him to England. At Dunkirk, whither she had sought shelter from her ardent lover, she received, through the commandant of the place, an order to appear on the Parisian stage. Much had been spoken of Fretillon, and the gentlemen of the chamber judged in their wisdom that so pretty a girl should belong by right to the Parisians only. At the Opera she accordingly appeared as *Venus* in the opera of *Hesione*. Although an indifferent musician, she was much applauded, for in those days people applauded beauty as well as talent.

Shortly afterwards Mademoiselle Clairon quitted the Opera, and made her first appearance at the Comedie-Française in the part of *Phèdre*. In the provinces she had played chiefly the *soubrettes*, and at the Comedie-Française she was engaged to double Mademoiselle Dangerville. Previous, however, to

signing her engagement, she declared, to the great surprise of the comedians, that it was her intention to perform the great tragic parts ; to this request the comedians assented, stipulating merely that she should sing and dance in the musical pieces. They were all thoroughly convinced that she would be hissed on her *début*, and hence be compelled to sing and dance only. It so happened that during her provincial career she had played four or five tragic parts. Marshal Sarrasin having accidentally seen her play the character of *Eriphile*, at Rouen, had predicted that she would one day be the ornament of the French stage. She was anxious most probably to show the world that Sarrasin's judgment was a correct one. Previous to her *début* the comedians had indulged in many a hearty laugh at what they deemed the absurd pretensions of the proud Hippolyte. She disdained to rehearse her part ; and on the morning of her *début* she sent a message to the theatre to say that she was ready to appear, and only awaited the rising of the curtain. All Paris flocked on that evening to the Comédie-Française in the expectation of having a good laugh at little Fretillon ; but scarcely had she given utterance to the first few lines of her part when the entire audience rose enthusiastically ; it was no longer little Clairon, the charming Fretillon who played the *soubrettes*, it was *Phedre* herself, in all her sovereign splendor, in all the majesty of passion. "How tall she is!" "How beautiful she is!" were the exclamations heard on all sides. From this time forth Mademoiselle Clairon was surnamed Melpomene, and became the idol of the Parisians.

The Comédie-Française was at that period so well administered, it possessed such intelligent protectors, that even the first subjects of the troop could scarcely live on their salaries. "We were poor," writes Mademoiselle Clairon, "and unable to await the payment of what was due to us, and every week we would vainly solicit M. de Boulogne, then Comptroller-General, for the payment of the arrears of the king's pension." But no one paid them, and Louis XV. less than all the rest. Thus we find that Mademoiselle Clairon—the star of the Théâtre Français—owed to her beauty, and not to her talents, the Indian robes and diamonds which she wore. As she was fond of changing both her finery and her lovers, it would frequently happen that she would be left without either lovers or finery. One day Marshal Richelieu called upon her to request

the honor of her presence at one of his *fêtes*. She refused. "Why?" demanded the Marshal. "I have no dress to wear!" Richelieu burst out laughing. "You have dresses of all countries, of all tastes, and all fancies." "No more, I can assure you, than one single dress besides the one you now see on my back. Our scanty receipts have compelled me to sell everything valuable I could spare, and what remains is in pawn ; I can only show myself on the stage."

Like all true talents, Mademoiselle Clairon had more than one enemy who denied her influence over the public. The critic Freron declared that her stentorian tones deafened the ears without moving the heart. Grimm, who came to France during the height of the actress's triumph, spoke of the squeakings of her voice. "Squeakings, if you please," said Diderot, "but these squeakings, as you call them, have become the accents of passion."

It was about this period that Mademoiselle Clairon hired, at the rate of 12,000 livres a year, the little house in the Rue des Marais, formerly inhabited by Racine. "They tell me," she writes in her *Mémoire* "that Racine dwelt there for forty years with all his family ; that it was there he died ; and that, after his time, it was there lived and died the touching Adrienne Lecouvreur. The walls alone of this house," I said to myself, "ought to suffice to make me feel the sublimity of the poet, and enable me to reach the talent of the actress. It is in this sanctuary that I ought to live and die." All the poets of the day visited Mademoiselle Clairon in "this sanctuary," which we very much fear was on several occasions somewhat profaned. The quite family dinner which Racine had showed his good sense and taste in preferring to the dinner spread on the king's table, was now replaced by the licentious *petit souper* ; and the gay but frequently impure, and even blasphemous *chanson*, was now heard in spots consecrated by the genius of Racine, where the poet had so frequently let fall his Alexandrines as from a golden harp.

Mademoiselle Clairon, however, had become the heroine of the Comédie-Française. She had, if not eclipsed, at least in some measure cast into the shade Mademoiselles Dumesnil, Gaussin, and Dangeville. She maintained her sceptre until 1762. This, it must be said, was the golden era of the French stage, for in addition to these four celebrated actresses, such names could be cited as Molé, Grandval, Bellecour, Lekain, Previle, and Brizard. Mademoiselle Clairon,

with her solemn air and majestic gait, was the presiding genius of this brilliant republic—a republic of kings and queens. Others, it might be said, possessed either more talent or more beauty, but Mademoiselle Clairon possessed renown.

She reigned fifteen years.

In the year 1762, although now approaching her decline, Mademoiselle Clairon was still spoken of as a theatrical marvel. We find the following lines referring to her in Bachaumont's *Memoires Secrets*, under the date of January 20th: "Mademoiselle Clairon is still the heroine; the mere announcement of her name is sufficient to draw a crowded house; so soon as she appears the applause is enthusiastic; her acting is a finished work of art. She has great nobility of gesture in the head; it is the Melpomene arranged by Phidias." The same journalist afterwards passes the entire troop in review with exquisite delicacy of touch. Take, for example, this note on Mademoiselle Dumesnil: "This actress drinks like a coachman; and on the night she plays, her lackey is always in attendance in the coulisses, bottle in hand, to slake her insatiable thirst."

In place of a lackey and a bottle of wine, Mademoiselle Clairon had in the coulisses an entire court of dissipated marquises, licentious abbés, and chirping poets. Marmontel, one evening, during a tavern supper, found her sublime. Marmontel was then a young scholar, rhyming tragedies, which the actors deigned to play and the public to applaud, out of respect for Voltaire, who had granted him a certificate of genius. He supped silently beside the eminent actress, thinking much more of composing a part for her than of speaking to her of love. "What ails you?" said Clairon to him all at once; "you are sad; I hope you are not offering me such an affront as to be composing a tragedy during our supper?" Marmontel had the wit to reply that he was sad because he was in love. "Child," replied Clairon, "is that the way you receive the gifts of your good genius?" "Yes, because I love you." Well, then, fall on your knees; I will raise you, and we will love each other as long as we can." History does not inform us how long this attachment lasted, but it was not of very considerable duration. Marmontel has related with the utmost complaisance, all the details of his follies with La Clairon, in that whimsical book of his entitled "*Memoires d'un Père pour servir à l'instruction de ses Enfants*.

The Marquis de Ximenes was also one of

the adorers of the great comedian; they loved like the Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, but a single *mot* put Cupid to flight forever. Some one happened to say one night in the green-room of the Comédie Française, that the Marquis de Ximenes had turned Clairon's head. "Yes," replied she, arriving at that instant, "*on the other side*." The Marquis's love was not proof against this insult; the following day he returned the portrait of his *inamorata*, with these words written in pencil beneath it; "This crayon drawing is like human beauty; it fades in the sunshine. Do not forget that your sun has long risen."

Mademoiselle Clairon was not celebrated in France alone; all the foreign theatres summoned her by the voice of kings and queens. Garrick came to Paris expressly to see her play in *Cinna*. So delighted was he with the talent of the actress, that he caused a design to be engraved representing Mademoiselle Clairon arrayed in all the attributes of tragedy, her arm resting upon a pile of books on which might be read the names of Corneille, Racine, Crebillon, and Voltaire. By her side stood Melpomene, crowning her with laurel. Beneath the design were inscribed these four lines, composed by Garrick himself:

J'ai prédit que Clairon illustrerait la scène,
Et mon espoir n'a point été déçu,
Longtemps Clairon couronna Melpomène,
Melpomène lui rend ce qu'elle en a reçu.

These lame verses quickly made the circuit of the fashionable world. The enthusiastic admirers of the actress were not, however, contented with this homage paid by one sovereign of the stage to another; they instituted the order of the medallion; medals were struck, bearing Garrick's device, and with these they decorated themselves as proudly as though they had borne the Grand Cordon itself.

Our heroine had now attained the culminating point of her renown. She ruled with despotic sway, not only the stage, but the world of fashion; and in speaking of Madame de Pompadour, the reigning favorite, she even dared to say that "*she* owed her royalty to chance, while *I* owe mine to the power of my genius." In vain did her numerous enemies strive to oppose her triumphs by all the means in their power; she had only to show herself in order to baffle all their machinations. "In the world," wrote Diderot, "those who wished to ridicule her could not refrain from admiring her majestic eloquence." She carried her sceptre, to o

with a high hand. One day, when she was playing at the *Théâtre Française*, on the occasion of a free performance, given by order of the king to the Parisians, she came on the stage between the two pieces, and threw handfuls of money into the pit. The worthy Parisians were gulled by this piece of theatrical quackery, and cried with enthusiasm, as they scrambled for the silver, *Vive le Roi! Vive Mademoiselle Clairon!* She had braved Madame de Pompadour; she dared to brave the king himself, under the impression that the public would revolt rather than lose her. At her table she received the cream of Parisian society—such as Mesdames de Chabillant, d'Aguillon, de Villeroy, de la Vallière, de Forealquier, &c.; she was also a frequent guest at the tables of Madame du Deffant and Madame Geoffrin, who deigned occasionally to gather the pearls of her wit. The celebrated Russian princess, Madame de Galitzin, amazed at the talent of Mademoiselle Clairon, desired to leave her a regal souvenir of her admiration. "What will you have, Clairon?" asked she, one evening at supper. "My portrait, painted by Vanloo," replied the actress. The painter, flattered by this preference, was anxious that the portrait should be worthy at the same time of Madame de Galitzin, Mademoiselle Clairon, and himself; he painted the actress as *Medea*, holding in one hand a torch, and in the other a poinard still reeking with the blood of her children. Louis XV. expressed a wish to see this picture: and if we are to believe one of the newspapers of the time, he paid a visit one morning for this express purpose to the atelier of Vanloo. His Majesty highly complimented both the artist and his models. "You are fortunate," said he to Carl Vanloo, "in having such a sitter;" and turning to Mademoiselle Clairon—"You are fortunate, Mademoiselle, in having such a painter to immortalize your features. It is my earnest wish to bear a share in this work; I am the only person who can put a frame on this picture worthy of it, and I desire that it may be as beautiful a one as possible; and further, it is my wish that this portrait be engraved." The frame cost five thousand livres, and the engraving ten thousand.

In the foregoing pages we have endeavored to chronicle the rise and progress of our heroine's grandeur; we must now, as faithful historians, relate the history of her decline and fall. Mademoiselle Clairon counted among her enemies Laharpe and Freron; Laharpe, because she had obstinately refused to play in his tragedies; Freron, because she

had preferred Voltaire to him. Laharpe avenged himself with his tongue, Freron with his pen. About this period, a certain actress, by name Mademoiselle Doligny, was attracting notice at the *Théâtre Française*; Freron protected her; he judged that the moment was a favorable one to delineate her portrait in contradistinction to that of Mademoiselle Clairon, and he did so accordingly. The first, in the opinion of the journalist, was a model of grace and sensibility; the second, an abandoned woman, destitute alike of heart, soul, or intellect. In Freron's journal, Mademoiselle Clairon was not alluded to by name, but she had the bad taste to recognize herself in the portrait drawn by the critic. Filled with shame and rage, she hurried to the gentlemen of the chamber, and threatened to withdraw from the theatre unless instant justice was executed upon that horrible Freron. All Paris was in commotion; the king hastily summoned a meeting of his privy council, and a warrant was signed for the committal of Freron. The police-officers, according to order, came to seize his person. What could he oppose to the strong arm of the law? Our critic imagined a violent fit of the gout; he uttered cries of anguish, and declared that he could not move a finger without suffering tortures. This momentous affair occurred on the 14th of February, 1775; in a journal of the 16th, we find the following notice: "The quarrel between Freron and Mademoiselle Clairon, alias the pamphleteer Aliboron and Queen Cleopatra, makes a great noise both at court and in the city: Monsieur l'Abbé de Voisenon, having, at the solicitation of some friends of the former, written a very pathetic letter to M. le Duc de Duras, gentleman of the chamber, the latter replied to the abbé, whom he highly esteemed, that it was the only favor he believed it his duty to refuse him, that this request could be granted only at the personal solicitation of Mademoiselle Clairon." Glorious times these, truly, when a journalist, a man, moreover, possessed of more than one title to respect, should be threatened with imprisonment for expressing an opinion about an actress, or, what was an alternative much more humiliating, that he should owe his pardon to the actress whom he had offended. Sooner than submit to such degradation, Freron declared that he would suffer a thousand deaths. Strange as it may appear, this ridiculous affair was not only debated before the king, but was carried to the feet of the queen also. Marie Leccinska, who loved to show clemency, or

dered that Freron should be pardoned, but Mademoiselle Clairon would not abide by the queen's decision; she declared to the gentlemen of the chamber that if Freron were not punished, she would certainly withdraw from the theatre. Awful was the commotion. Mademoiselle Clairon demanded an audience of M. le Duc de Choiseul, prime minister, which was graciously acceded. "Justice!" cried she, with her stage accent; as soon as the minister appeared. "Mademoiselle," replied the duke, with mock gravity, "we both of us perform upon a great stage; but there is this difference between us: that you can choose your parts, and you have only to show yourself to be applauded; whilst I, on the contrary, have not this privilege, and what is still worse, as soon as I make my appearance I am hissed; let me do my best or my worst, it is all the same; I am criticised, ridiculed, abused, condemned, yet for all that I remain at my post, and if you take my advice you will do the same. Let us then, both of us, sacrifice our private resentments to the good of our country, and serve it, each in our own way, to the best of our power. And, besides, the queen having pardoned, you can, without compromising your dignity, imitate her majesty's clemency."

In a journal of the 21st of February we read as follows:—"The queen of the stage has held a meeting of her friends, presided over by the Duc de Duras, at which it was determined that M. de Saint Florentin should be threatened with the immediate desertion of the entire troop unless speedy justice were done to the modern Melpomene for the insolence of Freron. This line of conduct has greatly disturbed M. de Saint Florentin, and this minister has written to the queen, stating that the affair has become one of the vastest importance; that for a length of time matter of such serious import has not been discussed at court (!) that in fact the court is divided into two factions on the question, and that, despite his profound respect for the commands of her Majesty, he much fears he will be compelled to obey the original orders of the king." In the end, however, Freron was saved from imprisonment by a combination of three circumstances, viz., the gout which he had not, the clemency of Marie Leczinska, but chiefly because, *mira dictu*, Mademoiselle Clairon herself was sent to For l'Evêque!

In the annals of the French stage there are few stories more supremely ridiculous than that of the comedians in ordinary to

the king, who, at the moment of commencing the performance, refused to play because his Majesty had added to the troop an individual whom they judged unworthy of being a member of their aristocratic body. Mademoiselle Clairon was at the head of this revolt also, but her star was beginning to pale in the theatrical firmament, her crown of roses was beginning to show its thorns. On this occasion, the pit, exasperated to the highest point at not having its accustomed entertainment, angrily shouted aloud *La Clairon à l'hôpital*. Her fate was sealed! The pit of a theatre is for the actors the Praetorian guard. This momentous event occurred on the 15th of April, 1775; on the ensuing day the papers contained the following announcement: "Astonishing fermentation in Paris! A special Privy Council has been held at the house of M. de Sartines, at which it was determined that the culprits in the late theatrical *emeute* should be sent to For l'Evêque. Mademoiselle Clairon receives the visits of the court and city." That very day, however, she went to For l'Evêque before that rascal Freron, to use her own expression to the Intendant of Paris. Next morning Sophie Arnould related the story of her capture in almost these words: "Fretillon was in the height and glory of her receptions, playing the grand lady to the admiration of all, when an unannounced visitor made his appearance, in the shape of a police officer, who very unceremoniously desired her to follow him to For l'Evêque, by order of the king. 'I am submissive to the commands of his Majesty,' said she, with her usual pompous stage accent; 'my property, my person, my life are in his hands; but my honor will remain intact, for even the king himself cannot touch that.' 'Very true, Mademoiselle,' replied the alguazil, 'for where there is nothing, the king necessarily loses his rights.'"

At For l'Evêque, Mademoiselle Clairon found not a cell, but an apartment, which her friends, the Duchesses of Villeroy and de Duras, and Madame de Sauvigny, had furnished for her with great magnificence. We read, in a journal of the 20th of April: "Mademoiselle Clairon converts into a triumph a punishment which was intended as a humiliation. A crowd of carriages besiege the gates of the prison; she gives, we understand, divine suppers; in short, is leading, at For l'Evêque, a life of princely luxury." This method of imprisoning actresses was not, it must be admitted, a very cruel one. One might say they kept open house, for there they received their lovers and friends,

and supped from night till morning; and then, as the finishing stroke to this luxurious captivity, so soon as their incarceration became a little wearisome, there was always to be found some accomodating physician, who would seriously declare that their lives were in danger. So it was in this instance; for, after a week's feasting, Mademoiselle Clairon was authorized, thanks to the certificate of the jail doctor, to return to her own house, where she was directed to consider herself a prisoner for the space of thirteen days more.

A deputation from the king and the gentlemen of the chamber, shortly afterwards waited upon her, to solicit her re-appearance on the stage of the Comédie Française, but she had still at heart the terrible words, *La Clairon à l'hôpital*. "It is not," she said, "the king who ought to solicit my re-appearance at a theatre he never visits; it is the public; I await the orders of the public." But the fickle public had had time, during the short absence of its former sovereign, to choose another queen: it chose two, indeed—Mademoiselle Dubois and Mademoiselle Raucourt—queens of a day, it is true, but still sufficiently regal to dethrone the ancient one. Mademoiselle Clairon, dreading forgetfulness like death, no longer willing to appear before a public that had adored her for twenty years only, had horses put to her carriage one day, and took her departure from Paris. "I am ill," she said; "I am going to consult Tronchin;" but it was to Voltaire she went, and the little theatre of Ferney ere long rang with her stentorian accents.

She returned to Paris in the winter, and found winter every where: in her deserted house, among her forgetful friends, and also among her scattered lovers. She resumed, however, her former train of life, but the grain of sadness sown in her heart had germinated. In vain did she summon the *élite* of Parisian society to her exquisite *petits soupers*; in vain did she receive the oaths and protestations of M. de Valbelle, and line her carriage with silk, in an attempt to vie in luxury with the brilliant Guimard. She suffered deeply, for she had lost, at the same time, both her youth and her glory; she was fated to live, from henceforth, upon two tombs.

We will pass over in silence that portion of our heroine's life which she spent at the court of the Margrave of Anspach, a petty German prince, fashioned upon the model of Louis XV., who was accustomed to leave to his mistresses the care of his dominions, and

who had offered her his heart and a share of his palace. Though her position at the Margrave's court was an equivocal one enough, it cannot be denied that during her sojourn there she did a great deal of good: debts, old and new, were gradually liquidated, taxes reduced, agriculture usefully protected, and the city of Anspach adorned with a monumental fountain; while the Clairon Hospital, one of her last gifts to the community, put the crowning grace to her numerous benefactions, and rendered her name universally beloved, by the poorer classes especially. Born thirteen years before the Margrave, she might almost have been his mother, and he, indeed, used to give her this title; but court intrigue was brought into play to dethrone the gray-haired Egeria, and after a reign of seventeen years, she quitted forever the scene of her diplomatic labors, and returned, once more, to Paris, poorer, by a great deal, than when she had left it. The illustrious actress, who formerly had a coach and four, and had seen all Paris at her feet, now fell into the extreme of poverty. But such is ever the end of those charming butterflies which shine only in the morning of life. Mademoiselle Guimard, for example, who, in the spring time of her success, when she had in her magnificent hotel a private theatre and a winter garden, had refused the hand of a prince, was very glad, in after life, to marry her dancing-master, Sophy Arnould, again, after having spent her early years in almost unexampled luxury and profusion, went, uncomplainingly, when her winter had set in, to seek shelter and a morsel of bread at the hands of her hairdresser. Mademoiselle Clairon, who had lived as a queen and a sultana, who never deigned to hold a needle in her fingers, and had seen all the grand seigneurs of an entire generation humbly kissing the dust at her feet, found herself, at the age of sixty-five, reduced to the necessity of mending, with her own hands, her ragged dresses, of making her own bed, and sweeping out every morning the dust of her poor and solitary chamber. But, over a woman of strong mind, she bore her poverty bravely; she turned philosopher, like all the rest of them, in those days, and, when some old friend or acquaintance chanced to call, she would, in conversation, live all her bright days o'er again.

By degrees, however, she met with some friends, and managed to scrape together some small portion of her scattered wealth. A worthy *bourgeoise* family took her under

their protection, and a few rays of wintry sunshine illuminated her declining years. Entirely engrossed with her philosophy, she wrote much, and more than one of her works is worthy of being placed beside those of J. J. Rousseau. In addition to her *Mémoires*, Mademoiselle Clairon wrote a prodigious number of letters; the Comte de Valbelle had received for his own share alone the enormous quantity of fifteen hundred. The loss of this correspondence is much to be regretted, if we may judge of it by the style of the small number of letters which remain, wherein the most captious criticism can scarcely discover a fault, either as regards expression, sensibility, or purity of style and language.

Her *Mémoires*, however, have had the widest circle of readers, and yet even this book, which was given to the world by the actress as a faithful narrative of her life, is far from being the accurate mirror she evidently intended the public to suppose. Whether through delicacy, or through a fear of speaking the whole truth, she has concealed many acts of her life, and glided hastily and superficially over others. What made the most noise, however, in her book, was the celebrated history of her ghost. She relates circumstantially in her *Mémoires* the various malicious pranks played upon her for some years by the ghost of a young Breton, whom she had pitilessly left to die of love. In this recital, given by our authoress to the world with the utmost seriousness and good faith, we can easily recognize the natural effect of those visions which modern physiology has so clearly explained and accounted for; and as she quoted witnesses at the same time, we doubt not that her friends had humored her weakness, either for the purpose of pleasing her, or for their own

amusement. She wrote, moreover, fifty years after the event, and could at best only translate the feeble impressions of an irreflective youth. This tale, besides, would not, we are firmly persuaded, have ever seen the light, had not narratives of spirits and apparitions been at that period all the rage in the fashionable circle of Paris.

An actress who dies a devotee always resembles in our idea a boatman pulling lustily toward an unknown shore, upon which he ever keeps his back most pertinaciously turned. The actress rows all her life among shoals and quicksands, even in the heyday of her youth nourishing a most unaccountable and petrel-like love of storms and tempests; but when, in the evening of her days, she finds that her poor, frail bark, in its shattered and leaky condition will no longer sustain her, but is ready at every wave to sink and leave her to her fate, she returns, if there is yet time, and falls a kneeling suppliant on the shore. But Mademoiselle Clairon had another method of thinking; she did not wish to die a devotee on the plea that she dared not offer to her Maker a heart profaned during half a century by every human passion. One day a priest having set before her the example of Mary Magdalen, she replied that Mary Magdalen had repented in her youth, she could still sacrifice at the foot of the cross many worldly thoughts, and hopes, and passions. She persisted, then, in dying as a philosopher; believing in God as the philosophers did: by the mind that reasons, not by the heart which feels, and believes, and loves. How true it is that "the world by wisdom knows not God."

She died on the 11th Pluviose, in the year XI. of the Republic one and indivisible, in the parish of St. Thomas Aquinas. May she rest in peace!

From the Biographical Magazine.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

HAYDON has left ample memorials of himself. His journals fill seven and twenty folio volumes; and his autobiography is completed for the first thirty-four years of his life. His actions and sufferings are fully recorded—his intentions and feelings—what he thought of himself and what he thought of the world. "If contemporaries have been unjust, posterity can judge. "Every man," says he, "who has suffered for a principle, and would lose his life for its success—who in his early days has been oppressed, without ever giving the slightest grounds for oppression, and persecuted to ruin, because his oppression was unmerited—who has incurred the hatred of his enemies exactly in proportion as they became convinced they were wrong—every man, who, like me, has eaten the bitter crust of poverty, and endured the penalties of vice and wickedness, where he merited the rewards of virtue and industry—should write his own life." Autobiographies have at least this advantage—whatever motives actuate the penman, whatever coloring he may give to facts, they cannot but be characteristic. If full of self-laudation, or written in artful duplicity, in envy, in anger, these faults are easily discoverable, and so are excellencies, by light from other sources. No man could long deceive a people by his writings respecting himself; and the very attempt with its accessories would soon be regarded as significant of character.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON was born at Plymouth, January 24th, 1786. His father was a bookseller in the town, a lineal descendant of one of the oldest families in Devon, which had been ruined and dispersed by a chancery suit. Like his ideal partner in misfortune, *Jarndyce of Bleak House*, he seems to have been peculiarly concerned about the changes of the wind; and west, south, north, or east, whatever the quarter, it was recorded in his journal, where the most important and trivial notes were alike in general concluded by a "wind W. N. W." or some similar inscription. Young Benjamin was a self-willed and passionate child; but the charms that in after life soothed

many a troubled moment, were not without power over the scarce-fledged nursling. One day, when he was raving in ungovernable rage his mother entered the room with a book of engravings in her hand; it was a last resource, and proved effectual, for the "pretty pictures" silenced him, and he became so interested as to be unwilling to part with them for the rest of the day. When six years old, he began to go daily to school. This was a period of great excitement throughout the nation and the world. All eyes were directed to France, and the fearful tragedy acting there thrilled the age with anxious interest. The king was beheaded, and strange discussions and prophesying were heard on every hand. Even the innocence of childhood was affected. French prisoners crowded Plymouth, and guillotines made by them of their meat bones, were sold at the prisons, and became the favorite plaything of the day. It was Benjamin's delight to draw this instrument of terror, with Louis taking leave of the people in his shirt-sleeves, which he copied from a print. The pencil, indeed, had become his constant companion, and he even ventured to wield it in infantine caricature. He was now sent to the grammar school, then under the guardianship of the Rev. Dr. Bidlake, a man of versatile taste, of talent a patron in general, kind-hearted, yet eccentric, fond of country excursions, a mimic painter, a musician, a poet, but fond of the rhyming dictionary, and accustomed to scan with his fingers. Observing Haydon's love of art, he invited him with a school-fellow to attend him in his painting-room; but, alas for the old gentleman! this was a fine opportunity for boyish mischievousness. As he turned round and walked to a distance to study the effect of his touches, his observant pupils would rub out or disfigure what he had done, to his great perplexity and their infinite amusement. On one occasion Benjamin's mate was dispatched with orders to cut off the skirt of an old coat to clean the palette with; but whether he deemed it a joke or made a mistake, the skirt of the best Sunday coat was sacrificed.

The next Sunday, the doctor sallied forth as usual in his great coat, but on removing it in the vestry to put on the surplice, what was his horror when the clerk exclaimed in surprise, "Sir, sir, somebody has cut off the skirt of your coat!"

The head man in the binding office of his father was a Neapolitan who used to talk to him of the wonders of Italy, of Raphael and the Vatican, and who, baring his muscular arm, would say, "Don't draw *de landscape*; draw *de feegoore*, master Benjamin." Most of the half holidays were spent with him, when he went through a catechism of some hundreds of questions. By and by, master Benjamin did begin to draw "*de feegoore*," to read anatomical books, to meditate in the fields, to discover that he had an intellectual head, and to fancy himself a genius and an historical painter; and then, with true schoolboy fickleness, he threw aside his brushes for the cricket bat, or in riding, or swimming, or some less creditable sport, gaily passed the days away. At length, the measles came; and in this extremity the neglected drawing-book was welcomed as a friend that had been wronged, and with a secret resolution of future constancy. In the summer of that year, he drew from nature for the first time; and from that date every leisure hour was spent in devotion to the art. Time rolled on rapidly enough; and now watching the evolutions of volunteer corps that were swarming around, now sketching with Dr. Bidlake in some sequestered vale, Benjamin had nothing of which to complain. His habits, however, were lax, and it was evident that the discipline of a boarding school would prove a proper corrective. He was accordingly sent to Plympton Grammar School, where Sir Joshua had been brought up; and here, instead of murdering Homer, and Virgil, he was compelled to do homage to Phædrus for a while; an humiliation unwelcome, but profitable, for Virgil and Homer came again in their turn and for the last six months he was head boy of the establishment. As he was designed for the counting house, he was forbidden to learn drawing; but his allowance of money was spent in caricatures, which he copied; and such was his skill, that in play-hours the boys were found round him, sketching as he directed. One time they saw a hunt on the hills, and when they came home, his admirers and pupils furnishing him with burnt sticks, he drew it all about the hall so well, that it was permitted to remain for some weeks.

From Plympton he was sent to Exeter, to

be perfected in merchants' accounts; but there he did little, save take a few lessons in crayon-drawing from his master's sons, and distinguish himself by doing everything, and anything, rather than his duty. At the end of six months, he returned to Plymouth, and was apprenticed to his father for seven years; and here began that "ceaseless opposition which he encountered through life." He *would* be a painter; the certain independence that the business eventually offered, was unworthy of regard beside the object of his ambition. Repugnance to work daily increased; the ledger and the counter, and the shop and the customer, and the town and the people, were all hated. He rose early, and sat up late; he ridiculed the prints in the window; insulted purchasers; strolled by the sea, whose heaving waves and boundless freedom were in harmony with the struggles and aspirations of his own breast. His fond father pointed out to him his prospects and the absurdity of letting so fine a property go to ruin, for he had no younger brother. "Who has put this stuff in your head?" "Nobody; I always have had it." "You will live tormented." "Never, my dear father, I would rather die in the trial." Friends were called in, aunts and uncles consulted, but still his language was the same. At this crisis he was taken ill, and in a short time was suffering from chronic inflammation of the eyes. For six weeks he was blind; at last he fancied he saw something glittering, put out his hand, and struck it against a silver spoon. That was a day of joy; he had another attack, but his sight recovered, though never perfectly. "What folly! How can you think of being a painter? Why, you can't see," was said. "I can see enough," was the reply; and see or not see, a painter I'll be; and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first." Health returned, and nothing daunted, Benjamin formed a plan of procedure. Searching for books on art, he met with "Reynolds' Discourses;" and reading one, was so aroused by the stress it laid on honest industry, and the conviction it expressed that all men were equal, and that application made the difference, that he eagerly bore them home as a prize, and read them all before breakfast the next morning. His destiny seemed fixed; he left his chamber, and came down to table with Reynolds under his arm; at once declared his intentions, and, with resistless energy, demolished every objection. His mother burst into tears, his father was in a passion, and the house in an uproar. "Everybody," says he, "that

called during the day was had up to bait me ; but I attacked them so fiercely, that they were glad to leave me to my own reflections. In the evening, I told my mother my resolution calmly, and left her." He now hunted Plymouth for anatomical works, and seeing "Albinus" among the books in the catalogue of a sale, determined to go and bid for it ; and, as the price was beyond his reach, then to appeal to his father's mercy. It was knocked down to him at £2 10s. He went home, induced his mother to intercede for him, and at last had the happiness of hurrying off the book to his solitude, of gazing upon the plates as his own, of copying them out, and, by such means, acquainting himself thoroughly with the muscles of the body. His energy was indefatigable ; and the thought of London, as the scene of honor and independence, urged him unceasingly onward over every obstacle. "My father," he wrote, "had routed me from the shop, because I was in the way with my drawings ; I had been driven from the sitting-room, because the cloth had to be laid ; scolded from the landing place because the stairs must be swept ; driven to my attic, which now became too small ; and at last I took refuge in my bed-room. One morning as I lay awake very early, the door slowly opened, and in crept my dear mother, with a look of sleepless anxiety." She sat down on his bedside, took his hand, and affectionately expostulated with him. "I was deeply affected ; but checking my tears, I told her, in a voice struggling to be calm, that it was of no use to attempt to dissuade me. I felt impelled by something I could not resist. 'Do not,' said I, 'my dear mother, think me cruel. I can never forget your love and affection, but yet I cannot help it—I must be a painter.' Kissing me with wet cheeks and trembling lips, she said in a broken voice, 'She did not blame me ; she applauded my resolution, but she could not bear to part with me.' I then begged her to tell my father that it was useless to harrass me with further opposition. She rose, sobbing as if to break her heart, and slowly left my room, borne down with affliction. The instant she was gone, I fell upon my knees, and prayed God to forgive me if I was cruel, but to grant me firmness, purity, and piety, to go in the right way for success."

At length, when all remonstrances had failed, and resistance was evidently useless, it was agreed he should leave, and his friends gave him twenty pounds with which to start upon the world. His books and colors

were packed ; his place taken on the mail ; London and HIGH ART were the objects of his musing ; but his heart throbbed alternately with feelings of duty and affection, and of ambition and hope. The evening drew near, the guard's horn rang through the streets, and the moment of farewell was come. Where was his mother ? He rushed up stairs, but his call was answered only by violent sobs. She was in her bedroom, and could not speak or even see him. "God bless you, my dear child," was all he could distinguish. He slowly returned, his heart too full to find utterance for itself ; the guard was impatient, he shook hands with his father, got in, the wheels again rolled round, and his career for life, come weal or woe, was fairly begun.

This was on the 14th of May, 1804 ; and on the following day Haydon found himself in the Strand ; in the midst of that vast and ever-growing city, which is continually attracting to itself the genius of the land—which history has consecrated by ten thousand associations—where oratory has spoken in its most persuasive tones—and poetry penned its sublimest sentiments—where art and science, and commerce and civilization, and religion, have won their noblest triumphs—where humanity has illustrated all that it has ever achieved, all that it is or can be—where it has collected, in "most admired disorder," the mightiest and the weakest, the richest and the poorest, the man of culture and the slave of ignorance, idiocy that is scorned, and intellect that a world reveres. There stood Haydon, as the tide of life swept by, alone, and the experience of eighteen years his only counselor ; but resolved to be a great painter, to honor his country by rescuing his chosen art from every stigma cast upon it. Passing the new church in the Strand, he asked what building that was, and when, in mistake, it was answered, "Somerset House," "Ah," thought he, "there's the Exhibition where I'll be soon." Having found his lodgings, washed, dressed, and breakfasted, away he started to see the exhibition ; and, springing up the steps of the church, and mistaking the beadle, with his cocked hat and laced coat, for an official at the door, he offered him money for admission. The beadle laughed, and pityingly told him where to go, and in a few minutes he had mounted the stairs, and reached the great room of what in truth was Somerset House. He looked round for historical pictures, criticised, and

then marched off, inwardly saying, "I don't fear you." The next thing was to find a plaster shop. This was easily done; and he purchased Laocoon's head, some arms, hands and feet; and returned home to unpack Albinus, darken his room, and prepare for work. Before nine the next morning, he had commenced; and for three months from that time his books, casts, and drawings were all he saw. His enthusiasm was unbounded. When he awoke, he arose, at three, four, or five, and drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from his casts from nine to one, and from half-past one till five—then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. He was once so long without speaking, that his gums became sore from the clenched tightness of his teeth.

After months passed in this way, he began to think of Prince Hoare, the companion of Kelly, Holcroft, and others of similar character, to whom he had a letter of introduction. Prince had studied in Italy, and knew something of painting; and when Haydon explained to him his principles, and showed him his drawings, he was pleased with his ardor, and gave him letters to Northcote and Opie. Northcote was a Plymouth man, and Haydon accordingly sought him first. He was shown into a dirty painting-room, where stood a diminutive figure in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. "Looking keenly at me," writes Haydon, "with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and with the broadest Devon dialect, said, 'Zo you mayne tu bee a peinter, doo-ee? What zort of peinter?' 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Heestorical peinter! why, ye'll starve with a bundle of straw under yeer head!'" Northcote reprobated the study of anatomy: Opie advised perseverance in it, but recommended his becoming a pupil of some particular man. Haydon reflected, and then resolved to proceed as he had begun. On Northcote he frequently called, and by him he was introduced to Smirke. Smirke had been elected keeper of the Academy, but the king refused to sanction his appointment when told he was a democrat. Fuseli was then chosen, and to this imaginative and successful painter, Haydon soon found easy access. He was invited to call on him with his drawings, and went, thoroughly nervous at the thought of an interview with one whom, from a boy, he revered, and whom every circumstance of later days had tended to make an object of mysterious awe. He entered the house of the

"terrible Fuseli." He heard his footsteps, and saw a little bony hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed, lion-faced man, in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied round his waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket! All fears vanished, as he addressed him in the kindest way, and expressed his satisfaction at what he saw. Fuseli concluded with:—"I am keeper of de Academy, and hope to see you dere de first nights." Haydon attended in 1805, after the Christmas vacation, and was gratified by receiving the first evening a public token of Fuseli's approval. The second day he went at eleven, and before it was passed had formed an acquaintance with Jackson, who became, as he was one of the earliest, so one of his warmest friends. Jackson's besetting sin was indolence; and when with March, the first term ended, he was walking into the country to study landscape or clouds, or rushing to sales to see fine pictures; Haydon, however, was still intent on High Art; he lost not a day, but worked out his twelve or fourteen hours, as he felt disposed.

Just at this time came a letter from home, announcing the serious illness and probable death of his father. In two days he was at Plymouth, his father exhausted but recovering. And now came back upon him in full force the persuasions and expostulations of former times; yet the very night of his arrival, midst bones and muscles procured from the hospital, he sat down to his studies in inflexible determination; and day by day, despite interruptions, scoldings, reproaches, he pursued his task, and slowly progressed in knowledge and skill. But still he was unhappy, for with all his enthusiasm, he was not insensible to those tender and dutiful emotions of the soul which are more ennobling to their possessor than refinement or delicacy of taste. That man is incomparably above all others who appreciates correctly the beautiful both in nature and in morals. One morning he strolled forth to muse on Mount Edgcumbe, the early sun adorning the scene with its softened glories, and here he brought his struggles to an end. He returned, told his father that if he wished it he would stay, but only on a principle of duty, as most certainly he should eventually leave him. His father was affected, and replied that his mind also was made up—to gratify his invincible passion, and support him till he could support himself. Haydon was

overjoyed, wrote to Fuseli and Jackson, and in a few weeks, with the good wishes of all his family and friends, prepared to start a second time. Jackson had written—"There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie."

Haydon was soon in town. The term had commenced, his friends welcomed him back, and the next day he went to draw. An hour after he entered the room, Wilkie came. Was he going to be an historical painter? thought Haydon, and he grew fidgetty. They glanced over each other's drawings, but not a word passed between them. The next day Wilkie was absent, but the day following that he was there, asked Haydon a question, which was answered; they began to talk, to argue, and went out to dine together. This was the beginning of a cordial intimacy. Unlike each other in many points of character, sometimes rather rivals than friends, and often quarrelling for a while, they nevertheless maintained to the end of life a mutual regard that was too deep to be shaken by transient feeling or varying circumstances. They visited one another, took meals together, and went in company to places of resort. Barry was lying in state at the Adelphi, with his paintings for his escutcheon. Wilkie had tickets of admission, and the two students determined to go. But a black coat was, of course, an essential at a funeral ceremony. Wilkie had not one, so he borrowed one of Haydon, neither adverting to their difference of figure. The Academy was the place of meeting, whence all the artists were to go together. They waited, and at the eleventh hour Wilkie arrived; he caught Haydon's eye, and held up his finger entreating silence, as if painfully conscious of his awkward position—the sleeves half way up his arms, his broad shoulders stretching and cracking the seams, and the waist buttons most marvellously exalted above the humble station their maker designed them to occupy! Wilkie, however, had a commission—there was a good time coming—and many a hearty laugh could he afford over this misfortune. The Exhibition of 1806 arrived. "The Village Politicians" was finished, and capitally hung. On the private day people crowded about it; and folks read in the news, "A young man, by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." Jackson and Haydon hastened to congratulate their friend. "I roared out," writes the latter, "Wilkie, my boy, your name's in the

paper!" "Is it *rea-al-ly*?" said David. I read the puff; we huzzaed, and taking hands, all three danced round the table until we were tired! By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's '*rea-al-ly*,' the following will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, 'Do you not know that every one complains of your continual *rea-al-ly*?' Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, 'Do they *rea-al-ly*?' 'You must leave it off,' 'I will *rea-al-ly*.' 'For Heaven's sake don't keep repeating it,' said Calcott; 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, '*Rea-al-ly*.'

One of the trio then had won distinction; his table was covered with the cards of people of all ranks; and his companions were eager to obtain similar honors. Lord Mulgrave was Jackson's patron, and when the season ended, he and Wilkie were amongst the fashionable departures. They were invited to Mulgrave Castle to meet Sir George Beaumont, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a party, to paint and spend the time delightfully. Haydon, too, went out of town, to the rippling shore; but in the midst of his luxurious ramblings came a letter from Wilkie, dated Mulgrave Castle, Sept. 9, 1806. He read, and how were his spirits elated on discovering that it contained a commission for a grand historical picture; *Dentatus* the subject. In imagination all trouble was forever gone, and the Plymouth folk, when they heard, believed his fortune unmistakeably made. Ere the expiration of the month, he was back to town, again amidst its mighty whirl, and surrounded by every variety of passion and thought—its very smoke, "the sublime canopy that shrouds the City of the World," inspiring him with energy no other spectacle could produce. The canvas was ordered for his first picture, of "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt;" and "on Oct. 18, 1806," he says, "setting my palette, and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting." Religiousness was a predominant element in Haydon's character. Night and morning he bowed the knee before the Deity; and during the day, in the fervor of conception, occasionally asked a blessing on his designs. But it was a false and fatal religion, the essence of which was selfishness—a religion which invested its victim with a de-

ceitful glare, and, where "Glory to God in the highest," should have been engraven, cherished ambition and pride. Its tendency was to beget belief in a "divinity within;" a result productive perhaps of energy and decision, but fraught with multiform dangers, and usually consummated by disasters tremendously awful. Haydon's object was glorious, his art had often borne the epithet *divine*, he perceived the sublimity of truth—his imagination supplied the place of lowly faith, and his ardent feelings bore him upward in lofty aspiration; but whatever the form of his petitions, their aim was in reality the glory of his art as connected with himself. The grandest principles in the universe were thus disregarded, and the will of the creature enthroned where Heaven only had the right to reign, and while He even was called to witness and to consecrate the usurpation. Haydon's religion in his better moments was a fine enthusiasm, which struck in harmony all the sweetest chords of his nature; at other times, it was a romantic superstition, fascinating yet inconsistent; but it was always a religion rather of ignorance than knowledge, of admiration than obedience.

In November, Sir George and Lady Beaumont paid the artist a visit, and invited him to dine with him a few days after. The hour arrived, and after dressing, and brushing, and shaving, and so forth, and many an anxious study before the glass, he sallied forth accompanied by Wilkie, to make his *début* in high life. The ordeal was easily passed, the conversation was enjoyed, no blunders were made, and yet all was not satisfaction; he was paid attention to as a novelty, before he had done anything to deserve it. In February, Lord Mulgrave arrived in London, and invitations of this sort soon became quite the fashion; and at dinner it was—when all of superior rank had gone off—"Historical painters first—Haydon, take so and so."

The Exhibition of 1807 brought him before the world; and his first picture was considered an extraordinary work for a student. This gave encouragement to him, and he immediately made arrangements for the commencement of *Dentatus*. Before their completion he was summoned again to Plymouth by the illness of his father, who once more recovered. He found his mother unwell, the victim of a disease in the heart. She had resolved to return with him to consult a physician in London, when death overtook her at an inn by the wayside. Oh! the pang of separation from a MOTHER. "It is," said the son,

"as if a string of one's nature had been drawn out and cracked in the drawing, leaving the one-half of it shrunk back, to torture you with the consciousness of having lost the rest." He saw her buried in the family vault, stole from the mourners thither, and stretching himself upon the coffin, lay long and late, musing on the dead; then on his knees by her side he prayed for a blessing on his actions, and rose prepared for the battle of life.

The following months found him in Marlborough street, occupied upon *Dentatus*. Wilkie proved a capital companion; they shared their criticisms, their amusements, their dinners together. But now came an epoch in Haydon's life. They had obtained an order to see the Elgin Marbles, and went to Park Lane without delay. There, in a dirty pent house, lay before them the relics of the most tasteful people the world ever produced. Haydon's anatomical studies rendered him able at once to appreciate; he saw the essential detail of actual life combined with the most heroic style of art, and then, *when no one would believe him*, declared that these "would prove the finest things on earth—that they would overturn the false beau-ideal, where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau-ideal, of which nature alone is the basis." He was in a fever of excitement, went home, dreamed of the marbles, arose, talked of them every-where, and at last secured an order to draw from them, on condition his drawings were not engraved. For three months he had uninterrupted admission, and often was he there, morn, noon, and night, ten, fourteen, or fifteen hours at a time. The study of these noble specimens of antique sculpture at this juncture was of great value. On their "everlasting principles," the picture of *Dentatus* was carefully painted; as this approached completion, people of rank thronged to see it, and were lavish in encomiums—a great historical painter had at last arisen! In March, 1809, it was finished, after fifteen months of actual toil. With what exultation was it taken down! With what care was it taken to the Academy! Leigh Hunt was with the artist, torturing him all the way: "Wouldn't it be a delicious thing now, for a lamp-lighter to come round the corner, and put the two ends of his ladder into *Dentatus'* eyes? Or, suppose we meet a couple of dray horses playing tricks with a barrel of beer, knocking your men down and trampling your poor *Dentatus* to a mummy?" Haydon was so nervous that, in his anxiety, he tripped up a corner

man, and as near as possible sent Dentatus into the gutter. However, it reached its destination, and then came the hanging. Academicians thought differently of its merits to those without; it was hung ultimately in the ante-room, where decent light was wanting for a great work. This was a bitter disappointment. The more polite regretted (?) the picture could not be placed where it deserved to be; but this mode of condemnation was mortifying in the extreme. After so many flatteries, to find one's painting room deserted; after such brilliant anticipations of immediate success to find,

"What seemed corporal, melted
As breath into the wind"—

who could calmly bear it? Haydon sank, a curse seemed resting over him, but it was only for a moment. Lord Mulgrave, then of the Admiralty, seemed to feel for him, and procured him the benefit of a trip in a cutter from Portsmouth to Plymouth, for the sake of change. Wilkie went with him, and once more among old scenes and faces, his spirits revived, and he could forget the past in the amusements of the present. They tarried by the sea for five weeks, then visited Mr. Canning's mother at Bath, and after a few days in London, set out again for Coleorton, the seat of Sir George Beaumont, where they passed a fortnight as pleasantly as it was possible for painters to do, reveling in their art, with the productions of Claude, Rembrandt, and Rubens about them as sources of inspiration—pictures now the *élite* of our national collection.

"Macbeth" was the subject of the next sketch, for which Sir George had given a commission, but an unfortunate disagreement or misunderstanding as to the size arose between the patron and the painter. An unpleasant correspondence ensued, which the latter, relying on the justice of his own statements, had the indelicacy to show. The facts were soon generally known, and the exposure brought matters to a crisis; but if Haydon's pride was gratified, his interests were injured. He enlarged the canvas as he felt inclined, and Sir George allowed him to go on with the picture for him, on the condition that if he did not like it, he should not be obliged to take it, but be considered engaged for a smaller one. Meantime he began to feel the want of money; his father had generously supplied him hitherto, but as yet no means of return had presented themselves save portrait painting, which he despised as

infringing on his time and leading him from his design—the improvement of High Art. Just at this period the directors of the British Gallery offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best historical picture. Lord Mulgrave's permission was obtained, and Dentatus sent to the institution. It was placed at the head of the great-room, and May 17th, 1810, Haydon was declared the victor almost unanimously. He now resumed work with fresh vigor, taking casts from nature, dissecting, poring over the Elgin Marbles beside "the lantern dimly burning," and then illustrating in his own figures the principles he had learnt. His resolutions, however, were suddenly shocked by a letter from his father, saying that he could not longer maintain him. What was to be done? His expenses were necessarily many, but his habits were not extravagant. His diligence was undoubted; would that his success was equally so! But he had won the prize for Dentatus, why not with Macbeth win the three hundred guineas now offered by the same Institution? Thus reasoning, he borrowed, and here began obligation and trouble. This one step involved him in perplexity the remainder of his years. He should have stooped to anything rather than have thrown himself on contingencies. We have no right to draw on the future for the debts of the present. The future supplies incentives, and to attempt the transformation of these into means is as ruinous as it would be absurd to substitute hope for experience.

Haydon this year put down his name for admission to the Academy, but had not a single vote. Nothing, however, could check his enthusiasm. Thoughts streamed through his mind day and night. He read Shakespeare and the poets to bring his fancy into play, that his whole being might be in harmony with the subject engaging his attention. This thoroughness of feeling was one characteristic of the man: when painting Dentatus he had pondered over the glowing conceptions of Homer, Virgil, and Dante, and now he was resolved that Macbeth should want neither the fire of imagination nor the chastened excellencies of judgment. This picture was completed by the end of 1811; Sir George Beaumont declined purchasing, but offered the artist £100 as a compensation for his trouble in commencing it, or to paint another picture of a different size, both which offers he refused. It was exhibited at the Institution; and he was waiting with anxiety the award of the premiums, when to his indignation he learnt that they were withdrawn

to assist in the purchase of an indifferent picture which had appeared on the scene, and was voted by the jealous Academicians, and every coterie that owned their influence, to be the only historical painting England had produced! Haydon had in a measure brought upon himself this unpleasant result. Just at the time of the appearance of Macbeth before the public, he had made an attack in the "Examiner" on Payne Knight, a powerful patron and the prince of the dilettanti; and not content with exposing some of his sophisms, had the following week assailed the Academy itself. This step was decidedly impolitic; it incensed many, and made violent opponents of those who would at least have been indifferent. Had he thus thrown down the gauntlet, actuated by a pure love of art, however disastrous the consequences, his boldness must have been applauded. There are no patents of nobility in the regions of art, no *ipse dixit* can create a connoisseur or a genius, nor can circumstances long uphold a despotism there. But he was exasperated by neglect, tormented by debt, fearful of the future; he wrote, and "walked about the room as if *revenged* and better."

Affairs were becoming desperate. Nevertheless the canvas came home for another picture—the Judgment of Solomon. Enthusiasm and energy, combined with a consciousness of power that inspired hope, led him onward. He commenced; but having lost 500 guineas, the price for Macbeth, and 300, the expected prize, it was necessary to pause and reflect. He was £600 in debt. Should he sell all and retire into obscurity? That were apparent cowardice. No, he would never yield! People of fashion had entirely deserted him; Wilkie even had grown cool through fear of the issue; but the Hunts remained firm, and there were friends of another class at hand. The resolution was taken to make the most of his actual situation. Here let us transcribe his own graphic words:—"I went to the house where I had always dined intending to dine without paying that day. I thought the servants did not offer me the same attention. I thought I perceived the company examine me; I thought the meat was worse. My heart sank as I said falteringly 'I will pay you to-morrow?' The girl smiled and seemed interested. As as I was escaping with a sort of lurking horror, she said, 'Mr. Haydon, Mr. Haydon, my master wishes to see you.' Thought I 'it is to tell me he can't trust' In I walked like a culprit. 'Sir, I beg your

pardon but I see by the papers you have been ill-used; I hope you won't be angry—I mean no offence; but—you won't be offended—I just wish to say, as you have dined here many years and always paid, if it would be a convenience during your present work, to dine here until it is done—you know—so that you may not be obliged to spend your money here, when you may want it—I was going to say you need be under no apprehension—hem! for a dinner.' My heart really filled. I told him I would take his offer. The good man's forehead was perspiring, and he seemed quite relieved. From that hour the servants eyed me with a lustrous regret, and redoubled their attentions. The honest wife said, if I were ever ill she would send me broth or any such little luxury, and the children used to cling round my knees and ask me to draw a face." And now there was the landlord, already a creditor for £200. Haydon returned, and called him up. "I said, 'Perkins, I'll leave you if you wish it, but it will be a pity, will it not, not to finish such a beginning?' Perkins looked and muttered, 'It's a grand thing—how long will it be before it is done, sir?' 'Two years.' 'What, two years more, and no rent?' 'Not a shilling.' He rubbed his chin and muttered, 'I should not like ye to go—it's hard for both of us; but what I say is this, you always paid me when you could, and why should you not again when you are able?' 'That's what I say.' 'Well, sir, here is my hand, (and a great fat one it was,) 'I'll give you two years more, and if this does not sell,' (affecting to look very severe,) 'why, then, sir, we'll consider what is to be done; so don't fret, but work.' And Haydon did work, as vigorously as though nothing had happened, till his health began to fail. This was an interruption, but a short excursion from town speedily restored him. 1812 passed away and not a person of rank came nigh him; but he found some congenial spirits, whose society was far more valuable and valued than all he had lost. Wilkie, Jackson and the Hunts had remained faithful throughout, and to these were added Hazlitt, Lamb, Barnes of the "Times," and others. Necessities were growing meanwhile; his watch had long gone, and now he began to part with his clothes and with book after book; yet he was constant at his work; and thus passed another year. In it he lost his father; when the letter came that announced his death, he was painting a head, and so intensely occupied that the news made no impression for the time. When he had done, he saw and felt his loss. At

the end of February, 1814, the *Solomon* was finished; and sent to the Water-Color Society for exhibition. First came, on the private day, Payne Knight and the Princess of Wales; *they* condemned. Then came the nobility and then the mass. It had not been fairly open to the public, without distinction, half an hour, before £500 were offered for it. This was refused, but the same party in a few hours agreed to the price, 600 guineas. The third day Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Holwell Carr came, deputed to buy it for the Gallery; but it was too late, "sold" was put up. Sir George was delighted, and shook hands with the painter before a crowded room. In walked Lord Mulgrave and General Phipps: "Haydon, you dine with us to day, *of course*." He bowed. Who has bought it? was now the question. "O, a couple of Devonshire friends," was said with a sneer. "That may be," he replied; "but, as Adrian said, is a Devonshire guinea of less value than a Middlesex one? does it smell?"

The tide of fortune seemed to have turned, and suddenly reached its full. Visitors came in shoals. The victory was complete; and what was equally gratifying, the money was in hand. £500 went easily the first week, and then not half the debts were paid—it was sufficient to establish credit.

Paris was now the most interesting place on earth. The allied armies were there, and Napoleon was on the way to Elba. Wilkie and Haydon secured passports, and alike from sincere gratulations and shallow flatteries, hurried away to the Louvre. A month or two in the capital of France passed speedily by. Everywhere there were signs of memorable struggles, everywhere objects of excitement and interest; the whole scene was full of details worthy the artist's regard, and then there were the cartoons of Raffaelle and the rich collections of art that victor armies had gathered.

Haydon, on returning to England, found that the British Institution had voted him 100 guineas as a mark of admiration for the Judgment of Solomon; and shortly after, in honor of the same, he received the freedom of his native town. Not one commission, however, followed all this éclat. Stimulated by the past and full of aspiration for the future, he commenced his Entry into Jerusalem: succeeding months found him occupied upon it in his accustomed manner. In June, the victory of Waterloo caused a slight interruption. He was greatly excited, for with all his devotion to painting, his mind was too vigilant and excursive to be uninterested

by transactions around. Soldiers were amongst his models, and many a conversation did he have, and many an anecdote did he glean, respecting this famed fight. Rumors in the interim began to circulate in disparagement of the Elgin Marbles, in behalf of which he had always proved himself a zealous advocate. In November, he obtained permission to take casts from some of them, still ardent in admiration. The same month Canova visited both him and them, and Haydon was delighted to hear him say, "ces statues produiront un grand changement dans les arts." His opinion, boldly expressed, and his sympathy in general, were very acceptable to the still struggling artist. In December came a letter from Wordsworth, whose friendship he had won; and with it three sonnets, one specially relating to himself, and concluding—

"And oh, when nature shrinks, as well she may,
From long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
And in the soul admit of no decay,
Brook no continuance of weak-mindedness—
Great is the glory, for the strife is hard."

In February of the next year, the Committee met which had been appointed by Government to survey the Elgin Marbles. Haydon was not called for examination; Lord Elgin's friends were soon dismissed, and witnesses inimical to the Marbles questioned at length. Payne Knight had said that they were Roman, of the time of Adrian, and then, driven from his position, declared them the work of mere journeymen. The impetuous Haydon was annoyed; he retired to his painting-room, dashed down his thoughts, and the result was a spirited article, appearing both in the "Examiner" and "Champion,"—"On the Judgment of Connoisseurs being preferred to that of Professional men. The Elgin Marbles, &c." There was much truth in this paper; he showed that it was the union of nature with ideal beauty that ranked these marbles above all other works of art; but he was severe upon the patrons and nobility, upon Mr. Knight in particular. "It has saved the Marbles," said Lawrence, "but it will ruin you." The Committee proceeded, and the result everybody knows.

Notwithstanding public applause and recent success, the artist's necessities became dreadful and harassing. He had anticipated the fruit of his labor, and was treading a perilous path. He was without commissions, employment, or money; but his will was

fixed ; he must borrow at any per centage ; nothing should prevent his devotion to art, or stay his attempts to raise the taste of the country. This was the infatuation of an earnest spirit, but it was not unmixed with pride. He had taken pupils with a desire to form a school of painting, but it was as their instructor and friend, and without the thought of gain, for he took not a shilling from them. Amongst these were the Landseers, Eastlake, Bewicke, Harvey, Chatfield, and Lance, all afterwards eminent.

About this time commenced a periodical work entitled "The Annals of Art." Of this the editor gave him full use, and quarter after quarter his favorite views were there vigorously advocated, and the Academy and all foes as vigorously assaulted by any and every weapon. He had already not a few distinguished friends. Horace Smith, Shelley, and Keats were additions to the circle. From Keats he received a sonnet, commencing,

"Great spirits now on earth are sojourning,"
and of course he was one,

"—whose stedfastness would never take
A meaner sound than Raffaello's whispering."

There is a capital account of a dinner in the painting room at Lisson Grove, with the unfinished *Jerusalem* towering up as a background. Wordsworth, Keats, and Lamb were the attractions of the party. "In the morning of this delightful day," writes Haydon, "a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on me. He said he knew my friends, had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged I would procure him the happiness of an introduction. He told me he was a comptroller of stamps, and often had correspondence with the poet. I thought it a liberty ; but still, as he seemed a gentleman, I told him he might come. When we retired to tea, we found the comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth, I forgot to say who he was. After a little time the comptroller looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, "Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?" Keats looked at me ; Wordsworth looked at the comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, "Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?" "No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not?" "Oh," said Lamb, "then you are a silly fellow." "Charles, my dear Charles," said Wordsworth ; but Lamb, perfectly innocent

of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause, the comptroller said, "Don't you think Newton a great genius?" I could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, "Who is this?" Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man ; and at every question of the comptroller he chanted

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on."

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, "I have had the honor of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth." "With me, sir?" said Wordsworth. "Not that I remember." "Don't you, sir? I'm a comptroller of stamps." There was a dead silence ; the comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While we were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out,

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle!"

"My dear Charles," said Wordsworth—

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,"

chaunted Lamb ; and then rising exclaimed, "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs." Keats and I hurried Lamb into the painting room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed, and tried to get Lamb away. We went back, but the comptroller was irreconcilable. We soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man, we parted all in good humor, and no ill effects followed."

In 1817, when the Grand Duke Nicholas was in England, Haydon was introduced to him by a Russian artist. The place of meeting was in the British Museum, before the Elgin Marbles, at which "the distinguished historical painter" was especially delighted ; and, as it happened, he had ample opportunity to explain and extol these works studied by him in a damp and dusky penthouse, but now deemed worthy of a visit by a royal personage. In the beginning of the succeeding year, perhaps partially as a consequence of this interview, he was chosen by the imperial Academy of St. Petersburg to select

onsts for Russia, and to appoint whom he pleased to transmit them. In the autumn of the same year he was informed, through a friend at the Foreign Office, that if he had a mind to go to Italy free of expense, he could be accommodated with a bag of dispatches for Naples, which would allow him to take his own time. He had suffered much for High Art in England; public interest was now excited; things seemed coming to a crisis; he reflected, and then determined not to leave the battlefield while the fight hung in the balance.

In 1820, after six years of painful effort, the *Jerusalem* was finished. The Egyptian Hall was secured for its exhibition; it was removed, put up and ready for glazing; then came a halt—there was no money to buy hangings and begin fittings. This difficulty was surmounted to be followed by another species of excitement. The first day was successful. Mrs. Siddons entered with her tragic and majestic step, and pronounced decidedly in favor; and when the people found admittance, the enthusiasm reached its height. Sir Walter Scott came to town just then he saw the picture and approved. Haydon was invited to meet him at a dinner, and thus began their intercourse. The clear profit of this exhibition amounted to £1,298 12s., every shilling of which had been paid away. But now, when creditors knew that money was at hand, the least delay, though thoroughly explained, was followed by a lawyer's letter.

It was proposed to purchase the painting by subscription: but the attempt ultimately failed. Haydon therefore resolved on an excursion into Scotland into the very midst of the Blackwood Tories; and away he went, sending round his picture by sea. His receipts there, were about £3,000. He was thoroughly well treated, too, by Scott, Wilson, Raeburn, and such like men. They hunted, dined, and talked together, and the pseudo-cockney returned flushed with triumph. And yet withal he was *still* in debt; and, what made matters worse, he had for some time been deeply in love with a charming young widow with two children, and every month made him more eager to be married.

John Scott, the editor of the "Champion" and of the "London Magazine," and Kent, were the first of his friends that died; the former was shot in a duel. About the same time he made the acquaintance of Belzoni, by whose good sense and unconquerable spirit he was much struck. There was al-

ways a deep sympathy between him and such characters: in their daring and extraordinary undertakings, their struggles and successes, he saw himself reflected, or discovered incitements to renewed exertion. Thus Nelson was almost an idol with him: and "Victory or Westminster Abbey" often his own motto; and, indeed, in determination, in impetuosity and frankness of nature they resembled each other. Napoleon was another whose genius excited him; all memoirs relating to him were fascinating in the extreme. Reading them, he said, "was like dram-drinking. To go to other things afterwards is like passing from brandy to water."

Through 1821, he worked at his new picture of *Lazarus*, as circumstances permitted; but difficulties thickened around, he frequently had not a shilling, and how to escape arrest was a problem not easily solved. At length, in June, the moment long expected and often skilfully postponed, arrived, and he was arrested. The bailiff was requested to walk into the painting room while his victim prepared to go. He did so, and when Haydon came down, he found him perfectly agitated before *Lazarus*. "Oh, sir," said he, "I won't take you. Give me your word to meet me at twelve at the attorney's, and I will take it." He did so, went, explained the matter, and appointed the evening finally to arrange. "But you must remain in the officer's custody," said the attorney. "Not he," said the bailiff; "let him give me his word, and I'll take it, though I am liable to pay the debt." The word was given, and this man, who had never seen him before, left him free till night, when all was settled; such was the influence of the painting upon him.

The next month, Mary, his betrothed, was in town, and Haydon all joy. They went to the coronation together, and in October their marriage took place. This change of relationship exerted a delightful influence over the artist's life. It soothed his irritations, gave buoyancy to his hopes, tempered his ambition; and now, where the enjoyment of his art had been his only refuge, he had another and unfailing one in the love of his wife. Happy would it have been for him could he have thrown off the burdens of the past; they still hung heavily about him; and if his Mary's affection could lighten, she alas! must now share his troubles. For a while he went quietly on with his picture, but not many months passed before it was again requisite to use every means for the satisfaction of creditors. Days were lost in battling

and pleading with them, in running from lawyer to lawyer, in begging aid from one friend and another. In December, 1822, his obligations to effort were increased by the birth of a son. In the January succeeding, Lazarus was finished, and forthwith exhibited; its success was considerable, and receipts corresponded; but these were already engulfed; all expedients were failing, and at length, on the 13th of April, an execution was put in on the picture. On the 22nd, he begins an entry in his journal, headed, "King's Bench," thus: "Well, I am in prison. So were Bacon, Raleigh, and Cervantes. Vanity! Vanity! Here's a consolation!" He appears to have had peculiar views of his relation to creditors, to have believed that, as the champion of High Art, people were almost bound to support him; that he was a martyr to ingratitude, forgetting that no man is at liberty to tax society for his opinions, however correct or ennobling. While here he received information of his election as a member of the Imperial Academy of Russia, an honor strangely contrasting with his present position. All attempts at arrangement failing, he had to face the insolvent court, and not one out of 150 creditors appearing against him, he was discharged on the 25th of July. Meantime friends had given tokens of substantial sympathy—Walter Scott, Miss Mitford, Sir Edward Codrington, Brougham, &c. The last named presented from him a petition to the House of Commons, praying for public encouragement to historical painting, and the employment of distinguished artists (himself, of course, included) in the decoration of national buildings. This was the first step in a long career of unsuccessful agitation. No sooner was he free, than he again urged upon Sir Charles Long this measure, and the propriety of beginning by decorating the great room of the Admiralty. He laid before him a plan, but in vain. From this date he was incessant in his application to parties in power—to Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Robinson, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne. Much of his journal is occupied with this correspondence; no sort of reply could dishearten him. He pertinaciously continued his assaults, too pertinaciously, perhaps, when we reflect that his own interests and his own vanity were not unfrequently the impelling principles. He maintained that the character of a nation was elevated by the influence of art, and that never would art in England assume its true and high position till, by the public employ-

ment of artists, they were rendered independent of a capricious patronage, and of party jealousies. These doctrines he was the first to advocate, and though unpalatable then, their truth has since been recognized, and in the new Houses of Parliament his designs have been partially realized.

He now found it absolutely necessary to curb his inclination for the heroic, and paint portraits and smaller subjects. Few sitters, however, came; and when they did, the occupation was very distasteful. His great pictures had been sold to creditors for prices far below their value; and want stared him in the face. 1824 came. His journal opened with the motto—

"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass.
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

But before the year was passed, there were entries that told of the inward struggle, like this:—"Alas! I have no object in life now but my wife and children, and almost wish I had not them, that I might sit still, and meditate on human ambition and human grandeur till I died. I really am heartily weary of life. I have known and tasted all the glories of fame, and distinction, and triumph; all the raptures of love and affection, all the sweet feelings of a parent. And what then? The heart sinks inwardly, and longs for a pleasure calm and eternal, majestic, unchangeable. I am not yet forty, and can tell of a destiny melancholy and rapturous, bitter beyond all bitterness, afflicting beyond all affliction, cursed, heart-burning, heart-breaking, maddening. . . . The melancholy demon has grappled my heart, and crushed its turbulent beatings in its black, bony, clammy, clenching fingers." In October, Mr. Kersey, his legal adviser yet warm friend, came to his aid, and offered him a year's peace at four per cent. and under certain conditions as to the dimensions and prices of the pictures painted in the interim. Thus in a measure freed from embarrassment, he became comparatively happy. Commissions that would once have been refused, were now welcomed, and he worked regularly on. Towards the end of 1825, another subject approached completion, Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites. But, December 18th, he records his "fits"—fits of work, fits of idleness, fits of reading, fits of walking, fits of Italian, fits of Greek, fits of Latin, fits of Napoleon, &c. &c. : "My dear Mary's lovely face is the only thing that has escaped a fit

that never varies." In February, 1826, he sent another petition to the House of Commons. In April, his *Venus and Anchises* was also finished, and this, after some deliberation, he resolved to send to the Academy for exhibition. He would concede nothing, yet longed for reconciliation; and, encouraged by the gratification this first step gave to many, afterwards went round to curry favor with the principal members. In May, he received from Lord Egremont a commission to paint *Alexander taming Bucephalus*; and this was followed in November, by an invitation to his lordship's seat at Petworth, which was accepted, and the visit thoroughly enjoyed. Yet he finished the year "more harrassed that ever;" and on the 31st of December wrote, "For want of a vent, my mind feels like a steam-boiler without a valve, boiling, struggling, and suppressing, for fear of injuring the interests of five children and a lovely wife."

1827 opened with an execution in the house, and an arrest was only averted by the prompt interference of friendship. Nevertheless, before the end of June, Haydon was again in the King's Bench prison. While there, he saw the mock election, a subject of which he afterwards made good use. In July, a public meeting was called for the examination of his affairs, when it appeared that his embarrassments in part arose from anxiety to discharge those debts from which the law had exonerated him, and that he was in general entitled to sympathy. The consequence was his release. Working more expeditiously than of yore, he brought his picture of the *Mock Election* to a finish by the end of the year. This the king ultimately purchased. He next painted a kindred subject—the *Chairing of the Member*; and then *Euclæs* was placed upon the easel, a classical and beautiful design. At the end of 1828, he was actively engaged in writing on the old topic—public patronage for art—and requested permission to dedicate a pamphlet upon it to the Duke of Wellington, but even this token of approbation he could not obtain. *Punch* was the subject of his next picture—he had alighted on a comic vein; and then he began *Xenophon and the Ten Thousand* at the first sight of the sea. Portraits and smaller pictures he painted whenever opportunity offered; but, notwithstanding, his wants were still pressing. Many a day was spent in running to and fro; and many an exorbitant demand was met, to prevent a third arrest. Expenses, too, by these proceedings were greatly increased. He had

borrowed of the future, and now, as years rolled on, it was exacting from him compound interest at an ever-growing and enormous rate. From September 1829 to May 1830, he paid as much as £93 law costs connected with the settlement of small bills. In the month last named the King's Bench prison again closed its doors behind him. Then came the trial, and then another acquittal.

It is mournful to follow the man through the details of his latter years; to see his distress which, great as it was, could not quench his ardor as an artist; to find him craving employment of the great, and, when refused, writing letters to one and another, begging for money. In 1831 he painted *Napoleon Musing*, for Sir Robert Peel. Wordsworth sent him a sonnet upon it, but the exhibition was a failure, owing to political excitement at the time. In this, however, Haydon largely shared, he even wrote letters to the "Times," on the subject of Reform; whatever influence he had was given to the cause. In 1832 he was thrown into contact with the leaders of the Trades Unions at Birmingham; and made an unsuccessful attempt to raise a subscription for a picture of their meeting at Newhall Hill. This failed, but he was commissioned by Earl Grey to paint a picture of the Reform Banquet in Guildhall. This work kept him long employed, elevated his hopes, and gave him opportunities, which he did not neglect, of impressing his views of art upon many of influence and power. All the leading men of the Liberal party sat to him, and he felt not a little flattered by the access thus gained to ministers and noblemen. This period was outwardly one of the gayest of his life. Dinners, routs, charade parties, &c., enlivened the months; but while visiting at mansions, and conversing freely with fashionables, he had behind the scene the same troubles to encounter. Pecuniary matters were harrassing in the extreme, executions often threatened. Sir Richard Steele turned the bailiffs in his house into footmen; Haydon sometimes made them serve as models while he painted.

In 1834, the burning of the Houses of Parliament gave him fresh room to hope that an opportunity would be given for the public employment of artists. He renewed his appeals. He was too especially gratified by the appointment of Mr. Ewart's select committee of inquiry into the means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design, including an inquiry into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects

produced by it. There can be no doubt but that his efforts were mainly instrumental in bringing about this result; and with the day of examination came the long-coveted moment for impressing his opinions on others disposed to listen. Prospects in this direction seemed to brighten. He now commenced lecturing, and thus another channel was opened for communication with the public on his favorite art. That things at home were still dark, this extract from his journal, referring to the night of his first effort, is evidence sufficient—"I took my dress coat out of pawn, to lecture at the Mechanics' Institution." But the fact was publicly announced by his being for the fourth time thrown into the Bench, in September, 1836. As before, however, he was liberated by the Court. Law costs are the millstones that sink a man, once in a sea of debts, deeper and deeper. Here is an illustration: Haydon incurred

From 1820 to 1823, law costs,	£377 0 0
From 1823 to 1830, ditto,	450 0 0
From 1830 to 1836, ditto,	303 8 6
Altogether	£1,130 8 6

We have already referred to his great error of anticipation; perhaps also there was a degree of improvidence, yet his large and growing family, and the kind of provision their station seemed to require, should be in justice remembered.

Through 1837 he was principally employed in lecturing in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns. These lectures gave him the means of support, and were everywhere well received. They have since been published. His enthusiasm, his easy delivery, and picturesque expression, and the skill with which he would sketch an illustration when needed, gave him power over his audience, while his well-known name and unmerited sufferings enlisted their sympathy. These tours accomplished much towards the elevation of the general taste and feeling in matters of art; as one consequence, schools of design were proposed, and several established. The chief point in Haydon's theory was the making the figure the basis of all study.

From Liverpool he received two commissions, one of 400 guineas, for a picture of Christ blessing little Children; and the other, for a picture of Wellington revisiting Waterloo. This last subject had been once begun, but relinquished on account of the

Duke refusing to lend his clothes. Some considerable delay occurred now through the pressure of public business upon his Grace, but of this Haydon made use by crossing to the Continent and visiting Waterloo for the purpose of informing and arousing his imagination. Soon after came an invitation to Walmer, where he passed several most agreeable days in company with the hero whom he had always revered. The Duke sat to him as he pleased, but would not see the picture, which he deemed to be solely a concern of "the Liverpool gentlemen." Wordsworth wrote a sonnet on this, as he had done on Napoleon. These things cheered the buffeted painter; but nothing more than the success with which, about this date, he delivered his lectures at Oxford—"a day-dream of my youth."

In 1841, his picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention, which had introduced him to Clarkson and others, was finished. He was comparatively free from pecuniary harass; but other grievances were at hand. This year the Fine Arts Committee for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament sat and examined witnesses; but he was not summoned. He felt this severely; it gave him a presentiment of coming disappointment. Another blow was the death of Sir David Wilkie, for whom he still entertained a strong affection. Amongst the paintings completed in the following year were the Battle of Poictiers, the Maid of Saragossa, Curtius leaping into the Gulf, Alexander the Great encountering and killing a Lion, and Wordsworth on Helvellyn, on which last Miss E. B. Barrett (now Mrs. Browning) sent him a sonnet. Through 1842, the Fine Arts Commission was sitting. In April their notice was issued of the conditions for the cartoon competition, by which it was intended to test the capabilities of artists for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament. Haydon exulted in this advance towards the achievement of the great object of all his labors; but not without painful forebodings that the victory was not for him. He ascribed the adverse tendency of things exclusively to his enemies; but to others it was evident that his obstinate self-assertion and incessant intrusion of his views upon public men and bodies were in part the cause; and that, moreover, the power of earlier days was not so visible in his paintings now, for manifold anxieties had shaken the man. He, however, at once began to exercise himself in fresco; and by the time appointed, June, 1843, he had safely lodged

two cartoons in Westminster Hall, where thirty years before he had drawn a gigantic limb on the wall with the end of his umbrella, and said to Eastlake, his companion, "This is the place for art." His subjects were—the Curse pronounced against Adam and Eve, and the Black Prince entering London in triumph with the French King prisoner. In July the prizes were declared, and Haydon's hopes as regarded himself in that quarter for ever blighted. That in the very triumph of those principles to which his energies had through life been devoted, he himself should fall disgraced,

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

It caused a severe pang, but he recovered, and resolved to retrieve his character before an impartial public; arrests threatened, still he lectured, still he painted; and then he commenced a series of cartoons to illustrate what is the best government. These were to be six in number; the first showing the injustice of democracy—"The Banishment of Aristides with his Wife and Children;" the second showing the heartlessness of despotism—"Nero playing his lyre while Rome is burning;" the third and fourth exhibiting the consequences of Anarchy and the cruelties of Revolution; the fifth and sixth the blessings of Justice and Freedom under a limited Monarchy. This had for many years been a cherished conception; the plans had been before many a minister; and now he determined, since patronage failed, to execute it independently and prove his competence to the world. The two first of the series were completed, and on Easter Monday, 1846, the exhibition opened at the Egyptian Hall. To show the overweening confidence his habits of prayer and thought had begotten, we may extract from his diary, dated May 25th, 1845, written when he began these pictures:—"O God! I am again without any resource; but in thy mercy enable me to bear up and vanquish, as I have done, all difficulties. Let nothing however desperate or overwhelming stop me from the completion of my six designs. *On these my country's honor rests*, and my own fame on earth. Thou knowest how for forty-one years I have struggled and resisted—enable me to do so to the last gasp of my life."

The exhibition proved a complete failure. On the private day, only Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maule, and Hobhouse went. It rained; but twenty-six years before rain would not have prevented. On the Monday he writes:

"Receipts, 1849, £1 1s. 6d. ARISTIDES.
Receipts, 1820, £19 16s. JERUSALEM.
In God I trust. Amen."

Each day told a similar story. The exhibition closed. May 23rd, we read: "There lie Aristides and Nero, unasked for, unfeasted for, rolled up. Aristides, a subject Raphael would have praised and complimented me on! and £111 11s. 5d. loss by showing it!" This was a fearful blow; he seemed condemned and despised at every tribunal. Embarrassments were thickening, yet he tried to proceed with the third of his series. Sir Robert Peel came generously to his assistance, but the battle was nearly over. Here are the closing entries of his journal:—

"June 20th.—O God bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"22nd.—God forgive me. Amen.

FINIS

of

B. R. HAYDON,

'Stretch me no longer on this rough
world.'—*Lear*.

End of Twenty-sixth volume."

This last entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven on the morning of Monday, the 22nd of June, 1846. Before eleven, the hand that penned it was cold in death. He had been out early in the morning, and came back apparently fatigued. At ten, he entered his painting-room, soon after saw his wife, embraced her fervently, and returned to his room. About a quarter to eleven a report of fire-arms was heard, which was supposed to proceed from the troops then reviewing in the neighborhood. About an hour after, his daughter entered the painting-room; and there before her lay her father—dead, in front of his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs stained with blood, a half-open razor, smeared with gore beside him, in his throat a fearful gash, and a bullet wound in his skull!

The coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act. His debts amounted to £3,000; but the assets were considerable.

On his table were found "these last thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity."

"I create good—I create—I, the Lord, do these things.

"Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples; and, I fear, the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because, when encouraged, I paid everybody. God forgive the evil for the sake of the good. Amen."

So perished Benjamin Robert Haydon, in the 61st year of his age. His story tells its own moral. As an artist, he was powerful in execution, and bold in design—more successful in the diffusion of correct sentiments

than in the attainment of reward. As a writer, he was clear, graphic, and vigorous; as a speaker, enthusiastic and earnest. As a man, he was conscious of genius, and therefore self-reliant; imaginative and resolute, and therefore anguine. His principles were in general pure, and his objects lofty; but he knit too closely the glory of himself with the glory of his art. He was frank and generous, yet depreciated his opponents. His religion was fuel to his ambition, when it should have been the harmonizer of his passions. He lacked the sublime consolations of a holy faith, and hence his terrible and mournful end.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE DUKE'S DILEMMA.

A CHRONICLE OF NIESENSTEIN.

THE close of the theatrical year, which in France occurs in early spring, annually brings to Paris a throng of actors and actresses, the disorganized elements of provincial companies, who repair to the capital to contract engagements for the new season. Paris is the grand centre to which all dramatic stars converge—the great bazaar where managers recruit their troops for the summer campaign. In bad weather the mart for this human merchandise is at an obscure coffee-house near the Rue St. Honoré; when the sun shines, the place of meeting is in the garden of the Palais Royal. There, pacing to and fro beneath the lime-trees, the high contracting parties pursue their negotiations and make their bargains. It is the theatrical Exchange, the histrionic *Bourse*. There the conversation and the company are alike curious. Many are the strange discussions and original anecdotes that are there heard; many the odd figures there paraded. Tragedians, comedians, singers, men and women, young and old, flock thither in quest of fortune and a good engagement. The threadbare coats of some say little in favor of recent success or present prosperi-

ty; but only hear them speak, and you are at once convinced that *they* have no need of broadcloth who are so amply covered with laurels. It is delightful to hear them talk of their triumphs, of the storms of applause, the rapturous bravos, the boundless enthusiasm, of the audiences they lately delighted. Their brows are oppressed with the weight of their bays. The south mourns their loss: if they go west, the north will be envious and inconsolable. As to themselves—north, south, east, or west—they care little to which point of the compass the breeze of their destiny may waft them. Thorough gypsies in their habits, accustomed to make the best of the passing hour, and to take small care for the future so long as the present is provided for, like soldiers, they heed not the name of the town so long as the quarters be good.

It was a fine morning in April. The sun shone brightly, and, amongst the numerous loungers in the garden of the Palais Royal were several groups of actors. The season was already far advanced; all the companies were formed, and those players who had not secured an engagement had but a poor

chance of finding one. Their anxiety was legible upon their countenances. A man of about fifty years of age walked to and fro, a newspaper in his hand, and to him, when he passed near them, the actors bowed—respectfully and hopefully. A quick glance was his acknowledgement of their salutation, and then his eyes reverted to his paper, as if it deeply interested him. When he was out of hearing, the actors, who had assumed their most picturesque attitudes to attract his attention, and who beheld their labor lost, vented their ill-humor.

"Balthasar is mighty proud," said one; "he has not a word to say to us."

"Perhaps he does not want anybody," remarked another; "I think he has no theatre this year."

"That would be odd. They say he is a clever manager."

"He may best prove his cleverness by keeping aloof. It is so difficult nowadays to do good in the provinces. The public is so fastidious; the authorities are so shabby, so unwilling to put their hands in their pockets. Ah ! my dear fellow, our art is sadly fallen."

Whilst the discontented actors bemoaned themselves, Balthasar eagerly accosted a young man who just then entered the garden, by the passage of the Perron. The coffee-house keepers had already begun to put out tables under the tender foliage. The two men sat down at one of them.

"Well, Florival," said the manager, "does my offer suit you? Will you make one of us? I was glad to hear you had broken off with Ricardin. With your qualifications you ought to have an engagement in Paris, or at least at a first-rate provincial theatre. But you are young, and, as you know, managers prefer actors of greater experience and established reputation. Your parts are generally taken by youths of five and forty, with wrinkles and grey hairs, but well versed in the traditions of the stage—with damaged voices but an excellent style. My brother managers are greedy of great names; yours still has to become known—as yet you have but your talent to recommend you. I will content myself with that; content yourself with what I offer you. Times are bad, the season is advanced, engagements are hard to find. Many of your comrades have gone to try their luck beyond seas. We have not so far to go; we shall scarcely overstep the boundary of our ungrateful country. Germany invites us; it is a pleasant land, and Rhine wine is not to be disdained. I will tell you how the thing came about. For

many years past I have managed theatres in the eastern departments, in Alsatin and Lorraine. Last summer, having a little leisure, I made an excursion to Baden-Baden. As usual, it was crowded with fashionables. One rubbed shoulders with princes and trod upon highnesses' toes; one could not walk twenty yards without meeting a sovereign. All these crowned heads, kings, granddukes, electors, mingled easily and affably with the throng of visitors. Etiquette is banished from the baths of Baden, where, without laying aside their titles, great personages enjoy the liberty and advantages of an incognito. At the time of my visit, a company of very indifferent German actors were playing, two or three times a week, in the little theatre. They played to empty benches, and must have starved but for the assistance afforded them by the directors of the gambling-tables. I often went to their performances, and amongst the scanty spectators I soon remarked one who was as assiduous as myself. A gentleman, very plainly dressed, but of agreeable countenance and aristocratic appearance, invariably occupied the same stall, and seemed to enjoy the performance, which proved that he was easily pleased. One night he addressed to me some remark with respect to the play then acting; we got into conversation on the subject of dramatic art; he saw that I was specially competent on that topic, and after the theatre he asked me to take refreshment with him. I accepted. At midnight we parted, and, as I was going home, I met a gambler whom I slightly knew. 'I congratulate you,' he said; 'you have friends in high places!' He alluded to the gentleman with whom I had passed the evening, and whom I now learned was no less a personage than his Serene Highness Prince Leopold, sovereign ruler of the Grand Duchy of Niesensteine. I had had the honor of passing a whole evening in familiar intercourse with a crowned head. Next day, walking in the park, I met his Highness. I made a low bow and kept at a respectful distance, but the Grand Duke came up to me and asked me to walk with him. Before accepting, I thought it right to inform him who I was. 'I guessed as much,' said the Prince. 'From one or two things that last night escaped you, I made no doubt: you were a theatrical manager.' And by a gesture he renewed his invitation to accompany him. In a long conversation he informed me of his intention to establish a French theatre in his capital, for the performance of some

dy, drama, vaudeville, and comic operas. He was then building a large theatre, which would be ready by the end of the winter, and he offered me its management on very advantageous terms. I had no plans in France for the present year, and the offer was too good to be refused. The Duke guaranteed my expenses and a gratuity, and there was a chance of very large profits. I hesitated not a moment; we exchanged promises, and the affair was concluded.

"According to our agreement, I am to be at Karlstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Niesensteine, in the first week in May. There is no time to lose. My company is almost complete, but there are still some important gaps to fill. Amongst others, I want a lover, a light comedian, and a first singer. I reckon upon you to fill these important posts."

"I am quite willing," replied the actor, "but there is still an obstacle. You must know, my dear Balthasar, that I am deeply in love—seriously, this time—and I broke off with Ricardin solely because he would not engage her to whom I am attached."

"Oho! she is an actress?"

"Two years upon the stage; a lovely girl, full of grace and talent, and with a charming voice. The *Opera Comique* has not a singer to compare with her."

"And she is disengaged?"

"Yes, my dear fellow; strange though it seems, and by a combination of circumstances which it were tedious to detail, the fascinating Delia is still without an engagement. And I give you notice that henceforward I attach myself to her steps; where she goes, I go; I will perform upon no boards which she does not tread. I am determined to win her heart, to make her my wife."

"Very good!" cried Balthasar, rising from his seat; "tell me the address of this prodigy: I run, I fly, I make every sacrifice; and we will start to-morrow."

People were quite right in saying that Balthasar was a clever manager. None better knew how to deal with actors, often capricious and difficult to guide. He possessed skill, taste, and tact. One hour after the conversation in the garden of the *Palais Royal*, he had obtained the signatures of Delia and Florival, two excellent acquisitions, destined to do him infinite honor in Germany. That night his little company was complete, and the next day, after a good dinner, it started for Strasburg. It was composed as follows:

Balthasar, manager, was to play the old men, and take the heavy business.

Florival was the leading man, the lover, and the first singer.

Rigolet was the low comedian, and took the parts usually played by Arnal and Bouffé.

Similor was to perform the valets in *Molière's comedies*, and eccentric low comedy characters.

Anselmo was the walking gentleman.

Lebel led the band.

Miss Delia was to display her charms and talents as *prima donna*, and in genteel comedy.

Miss Foligny was the singing chambermaid.

Miss Alice was the walking lady, and made herself generally useful.

Finally, Madame Pastorale, the duenna of the company, was to perform the old women, and look after the young ones.

Although so few, the company trusted to atone by zeal and industry for numerical deficiency. It would be easy to find, in the capital of the Grand Duchy, persons capable of filling mute parts, and, in most plays, a few unimportant characters might be suppressed.

The travelers reached Strasburg without adventure worthy of note. There Balthasar allowed them six-and-thirty hours' repose, and took advantage of the halt to write to the Grand Duke Leopold, and inform him of his approaching arrival; then they again started, crossed the Rhine at Kehl, and in thirty days, after traversing several small German states, reached the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Niesensteine, and stopped at a little village called Krusthal. From this village to the capital the distance was only four leagues, but means of conveyance were wanting. There was but a single stage-coach on that line of road; it would not leave Krusthal for two days, and it held but six persons. No other vehicles were to be had; it was necessary to wait, and the necessity was anything but pleasant. The actors made wry faces at the prospect of passing forty-eight hours in a wretched village. The only persons who easily made up their minds to the wearisome delay were Delia and Florival. The first singer was desperately in love, and the *prima donna* was not insensible to his delicate attentions and tender discourse.

Balthasar, the most impatient and persevering of all, went out to explore the village. In an hour's time he returned in triumph to his friends, in a light cart drawn by a strong horse. Unfortunately the cart held but two persons.

"I will set out alone," said Balthasar, "On reaching Karlstadt, I will go to the

Grand Duke, explain our position, and I have no doubt he will immediately send carriages to convey you to his capital."

These consolatory words were received with loud cheers by the actors. The driver, a peasant lad, cracked his whip, and the stout Mecklenberg horse set out at a small trot. Upon the way, Balthasar questioned his guide as to the extent, resources, and prosperity of the Grand Duchy, but could obtain no satisfactory reply; the young peasant was profoundly ignorant upon all these subjects. The four leagues were got over in something less than three hours, which is rather rapid traveling for Germany. It was nearly dark when Balthasar entered Karlstadt. The shops were shut, and there were few persons in the streets; people are early in their habits in the happy lands on the Rhine's right bank. Presently the cart stopped before a good-sized house.

"You told me to take you to our prince's palace," said the driver, "and here it is." Balthasar alighted and entered the dwelling unchallenged and unimpeded by the sentry who passed lazily up and down its front. In the entrance hall the manager met a porter, who bowed gravely to him as he passed; he walked on and passed through an empty anteroom. In the first apartment, appropriated to gentlemen-in-waiting, aids-de-camp, equerries, and other dignitaries of various degree, he found nobody; in a second saloon, lighted by a dim and smoky lamp, was an old gentleman, dressed in black, with powdered hair, who rose slowly at his entrance, looked at him with surprise, and inquired his pleasure.

"I wish to see his Serene Highness, the Grand Duke Leopold," replied Balthasar.

"The prince does not grant audience at this hour," the old gentleman drily answered.

"His Highness expects me," was the confident reply of Balthasar.

"That is another thing. I will inquire if it be his Highness's pleasure to receive you. Whom shall I announce?"

"The manager of the Court theatre."

The gentleman bowed, and left Balthasar alone. The pertinacious manager already began to doubt the success of his audacity, when he heard the Grand Duke's voice, saying, "Show him in."

He entered. The sovereign of Niesensteine was alone, seated in a large arm-chair, at a table covered with green cloth, upon which were a confused medley of letters and newspapers, an inkstand, a tobacco-bag, two wax-lights, a sugar-basin, a sword, a plate, gloves,

a bottle, books, and a goblet of Bohemian glass, artistically engraved. His Highness was engrossed in a thoroughly national occupation; he was smoking one of those long pipes which Germans rarely lay aside except to eat or to sleep.

The manager of the Court theatre bowed thrice, as if he had been advancing to the foot-lights to address the public; then he stood still and silent, awaiting the prince's pleasure. But, although he said nothing, his countenance was so expressive that the Grand Duke answered him.

"Yes," said he, "here you are. I recollect you perfectly, and I have not forgotten our agreement. But you come at a very unfortunate moment, my dear sir!"

"I crave your Highness's pardon if I have chosen an improper hour to seek an audience," replied Balthasar, with another bow.

"It is not the hour that I am thinking of," answered the prince quickly. "Would that were all! See, here is your letter; I was just now reading it, and regretting that, instead of writing me only three days ago, when you were half-way here, you had not done so two or three weeks before starting."

"I did wrong."

"More so than you think, for, had you sooner warned me, I would have spared you a useless journey."

"Useless!" exclaimed Balthasar aghast, "Has your Highness changed your mind?"

"Not at all; I am still passionately fond of the drama, and should be delighted to have a French theatre here. As far as that goes, my ideas and tastes are in no way altered since last summer; but, unfortunately, I am unable to satisfy them. Look here," continued the prince, rising from his arm-chair. He took Balthasar's arm and led him to a window: "I told you, last year, that I was building a magnificent theatre in my capital."

"Your Highness did tell me so."

"Well, look yonder, on the other side of the square; there the theatre is!"

"Your Highness, I see nothing but an open space; a building commenced, and as yet scarcely risen above the foundation."

"Precisely so; that is the theatre."

"Your Highness told me it would be completed before the end of winter."

"I did not then foresee that I should have to stop the works for want of cash to pay the workmen. Such is my present position. If I have no theatre ready to receive you, and if I cannot take you and your company into my pay, it is because I

have not the means. The coffers of the State and my privy purse are alike empty. You are astounded!—Adversity respects nobody—not even Grand Dukes. But I support its assaults with philosophy: try to follow my example; and, by way of a beginning, take a chair and a pipe, fill yourself a glass of wine, and drink to the return of my prosperity. Since you suffer for my misfortunes, I owe you an explanation. Although I never had much order in my expenditure, I had every reason, at the time I first met with you, to believe my finances in a flourishing condition. It was not until the commencement of the present year that I discovered the contrary to be the case. Last year was a bad one; hail ruined our crops and money was hard to get in. The salaries of my household were in arrear, and my officers murmured. For the first time I ordered a statement of my affairs to be laid before me, and I found that ever since my accession I had been exceeding my revenue. My first act of sovereignty had been a considerable diminution of the taxes paid to my predecessors. Hence the evil, which had annually augmented, and now I am ruined, loaded with debts, and without means of repairing the disaster. My privy-councillors certainly proposed a way; it was to double the taxes, raise extraordinary contributions—to squeeze my subjects, in short. A fine plan, indeed! to make the poor pay for my improvidence and disorder! Such things may occur in other States, but they shall not in mine. Justice before everything. I prefer enduring my difficulties to making my subjects suffer."

"Excellent prince!" exclaimed Balthasar, touched by these generous sentiments. The Grand Duke smiled.

"Do you turn flatterer?" he said. "Beware! it is an arduous post, and you will have none to help you. I have no longer wherewith to pay flatterers; my courtiers have fled. You have seen the emptiness of my anterooms; you met neither chamberlain nor equerry upon your entrance. All those gentlemen have given in their resignations. The civil and military officers of my house, secretaries, aides-de-camp, and others, left me, because I could no longer pay them their wages. I am alone; a few faithful and patient servants are all that remain, and the most important personage of my court is now honest Sigismund, my old valet-de-chambre.

These last words were spoken in a melancholy tone, which pained Balthasar. The

eyes of the honest manager glistened. The Grand Duke detected his sympathy.

"Do not pity me," he said with a smile. "It is no sorrow to me to have got rid of a wearisome etiquette, and, at the same time, of a pack of spies and hypocrites, by whom I was formerly from morning till night beset."

The cheerful frankness of the Grand Duke's manner forbade doubt of his sincerity. Balthasar congratulated him on his courage.

"I need it more than you think!" replied Leopold, "and I cannot answer for having enough to support the blows that threaten me. The desertion of my courtiers will be nothing, did I owe it only to the bad state of finances: as soon as I found myself in funds again I could buy others or take back the old ones, and amuse myself by putting my foot upon their servile necks. Then they would be as humble as now they are insolent. But their defection is an omen of other dangers. As the diplomatists say, clouds are at the political horizon. Poverty alone would not have sufficed to clear my palace of men who are as greedy of honors as they are of money; they would have waited for better days; their vanity would have consoled their avarice. If they fled, it was because they felt the ground shake beneath their feet, and because they are in league with my enemies. I cannot shut my eyes to impending dangers. I am on bad terms with Austria; Metternich looks askance at me; at Vienna I am considered too liberal, too popular: they say that I set a bad example; they reprobate me with cheap government, and with not making my subjects sufficiently feel the yoke. Thus do they accumulate pretexts for playing me a scurvy trick. One of my cousins, a colonel in the Austrian service, covets my Grand Duchy. Although I say *grand*, it is but ten leagues long and eight broad; but, such as it is, it suits me; I am accustomed to it, I have the habit of ruling it, and I should miss it were I deprived of it. My cousin has the audacity to dispute my incontestable rights; this is a mere pretext for litigation, but he has carried the case before the Aulic Council, and notwithstanding the excellence of my right I still may lose my cause, for I have no money wherewith to enlighten my judges. My enemies are powerful, treason surrounds me; they try to take advantage of my financial embarrassments, first to make me bankrupt and then to depose me. In this critical conjuncture, I should be only too delighted to have a company of players to divert my thoughts from my troubles—but I have nei-

ther theatre nor money. So it is impossible for me to keep you, my dear manager, and, believe me, I am as grieved at it as you can be. All I can do is to give you, out of the little I have left, a small indemnity to cover your traveling expenses and take you back to France. Come and see me to-morrow morning; we will settle this matter, and you shall take your leave."

Balthasar's attention and sympathy had been so completely engrossed by the Grand Duke's misfortunes, and by his revelations of his political and financial difficulties, that his own troubles had quite gone out of his thoughts. When he quitted the palace they came back upon him like a thunder-cloud. How was he to satisfy the actors, whom he had brought two hundred leagues away from Paris? What could he say to them, how appease them? The unhappy manager passed a miserable night. At daybreak he rose and went out into the open air, to calm his agitation and seek a mode of extrication from his difficulties. During a two hours' walk he had abundant time to visit every corner of Karlstadt, and to admire the beauties of that celebrated capital. He found it an elegant town, with wide straight streets cutting completely across it, so that he could see through it at a glance. The houses were pretty and uniform, and the windows were provided with small indiscreet mirrors, which reflected the passers-by and transported the street into the drawing-room, so that the worthy Karlstadters could satisfy their curiosity without quitting their easy chairs; an innocent recreation, much affected by German burghers. As regarded trade and manufactures, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Niesensteine did not seem to be very much occupied by either. It was anything but a bustling city; luxury had made but little progress there; and its prosperity was due chiefly to the moderate desires and phlegmatic philosophy of its inhabitants.

In such a country a company of actors had no chance of a livelihood. There is nothing for it but to return to France, thought Balthasar, after making the circuit of the city: then he looked at his watch, and, deeming the hour suitable, he took the road to the palace, which he entered with as little ceremony as upon the preceding evening. The faithful Sigismund, doing duty as gentleman-in-waiting, received him as an old acquaintance, and forthwith ushered him into the Grand Duke's presence. His highness seemed more depressed than upon the previous day. He was pacing the room with long

strides, his eyes cast down, his arms folded. In his hand he held papers, whose perusal it apparently was that had thus discomposed him. For some moments he said nothing; then he suddenly stopped before Balthasar.

" You find me less calm," he said, " than I was last night. I have just received unpleasant news. I am heartily sick of these perpetual vexations, and gladly would I resign this poor sovereignty, this crown of thorns they seek to snatch from me, did not honor command me to maintain to the last my legitimate rights. Yes," vehemently exclaimed the Grand Duke, " at this moment a tranquil existence is all I covet, and I would willingly give up my Grand Duchy, my title, my crown, to live quietly at Paris, as a private gentleman, upon thirty thousand francs a-year."

" I believe so, indeed!" cried Balthasar, who, in his wildest dreams of fortune, had never dared aspire so high. His artless exclamation made the prince smile. It needed but a trifle to dissipate his vexation, and to restore that upper current of easy good temper which habitually floated upon the surface of his character.

" You think," he gaily cried, " that some, in my place, would be satisfied with less, and that thirty thousand francs a-year, with independence and the pleasures of Paris, compose a lot more enviable than the government of all the Grand Duchies in the world. My own experience tells me that you are right; for, ten years ago, when I was but hereditary prince, I passed six months at Paris, rich, independent, careless; and memory declares those to have been the happiest days of my life."

" Well! if you were to sell all you have, could you not realize that fortune? Besides, the cousin, of whom you did me the honor to speak to me yesterday, would probably gladly insure you an income if you yielded him your place here. But will your Highness permit me to speak plainly?"

" By all means."

" The tranquil existence of a private gentleman would doubtless have many charms for you, and you say so in all sincerity of heart; but, upon the other hand, you set store by your crown, though you may not admit it to yourself. In a moment of annoyance it is easy to exaggerate the charms of tranquility, and the pleasures of private life; but a throne, however rickety, is a seat which none willingly quit. That is my opinion, formed at the dramatic school: it is perhaps a reminiscence of some old part, but truth is sometimes

found upon the stage. Since, therefore, all things considered, to stay where you are is that which best becomes you, you ought

— But I crave your Highness's pardon, I am perhaps speaking too freely? —

“ Speak on, my dear manager, freely and fearlessly; I listen to you with pleasure. I ought—you were about to say? —”

“ Instead of abandoning yourself to despair and poverty, instead of contenting yourself with succumbing nobly, like some ancient Roman, you ought boldly to combat the peril. Circumstances are favorable; you have neither ministers nor state councillors to mislead you, and embarrass your plans. Strong in your good right, and in your subjects' love, it is impossible you should not find means of retrieving your finances and strengthening your position.”

“ There is but one means, and that is—a good marriage.”

“ Excellent! I had not thought of it. You are a bachelor! A good marriage is salvation. It is thus that great houses menaced with ruin, regain their former splendor.

You must marry an heiress, the only daughter of some rich banker.”

“ You forget—it would be derogatory. I am free from such prejudices, but what would Austria say if I thus condescended? It would be another charge to bring against me. And then banker's millions would not suffice; I must ally myself with a powerful family, whose influence will strengthen mine. Only a few days ago, I thought such an alliance within my grasp. A neighboring Prince, Maximilian of Hanau, who is in high favor at Vienna, has a sister to marry. The Princess Wilhelmina is young, handsome, amiable, and rich; I have already entered upon the preliminaries of a matrimonial negotiation, but two despatches received this morning, destroy all my hopes. Hence the low spirits in which you find me.”

“ Perhaps,” said Balthasar, “ your Highness too easily gives way to discouragement.

“ Judge for yourself. I have a rival, the Elector of Saxe-Tolpethausen; his territories are less considerable than mine, but he is more solidly established in his little electorate than I am in my grand-duchy.”

“ Pardon me your Highness; I saw the Elector of Saxe-Tolpethausen last year at Baden-Baden, and without flattery, he cannot for an instant be compared with your Highness. You are hardly thirty, and he is more than forty; you have a good figure, he is heavy, clumsy, and ill-made; your countenance is noble and agreeable, his common and

displeasing; your hair is light brown, his bright red. The Princess Wilhelmina is sure to prefer you.”

“ Perhaps so, if she were asked; but she is in the power of her august brother, who will marry her to whom he pleases.”

“ That must be prevented.”

“ How?”

“ By winning the young lady's affections. Love has so many resources. Every day one sees marriages for money broken off, and replaced by marriages for love.”

“ Yes one sees that in plays—”

“ Which afford excellent lessons.”

“ For people of a certain class, but not for princesses.”

“ Why not make the attempt? If I dared advise you, it would be to set out to-morrow, and pay a visit to the prince of Haynau.”

“ Unnecessary. To see the prince and his sister, I need not stir hence. One of these despatches announces their early arrival at Karlstadt. They are on their way hither. On their return from a journey into Prussia, they pass through my territories and pause in my capital, inviting themselves as my guests for two or three days. Their visit is my ruin. What will they think of me when they find me alone, deserted, in my empty palace? Do you suppose the Princess will be tempted to share my dismal solitude? Last year she went to Saxe-Tolpethausen. The Elector entertained her well, and made his court agreeable. He could place chamberlains and aides-de-camp at her orders, could give concerts, balls, and festivals. But I—what can I do? What a humiliation! And, that no affront may be spared to me, my rival proposes negotiating his marriage at my own court! Nothing less, it seems, will satisfy him! He has just sent me an ambassador, Baron Pippinster, deputed, he writes, to conclude a commercial treaty which will be extremely advantageous to me. The treaty is but a pretext. The Baron's true mission is to the Prince of Hanau. The meeting is skilfully contrived, for the secret and unostentatious conclusion of the matrimonial treaty. This is what I am condemned to witness! I must endure this outrage and mortification, and display before the Prince and his sister, my misery and poverty. I would do any thing to avoid such shame!”

“ Means might, perhaps, be found,” said Balthasar, after a moment's reflection.

“ Means? Speak, and whatever they be, I adopt them.”

“ The plan is a bold one!” continued

Balthasar, speaking half to the Grand Duke, and half to himself, as if pondering, and weighing a project.

"No matter! I will risk everything."

"You would like to conceal your real position, to re-people this palace, to have a court?"

"Yes."

"Do you think the courtiers who have deserted you would return?"

"Never. Did I not tell you they are sold to my enemies?"

"Could you not select others from the higher classes of your subjects?"

"Impossible! There are very few gentlemen amongst my subjects. Ah! if a court could be got up at a day's notice! though it were to be composed of the humblest citizens of Karlstadt ——"

"I have better than that to offer you."

"You have? And whom do you offer?" cried Duke Leopold, greatly astonished.

"My actors."

"What! you would have me make up a court of your actors?"

"Yes, your Highness, and you could not do better. Observe, that, my actors are accustomed to play all manner of parts, and that they will be perfectly at their ease when performing those of noblemen and high officials. I answer for their talent, discretion, and probity. As soon as your illustrious guests have departed, and you no longer need their services, they shall resign their posts. Bear in mind, that you have no other alternative. Time is short, danger at your door, hesitation is destruction."

"But if such a trick were discovered!" —

"A mere supposition, a chimerical fear. On the other hand, if you do not run the risk I propose, your ruin is certain."

The Grand Duke was easily persuaded. Careless and easy-going, he yet was not wanting in determination, nor in a certain love of hazardous enterprizes. He remembered that fortune is said to favor the bold, and his desperate position increased his courage. With joyful intrepidity he accepted and adopted Balthasar's scheme.

"Bravo!" cried the manager; "you shall have no cause to repent. You behold in me a sample of your future courtiers; and since honors and dignities are to be distributed, it is with me, if you please, that we will begin. In this request I act up to the spirit of my part. A courtier should always be asking for something, should lose no opportunity, and should profit by his rivals' absence to obtain the best place. I entreat your High-

ness to have the goodness to name me prime minister."

"Granted!" gaily replied the prince. "Your Excellency may immediately enter upon your functions."

"My Excellency will not fail to do so, and begins by requesting your signature to a few decrees I am about to draw up. But in the first place, your Highness must be so good as to answer two or three questions, that I may understand the position of affairs. A new-comer in a country, and a novice in a minister's office, has need of instruction. If it became necessary to enforce your commands, have you the means of so doing?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Your Highness has soldiers?"

"A regiment."

"How many men?"

"One hundred and twenty, besides the musicians."

"Are they obedient, devoted?"

"Passive obedience, unbounded devotion; soldiers and officers would die for me to the last man."

"It is their duty. Another question: Have you a prison in your dominions?"

"Certainly."

"I mean a good prison, strong and well-guarded, with thick walls, solid bars, stern and incorruptible jailors?"

"I have every reason to believe that the Castle of Zwingenberg combines all those requisites. The fact is, I have made very little use of it; but it was built by a man who understood such matters—by my father's great-grandfather, Rudolph the Inflexible."

"A fine surname for a sovereign! Your inflexible ancestor, I am very sure, never lacked either cash or courtiers. Your Highness has, perhaps, done wrong to leave the state prison untenanted. A prison requires to be inhabited, like any other building; and the first act of the authority with which you have been pleased to invest me, will be a salutary measure of incarceration. I presume the Castle of Zwingenberg will accommodate a score of prisoners?"

"What! you are going to imprison twenty persons?"

"More or less. I do not yet know the exact number of the persons who composed your late court. They it is whom I propose lodging within the lofty walls constructed by the Inflexible Rudolph. The measure is indispensable."

"But it is illegal!"

"I crave your Highness's pardon; you use a word I do not understand. It seems

to me that, in every good German government, that which is absolutely necessary is necessarily legal. That is my policy. Moreover, as prime minister, I am responsible. What would you have more? It is plain that, if we leave your courtiers their liberty, it will be impossible to perform our comedy; they will betray us. Therefore the welfare of the state imperatively demands their imprisonment. Besides, you yourself have said that they are traitors, and therefore they deserve punishment. For your own safety's sake, for the success of your project—which will insure the happiness of your subjects—write the names, sign the order, and inflict upon the deserters the lenient chastisement of a week's captivity."

The Grand Duke wrote the names, and signed several orders, which were forthwith intrusted to the most active and determined officers of the regiment, with instructions to make the arrests at once, and to take their prisoners to the Castle of Zwingenberg, at three-quarters of a league from Karlstadt.

"All that now remains to be done is to send for your new court," said Balthasar. "Has your Highness carriages?"

"Certainly! a berline, a barouche, and a cabriolet."

"And horses?"

"Six draught and two saddle."

"I take the barouche, the berline, and four horses; I go to Krusthal, put my actors up to their parts, and bring them here this evening. We instal ourselves in the palace, and shall be at once at your Highness's orders."

"Very good; but, before going, write an answer to Baron Pippinstir, who asks an audience."

"Two lines, very dry and official, putting him off till to-morrow. We must be under arms to receive him. . . . Here is the note written, but how shall I sign it? The name of Balthasar is not very suitable to a German Excellency."

"True, you must have another name, and a title; I create you Count Lipendorf."

"Thanks, your Highness. I will bear the title nobly, and restore it to you faithfully, with my seals of office, when the comedy is played out."

Count Lipendorf signed the letter, which Sigismund was ordered to take to Baron Pippinstir; then he started for Krusthal.

Next morning, the Grand Duke Leopold held a levee, which was attended by all the officers of his new court. And as soon as he was dressed, he received the ladies, with infinite grace and affability.

Ladies and officers were attired in their most elegant theatrical costumes; the Grand Duke appeared greatly satisfied with their bearing and manners. The first compliments over, there came a general distribution of titles and offices.

The lover, Florival, was appointed aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke, colonel of hussars, and Count Reinsberg.

Rigolet, the low comedian, was named grand chamberlain, and Baron Fidibus.

Similor, who performed the valets, was master of the horse and Baron Kockemburg.

Anselmo, walking gentleman, was promoted to be gentleman-in-waiting and Chevalier Grillensanger.

The leader of the band, Lebel, was appointed superintendent of the music and amusements of the court, with the title of Chevalier Arpeggio.

The prima donna, Miss Delia, was created Countess of Rosenthal, an interesting orphan, whose dowry was to be the hereditary office of first lady of honor to the future Grand Duchess.

Miss Foligny, the singing chambermaid, was appointed widow of a general and Baroness Allenzau.

Miss Alice, walking lady, became Miss Fidibus, daughter of the chamberlain, and a rich heiress.

Finally, the duenna, Madame Pastorale, was called to the responsible station of mistress of the robes and governess of the maids of honor, under the imposing name of Baroness Schicklick.

The new dignitaries received decorations in proportion to their rank. Count Balthasar von Lipendorf, prime minister, had two stars and three grand crosses. The aide-de-camp, Florival von Reinsberg, fastened five crosses upon the breast of his hussar jacket.

The parts duly distributed and learned, there was a rehearsal, which went off excellently well. The Grand Duke deigned to superintend the getting up of the piece, and to give the actors a few useful hints.

Prince Maximilian of Hanau, and his august sister were expected that evening. Time was precious. Pending their arrival, and by way of practising his court, the Grand Duke gave audience to the ambassador from Saxe-Tolpelhausen.

Baron Pippinstir was ushered into the Hall of the Throne. He had asked permission to present his wife at the same time as his credentials, and that favor had been granted him.

At sight of the diplomatist, the new courtiers, as yet unaccustomed to rigid decorum,

had difficulty in keeping their countenances. The Baron was a man of fifty, prodigiously tall, singularly thin, abundantly powdered, with legs like hop-poles, clad in knee breeches and white silk stockings. A long slender pigtail danced upon his flexible back. He had a face like a bird of prey—little round eyes, a receding chin, and an enormous hooked nose. It was scarcely possible to look at him without laughing, especially when one saw him for the first time. His apple-green coat glittered with a profusion of embroidery. His chest being too narrow to admit of a horizontal development of his decorations, he wore them in two columns, extending from his collar to his waist. When he approached the Grand Duke, with a self-satisfied simper and a jaunty air, his sword by his side, his cocked hat under his arm, nothing was wanting to complete the caricature.

The Baroness Pippinstir was a total contrast to her husband. She was a pretty little woman of five-and-twenty, as plump as a partridge, with a lively eye, a nice figure, and an engaging smile. There was mischief in her glance, seduction in her dimples and the rose's tint upon her cheeks. Her dress was the only ridiculous thing about her. To come to court, the little Baroness had put on all the finery she could muster; she sailed into the hall under a cloud of ribbons, sparkling with jewels and fluttering with plumes—the loftiest of which, however, scarcely reached to the shoulder of her lanky spouse.

Completely identifying himself with his part of prime minister, Balthasar, as soon as this oddly-assorted pair appeared, decided upon his plan of campaign. His natural penetration told him the diplomatist's weak point. He felt that the Baron, who was old and ugly, must be jealous of his wife, who was young and pretty. He was not mistaken. Pippinstir was as jealous as a tiger-cat. Recently married, the meagre diplomatist had not dared to leave his wife at Saxe-Tolpethausen, for fear of accidents; he would not lose sight of her, and had brought her to Karlstadt in the arrogant belief that danger vanished in his presence.

After exchanging a few diplomatic phrases with the ambassador, Balthasar took Colonel Florival aside and gave him secret instructions. The dashing officer passed his hand through his richly-curling locks, adjusted his splendid pelisse, and approached Baroness Pippinstir. The ambassadress received him graciously; the handsome colonel had already attracted her attention, and soon she

was delighted with his wit and gallant speeches. Florival did not lack imagination, and his memory was stored with well-turned phrases and sentimental tirades, borrowed from stage-plays. He spoke half from inspiration, half from memory, and he was listened to with favor.

The conversation was carried on in French—for the best of reasons.

"It is the custom here," said the Grand Duke to the ambassador; "French is the only language spoken in this palace; it is a regulation I had some difficulty in enforcing, and I was at last obliged to decree that a heavy penalty should be paid for every German word spoken by a person attached to my court. That proved effectual, and you will not easily catch any of these ladies and gentlemen tripping. My prime minister, Count Balthasar von Lipendorf, is the only one who is permitted occasionally to speak his native language."

Balthasar who had long managed theatres in Alsace and Lorraine, spoke German like a Frankfort brewer.

Meanwhile, Baron Pippinstir's uneasiness was extreme. Whilst his wife conversed in a low voice with the young and fascinating aide-de-camp, the pitiless prime minister held his arm tight, and explained at great length his views with respect to the famous commercial treaty. Caught in his own snare, the unlucky diplomatist was in agony; he fidgeted to get away, his countenance expressed grievous uneasiness, his lean legs were convulsively agitated. But in vain did he endeavor to abridge his torments, the remorseless Balthasar relinquished not his prey.

Sigismund, promoted to be steward of the household, announced dinner. The ambassador and his lady had been invited to dine, as well as all the courtiers. The aide-de-camp was placed next to the Baroness, the Baron at the other end of the table. The torture was prolonged. Florival continued to whisper soft nonsense to the fair and well-pleased Pippinstir. The diplomatist could not eat.

There was another person present whom Florival's flirtation annoyed, and that person was Delia, Countess of Rosenthal. After dinner, Balthasar, whom nothing escaped, took her aside.

"You know very well," said the minister, "that he is only acting a part in the comedy. Should you feel hurt if he declared his love upon the stage, to one of your comrades? Here it is the same thing; all this is but a

play; when the curtain falls, he will return to you."

A courier announced that the Prince of Hanau and his sister were within a league of Karlstadt. The Grand Duke, attended by Count Reinsberg and some officers, went to meet them. It was dark when the illustrious guests reached the palace; they passed through the great saloon, where the whole court was assembled to receive them, and retired at once to their apartments.

"The game is fairly begun," said the Grand Duke to his prime minister; "and now, may Heaven help us!"

"Fear nothing," replied Balthasar. "The glimpse I caught of Prince Maximilian's physiognomy satisfied me that everything will pass off perfectly well, and without exciting the least suspicion. As to Baron Pippinstir, he is already blind with jealousy, and Florival will give him so much to do, that he will have no time to attend to his master's business. Things look well."

Next morning, the Prince and Princess of Hanau were welcomed, on awakening, by a serenade from the regimental band. The weather was beautiful; the Grand Duke proposed an excursion out of town; he was glad of an opportunity to show his guests the best features of his duchy—a delightful country, and many picturesque points of view, much prized and sketched by German landscape painters. The proposal agreed to, the party set out, in carriages and on horseback, for the old Castle of Rauberzell—magnificent ruins, dating from the middle ages, and famous far and wide. At a short distance from the castle, which lifted its gray turrets upon the summit of a wooded hill, the Princess Wilhelmina expressed a wish to walk the remainder of the way. Every body followed her example. The Grand Duke offered her his arm; the Prince gave his to the Countess Delia von Rosenthal; and, at a sign from Balthasar, Baroness Pastorale von Schicklick took possession of Baron Pippinstir; whilst the smiling Baroness accepted Florival's escort. The young people walked at a brisk pace. The unfortunate Baron would gladly have availed of his long legs to keep up with his coquetish wife; but the duenna, portly and ponderous, hung upon his arm, checked his ardor, and detained him in the rear. Respect for the mistress of the robes forbade rebellion or complaint.

Amidst the ruins of the venerable castle, the distinguished party found a table spread with an elegant collation. It was an agreeable surprise, and the Grand Duke had all

the credit of an idea suggested to him by his prime minister.

The whole day was passed in rambling through the beautiful forest of Rauberzell. The Princess was charming; nothing could exceed the high breeding of the courtiers, or the fascination and elegance of the ladies; and Prince Maximilian warmly congratulated the Grand Duke on having a court composed of such agreeable and accomplished persons. Baroness Pippinstir declared, in a moment of enthusiasm, that the court of Saxe Tolpethausen was not to compare with that of Niesensteine. She could hardly have said anything more completely at variance with the object of her husband's mission. The Baron was near fainting.

Like not a few of her countrywomen, the Princess Wilhelmina had a strong predilection for Parisian fashions. She admired everything that came from France; she spoke French perfectly, and greatly approved the Grand Duke's decree, forbidding any other language to be spoken at his court. Moreover, there was nothing extraordinary in such a regulation; French is the language of all the northern courts. But she was greatly tickled at the notion of a fine being inflicted for a single German word. She amused herself by trying to catch some of the Grand Duke's courtiers transgressing in this respect. Her labor was completely lost.

That evening, at the palace, when conversation began to languish, the Chevalier Arpeggio sat down to the piano, and the Countess Delia von Rosenthal sang an air out of the last new opera. The guests were enchanted with her performance. Prince Maximilian had been extremely attentive to the Countess during their excursion; the young actress's grace and beauty had captivated him, and the charm of her voice completed his subjugation. Passionately fond of music, every note she sang went to his very heart. When she had finished one song, he petitioned for another. The amiable prima dona sang a duet with the aide-de-camp, Florival von Reinsberg, and then, being further entreated, a trio, in which Similor—master of the horse, barytone, and Baron von Kockemburg—took a part.

Here, our actors were at home, and their success was complete. Deviating from his usual reserve, Prince Maximilian did not disguise his delight; and the imprudent little Baroness Pippinstir declared that, with such a beautiful tenor voice, an aide-de-camp might aspire to anything. A comet, on a wet day, is a cheerful sight, compared to the

Baron's countenance when he heard these words.

Upon the morrow, a hunting party was the order of the day. In the evening there was a dance. It had been proposed, to invite the principal families of the metropolis of Niesensteine, but the Prince and Princess begged that the circle might not be increased.

"We are four ladies," said the Princess, glancing at the prima donna, the singing chambermaid, and the walking lady; "it is enough for a quadrille."

There was no lack of gentlemen. There was the Grand Duke, the aide-de-camp, the grand chamberlain, the master of the horse, the gentleman-in-waiting, and Prince Maximilian's aide-de-camp, Count Darius von Sturmhaube, who appeared greatly smitten by the charms of the widowed Baroness Allenzau.

"I am sorry my court is not more numerous," said the grand Duke, "but, within the last three days, I have been compelled to diminish it by one-half."

"How so?" inquired Prince Maximilian.

"A dozen courtiers," replied the Grand Duke Leopold, "whom I had loaded with favors, dared conspire against me, in favor of a certain cousin of mine at Vienna. I discovered the plot, and the plotters are now in the dungeons of my good fortress of Zwingenburg."

"Well done!" cried the Prince; "I like such energy and vigor. And to think that the people taxed you with weakness of character! How we princes are deceived and calumniated."

The Grand Duke cast a grateful glance at Bathasar. That able minister, by this time, felt himself as much at his ease in his new office, as if he had held it all his life; he even began to suspect that the government of a grand duchy is a much easier matter than the management of a company of actors. Incessantly engrossed by his master's interests, he manœuvred to bring about the marriage which was to give the Grand Duke happiness, wealth, and safety; but, notwithstanding his skill, notwithstanding the torments with which he had filled the jealous soul of Pippinstir, the ambassador devoted the scanty moments of repose his wife left him, to furthering the object of his mission. The alliance with the Saxe-Tolpethausen was pleasing to Prince Maximilian; it offered him various advantages; the extinction of an old law suit between the two states, the cession of a large extent of territory, and, finally, the commercial treaty which the perfidious

Baron had brought to the court of Niesensteine, with a view of concluding it in favor of the principality of Hanau. Invested with unlimited powers, the diplomat was ready to insert in the contract, almost any conditions Prince Maximilian chose to dictate to him.

It is necessary here to remark, that the Elector of Saxe-Tolpethausen was desperately in love with the Princess Wilhelmina.

It was evident that the Baron would carry the day, if the prime minister did not hit upon some scheme to destroy his credit, or force him to retreat. Bathasar, fertile in expedients, was teaching Florival his part in the palace garden, when Prince Maximilian met him, and requested a moment's private conversation.

"I am at your Highness's orders," respectfully replied the minister.

"I will go straight to the point, Count Lipandor," the Prince began. "I married my late wife, a princess of Hesse Darmstadt, from political motives. She has left me three sons. I now intend to marry again; but this time, I need not sacrifice myself to state considerations, and I am determined to consult my heart alone."

"If your Highness does me the honor to consult me, I have merely to say that you are perfectly justified in acting as you propose. After once sacrificing himself to his people's happiness, a prince has surely a right to think a little of his own."

"Exactly my opinion! Count, I will tell you a secret. I am in love with Miss von Rosenthal."

"Miss Delia?"

"Yes, sir; with Miss Delia, Countess of Rosenthal; and, what is more, I will tell you, that *I know every thing*."

"What may it be that your Highness knows?"

"I know who she is."

"Ha!"

"It was a great secret!"

"And how came your highness to discover it?"

"The Grand Duke revealed it to me."

"I might have guessed as much!"

"He alone could do so, and I rejoice that I addressed myself directly to him. At first, when I questioned him concerning the young Countess's family, he ill concealed his embarrassment; her position struck me as strange; young, beautiful, and alone in the world, without relatives or guardians—all that seemed to me singular, if not suspicious. I trembled, as the possibility of an intrigue flashed upon me; but the Grand Duke, to

dissipate my unfounded suspicion, told me all."

"And what is your Highness's decision? . . . After such a revelation ——"

"It in no way changes my intentions. I shall marry the lady."

"Marry her? . . . But no; your Highness jests."

"Count Lipendorf, I never jest. What is there, then, so strange in my determination? The Grand Duke's father was romantic, and of a roving disposition; in the course of his life, he contracted several left-handed alliances—Miss von Rosenthal is the issue of one of those unions. I care not for the illegitimacy of her birth; she is of noble blood, of a princely race—that is all I require."

"Yes," replied Balthasar, who had concealed his surprise and kept his countenance, as became an experienced statesman, and a consummate comedian. "Yes, I now understand; and I think as you do: Your Highness has the talent of bringing everybody over to your way of thinking."

"The greatest piece of good fortune," continued the Prince, "is that the mother remained unknown; she is dead, and there is no trace of family on that side."

"As your highness says, it is very fortunate. And, doubtless, the Grand Duke is informed of your august intentions with respect to the proposed marriage?"

"No; I have, as yet, said nothing either to him or to the Countess. I reckon upon you, my dear Count, to make my offer, to whose acceptance I trust there will not be the slightest obstacle. I give you the rest of the day to arrange everything. I will write to Miss von Rosenthal; I hope to receive from her own lips the assurance of my happiness, and I will beg her to bring me her answer herself, this evening, in the summer-house, in the park. Lover-like, you see—a rendezvous, a mysterious interview! But come, Count Lipendorf, lose no time; a double tie shall bind me to your sovereign. We will sign, at one and the same time, my marriage contract and his. On that condition alone will I grant him my sister's hand; otherwise, I treat, this very evening, with the envoy from Saxe-Tolpelhausen."

A quarter of an hour after Prince Maximilian had made his overture, Balthasar and Delia were closeted with the Grand Duke.

What was to be done? The Prince of Hanau was noted for his obstinacy. He would have excellent reasons to oppose to all objections. To confess the deception that had been practised upon him was equivalent

to a total and eternal rupture. But, upon the other hand, to leave him in his error, to suffer him to marry an actress! it was a serious matter. If ever he discovered the truth, it would be enough to raise the entire German Confederation against the Grand Duke of Niesensteine.

"What is my prime minister's opinion?" asked the Grand Duke.

"A prompt retreat. Delia must instantly quit the town; we will devise an explanation of her sudden departure."

"Yes; and this evening Prince Maximilian will sign his sister's marriage contract with the Elector of Saxe-Tolpelhausen. My opinion is, that we have advanced too far to retreat. If the prince ever discovers the truth, he will be the person most interested to conceal it. Besides, Miss Delia is an orphan—she has neither parents nor family. I adopt her—I acknowledge her as my sister."

"Your Highness's goodness and condescension—" lisped the pretty prima donna.

"You agree with me, do you not, Miss Delia?" continued the Grand Duke. "You are resolved to seize the good fortune thus offered, and to risk the consequences?"

"Yes, your Highness."

The ladies will make allowance for Delia's faithlessness to Florival. How few female heads would not be turned by the prospect of wearing a crown! The heart's voice is sometimes mute in presence of such brilliant temptations. Besides, was not Florival faithless? Who could say whether he might be led in the course of the tender scenes he acted with the Baroness Pippinstir? Prince Maximilian was neither young nor handsome, but he offered a throne. Not only an actress, but many an high-born dame, might possibly, in such circumstances, forget her love, and think only of her ambition.

To her credit be it said, Delia did not yield without some reluctance to the Grand Duke's arguments, which Balthasar backed with all his eloquence; but she ended by agreeing to the interview with Prince Maximilian.

"I accept," she resolutely exclaimed; "I shall be Sovereign Princess of Hanau."

"And I," said the Grand Duke, "shall marry Princess Wilhelmina, and this very evening, poor Pippinstir, disconcerted, and defeated, will go back to Saxe-Tolpelhausen."

"He would have done that in any case," said Balthasar; "for, this evening, Florival was to have run away with his wife."

"That is carrying things rather far," Delia remarked.

"Such a scandal is unnecessary," added the Grand Duke.

Whilst awaiting the hour of her rendezvous with the prince, Delia, pensive and agitated, was walking in the park, when she came suddenly upon Florival, who seemed as much discomposed as herself. In spite of her newly-born ideas of grandeur, she felt a pain at her heart. With a forced smile, and in a tone of reproach and irony, she greeted her former lover.

"A pleasant journey to you, Colonel Forival," she said.

"I may wish you the same," replied Florival; "for, doubtless, you will soon set out for the principality of Hanau!"

"Before long, no doubt."

"You admit it, then?"

"Where is the harm? The wife must follow her husband—a princess must reign in her dominions."

"Princess! What do you mean? Wife! In what ridiculous promises have they induced you to confide?"

Florival's offensive doubts were dissipated by the formal explanation which Delia took malicious pleasure in giving him. A touching scene ensued; the lovers, who had both gone astray for a moment, felt their former flame burn all the more ardently for its partial and temporary extinction. Pardon was mutually asked and granted, and ambitious dreams fled before a burst of affection.

"You shall see whether I love you or not," said Florival to Delia. "Yonder comes Baron Pippinair; I will take him into the summer-house; a closet is there, where you can hide yourself to hear what passes, and then you shall decide my fate."

Delia went into the summer-house, and hid herself in the closet. There she overheard the following conversation:

"What have you to say to me, Colonel?" asked the Baron.

"I wish to speak to your Excellency of an affair that deeply concerns you."

"I am all attention; but I beg you to be brief; I am expected elsewhere."

"So am I."

"I must go to the prime minister, to return him this draught of a commercial treaty, which I cannot accept."

"And I must go to the rendezvous given me in this letter."

"The Baroness's writing?"

"Yes, Baron. Your wife has done me the honor to write to me. We set out together to-night; the Baroness is waiting for me in a post-chaise."

"And it is to me you dare acknowledge this abominable project?"

"I am less generous than you think. You cannot but be aware that, owing to an irregularity in your marriage contract, nothing would be easier than to get it annulled. This we will have done; we then obtain a divorce, and I marry the Baroness. You will, of course, have to hand me over her dowry—a million of florins—composing, if I do not mistake, your entire fortune."

The Baron, more dead than alive, sank into an arm chair. He was struck speechless.

"We might, perhaps, make some arrangement, Baron," continued Florival. "I am not particularly bent upon becoming your wife's second husband."

"Ah, sir!" cried the ambassador, "you restore me to life!"

"Yes, but I will not restore you the Baroness, except on certain conditions."

"Speak! What do you demand?"

"First, that treaty of commerce, which you must sign just as Count Lipendorf has drawn it up."

"I consent to do so."

"That is not all; you shall take my place at the rendezvous, get into the post-chaise, and run away with your wife; but, first, you must sit down at this table, and write a letter, in due diplomatic form, to Prince Maximilian, informing him that, finding it impossible to accept his stipulations, you are compelled to decline, in your sovereign's name, the honor of his august alliance."

"But, Colonel, remember that my instructions ——"

"Very well, fulfil them exactly; be a dutiful ambassador, and a miserable husband, ruined, without wife and without dowry. You will never have such another chance, Baron! A pretty wife, and a million of florins, do not fall to a man's lot twice in his life. But I must take my leave of you. I am keeping the Baroness waiting."

"I will go to her. . . . Give me paper, a pen, and be so good as to dictate. I am so agitated ——"

The Baron really was in a dreadful fluster. The letter written, and the treaty signed, Florival told his Excellency where he would find the post-chaise.

"One thing more you must promise me," said the young man, "and that is, that you will behave like a gentleman to your wife, and not scold her over-much. Remember the flaw in the contract. She may find somebody else in whose favor to cancel the

document. Suitors will not be wanting."

"What need of a promise?" replied the poor Baron. "You know very well that my wife does what she likes with me? I shall have to explain my conduct, and ask her pardon."

Pippinstir departed. Delia left her hiding-place, and held out her hand to Florival.

"You have behaved well," she said.

"That is more than the Baroness will say."

"She deserves the lesson. It is your turn to go into the closet and listen; the Prince will be here directly."

"I hear his footsteps." And Florival was quickly concealed.

"Charming Countess!" said the prince on entering, "I come to know my fate."

"What does your Highness mean?" said Delia, pretending not to understand him.

"How can you ask? Has not the Grand Duke spoken to you?"

"No, your Highness."

"Nor the prime minister?"

"Not a word. When I received your letter, I was on the point of asking you for a private interview. I have a favor—a service—to implore of your Highness."

"It is granted before it is asked. I place my whole influence and power at your feet, charming Countess!"

"A thousand thanks, illustrious prince. You have already shown me so much kindness, that I venture to ask you to make a communication to my brother, the Grand Duke, which I dare not make myself. I want you to inform him that I have been for three months privately married to Count Reinsberg."

"Good heavens!" cried Maximilian, falling into the arm-chair in which Pippinstir had recently reclined. On recovering from the shock, the prince rose again to his feet.

"'Tis well, madam," he said, in a faint voice. "'Tis well!"

And he left the summerhouse.

After reading Baron Pippinstir's letter, Prince Maximilian fell a-thinking. It was not the Grand Duke's fault if the Countess of Rosenthal did not ascend the throne of Hanau. There was an insurmountable obstacle. Then the precipitate departure of the ambassador of Saxe-Tolpelhausen was an affront which demanded instant vengeance. And the Grand Duke Leopold was a most estimable sovereign, skilful, energetic, and blessed with wise councillors; the Princess Wilhelmina liked him, and thought nothing could compare, for pleasantness, with his lively court, where all the men were amiable, and all the women charming. These various motives duly weighed, the Prince made up his mind, and next day was signed the marriage-contract of the Grand Duke of Niesensteine and the Princess Wilhelmina of Hanau.

Three days later the marriage itself was celebrated.

The play was played out.

The actors had performed their parts with wit, intelligence, and a noble disinterestedness. They took their leave of the Grand Duke, leaving him with a rich and pretty wife, a powerful brother-in-law, a serviceable alliance, and a commercial treaty which could not fail to replenish his treasury.

Embassies, special missions, banishment, were alleged to the Grand Duchess as the causes of their departure. Then an amnesty was published on the occasion of the marriage; the gates of the fortress of Zwingenberg opened, and the former courtiers resumed their respective posts.

The reviving fortunes of the Grand Duke were a sure guarantee of their fidelity.

From the New Quarterly Review.

MOORE'S OPINIONS OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.*

In Boswell's "Life of Johnson," the most unpopular personage with the reader is undoubtedly the author of the book. In Moore's journal Moore himself threatens to become, at the end of, say the fortieth volume, a confirmed bore. It already requires a constant struggle to keep up a sentiment of respect for a man who is unceasingly obtruding upon us his little weaknesses. When the poet repeats to us every compliment that was ever paid to him by a person of quality †; chronicles every night the plaudits that attended upon his songs; openly rejoices in an affectionate phrase in a dedication from Lord John—not because it was the warm expression of a man worthy of his friendship, but because it was "from a Russell ‡";—indignantly denounces an unlucky person who had dared to open his mouth when Moore was singing; records how constantly he was so "locked, barred, and bolted" by dinner engagements that he had not a day to give to a duchess; and when all this is told, retold, repeated, and re-repeated, we confess that, *de cœurs repetita*, it does not please. We become conscious of a chronic state of vexation that very great a poet will take such enormous pains to work into us the conviction that he was a very little man. We could readily forgive him *the fact* of having had his head turned by the praises of all the fine folks whom he amused, but we cannot so well get over the entire absence of moral dignity betrayed by his writing it all down for the benefit of posterity.

* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Honorable Lord John Russell, M.P. Vols. 3 and 4.

† Here is one example from a thousand—"Lady H. read me a letter from Lord William Russell at Spa, in which he mentions that the Grand Duchess of Russia is there, and that she always carries about with her two copies of 'Lalla Rookh,' most splendidly bound, and studded with precious stones, one of which he had seen."

‡ "Found a copy of Lord John's book, just arrived by the ambassador's courier from Longman's. He calls himself in the dedication 'my attached friend.' This tribute from a Russell gives me great pleasure." Vol. 3. p. 173.

The great charm of the volumes is the enormous quantity of table-talk they contain.

Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice. She said once, "Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi; c'est la mienne."

The same lady, speaking of a dear friend who had red hair, "and all its attendant ill consequences," and of whom some one said she was very virtuous, remarked, "Oui, elle est comme Samson; elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveaux."

Sheridan used to tell a story of one of his constituents saying to him, "Oh sir! things cannot go on in this way; there must be a reform in Parliament; we poor electors are not properly paid at all."

Lord John mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following, "That generally towards the age of forty women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

Bonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers who was proposing to him a plan for remodelling the Institute, "Laissons au moins la République des lettres."

Voltaire, listening to an author who was reading to him his comedy, and said, "Ici le chevalier rit," exclaimed, "Il est bien heureux!"

We have a little string of beads, gathered one by one, by Moore from a note book of the historic Duke of Buckingham.

"I can as little live upon past kindness as the air can be warmed with the sunbeams of yesterday." "A woman whose mouth is like an old comb with a few broken teeth and a great deal of hair and dust about it." "Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious as shewing that a mine is near." "That man has not only a long face, but a tedious one." "One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made." "Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them." "A sort of anti-black-amoor, every part of her white but her

teeth." "A woman whose face was created without the preamble of 'Let there be light'?" "How few, like Danaë, have God and gold together?"

Moore laments "that Lord John shewed to so little advantage in society from his extreme taciturnity, and, still more, from his apparent coldness and indifference to what is said by others;" and adds, "Several to whom he was introduced had been much disappointed in consequence of this manner. I can easily imagine that to Frenchmen such reserve and silence must appear something quite out of the course of nature." But a great many of the best anecdotes are nevertheless attributed to Lord John. Thus—

Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remarkable for the sententious) and speech-like pomposity of his conversations that, in giving his opinion one day of Lord —, he said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character. So remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible that he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were most damnable worth his while."

Again—

Lord John told us of a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him, and at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, "You really are too bad. I cannot bear to listen to such things. I will not stay in the same coach with you," and accordingly got down and left him. Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat." Nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

Here are two more stories of Sheridan—

Sheridan told me that his father being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy, to which the old lady answered that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not for two." He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said, "Certainly, Latin, Greek, and Algebra." "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebraians, to be sure," said Sheridan.

Met Kenny with Miss Holcroft, one of his *examens domis*, a fine girl. By-the-bye, he told me yesterday evening (having joined in our walk) that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near 500*l.*, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating Sheridan about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of 25*l.* to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do: I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c. &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one, whereas I only ask you for five and twenty pounds."

Sidney Smith and Luttrell compared—Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto, but this day he conquered me, and I now am his victim in the laughing way for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull he throws in some touch which makes it rebound and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by the contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith, that after the former you remember what good things he said, and after the latter you merely remember how much you laughed.

Music and Painting—Sharpe mentioned a curious instance of Walter Scott's indifference to pictures, when he met him at the Louvre, not willing to spare two or three minutes for a walk to the bottom of the gallery, when it was the first and the last opportunity he was likely to have of seeing the "Transfiguration," &c. &c. In speaking of music, and the difference there is between the poetical and musical ear, Wordsworth said that he was totally devoid of the latter, and for a long time could not distinguish one tune from another. Rogers thus described Lord Holland's feelings for the arts, "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

We continue our gleanings.

Coleridge—A poor author, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellarage, £3 10*s. 6d.*" He thought it was a charge for the trouble of selling the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but, on inquiry, found it was for the cellar-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence.

Sidney Smith—"I shall see Allen," says Smith,

"some day with his tongue hanging out speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him."

Mirabeau—Once, when Mirabeau was answering a speech of Maury, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, "Je m'en vais renfermer, M. Maury, dans un cercle vicieux." Upon which Maury started up, and exclaimed, "Comment! vous tu m'embrasser?"

Jekyll—In talking of cheap living he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, "for on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more until Sunday again."

Rogers, on somebody remarking that Payne Knight had got very deaf, said, "Tis from want of practice. Knight was always a very bad listener."

Scroope Davies called some person who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke and was not remarkable for veracity, "The *Aolian* lyre."

Tall-yrand—Bobus Smith, one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, Talleyrand said, "C'était donc votre pere qui n'était pas bien."

The Prince de Poix was stopped by a sentry, and announced his name. "Prince de Poix?" answered the sentry, "quand vous seriez le Roi des Haricots vous ne passeriez pas par ici."

An old acquaintance—"Is your master at home?"—"No, Sir, he's out." "Your mistress?"—"No, Sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come."—"Faith, Sir, that's out too."

Another—A fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning—"Ogh! a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

George the Fourth gave a drawing-room.—Rogers said that he was in himself a sequence—King, queen, and knave.

When E. Nagles came to George the Fourth with the news of Bonaparte's death, he said, "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is she, by Gad?" said the King.

Cure for love—Mrs. Dowdell's husband used to be a great favorite with the Pope, who always called him "Caro Doodle." His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odescalchi, but he jilted her; and she had six masses said to enable her soul to get over its love for him.

Talleyrand—One day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late because he had met with a "Pekin" who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. "Nous appellen Pekin," says Davoust, "tout ce qui n'est pas militaire." "Oh, oui c'est comme chez nous," replied Talleyrand, "nous appellen militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil."

Adam Smith and Johnson—This account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson is

given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw," said Smith, "this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was a son of a b—h." Good, this, between two sages.

Sheridan (when there was some proposal to lay a tax upon milestones)—"It is an unconstitutional tax, as they are a race that cannot meet to remonstrate."

Denon told an anecdote of a man who, having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removed the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day?" "Most willingly." "Name your day, then." "Aujourd'hui, par exemple," answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner.

Fielding told us that when Gouvin St. Cyr, in the beginning of the Revolution happened to go to some bureau (for a passport, I believe) and gave his name Monsieur de St. Cyr, the clerk answered, "Il n'y a pas de De. Eh bien! M. Saint Cyr. Il n'y a pas de Saint. Diable! M. Cyr, done. Il n'y a pas de Sire: nous avons decapite le tyran."

Cope mentioned a good specimen of English-French, and the astonishment of the French people who heard it, not conceiving what it could mean—"Si je fais, je fais; mais si je fais, je suis un Hollandais." "If I do, I do; but if I do, I'm a Dutchman."

Scott says, "Lord Byron is getting fond of money. He keeps a box, into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight (Scott tells me) is to open his box and contemplate his store."

Scott showed me a woman whom Bonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians, not agreeing with him, call her "La Bella per Decreto," adding (as all the decrees begin with Considerando), "Ma senza il considerando."

Ghosts—Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least: while they were once drinking together, a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them, whom neither knew any thing about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said that the only two men who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fire-place, and apprached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forwards to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place.

It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honors and prosperity to him before whom it appeared ; but Lord Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story

to Sir Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, and as if believing in it implicitly.

These two volumes are a complete mine of table talk. There is abundance of the same ore in the place whence we brought these specimens.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "UNHOLY WISH."

I.

It was early on a summer's morning, many years ago, that a party of five or six persons, most of whom were in the bloom of youth, stood on the shores of the Adriatic Gulf, about to embark in a four-oared gondola, which was moored to its banks. Gondoliers—boatmen, as we should call them—bustled around. Some inspected the oars, some were getting the gondola in rowing order, some were standing guard over the provisions and other articles about to be stowed away in it ; and one, whose countenance wore a peculiar expression, chiefly because it possessed but one eye, stood close to the principal group, waiting for orders.

It may be well to notice this group before proceeding further. Foremost and most conspicuous of it, was a man of distinguished appearance, and noble, intelligent features. He looked about thirty years of age, but he may have been a year or two older, or younger. His personal characteristics need not be more particularly described, since his fame has caused them to be familiar to most classes. It was Lord Byron.

A little away from him stood an Italian woman, young, and passably lovely. Her

features were not classically beautiful, but the dancing blue eyes that lighted them up, and the profusion of fair ringlets that adorned them, rendered the face more than pleasing. There is no necessity for mentioning her name here : it has been coupled with Lord Byron's too long, and too publicly, for any familiar with the records of his life to be at a loss to supply the deficiency. To call her Madame la Contessa, will be sufficient for us. Her brother, the Count G., was standing near her : but where was the old lord, her husband ? Never you inquire where a lady's liege lord may be, when referring to Italy ; be very sure that it is anywhere but by the side of his wife. Two more gentlemen completed the assemblage : one was the Marquis P. ; the other a Frenchman, Monsieur H. ; passing acquaintances of Lord Byron.

They had been staying for a few days at one of the inhabited islands of the Adriatic. It had been a suddenly-got-up little party of pleasure, having started one fine morning from Ravenna, in the gondola, and had proceeded by easy sails, now touching at one point, now at another, to the place where they were for the moment located. Their object this morning was to gain one of the uninhabited isles, spend the day on it, and return back in the evening. Some of these little solitary islands were luxuriant and beautiful, well worth the trouble of a visit, when within reach.

The gondoliers, the same who had accompanied them from Ravenna, continued their preparations for departure, but so dreamily and lazily, that only to look on would put a Thames waterman into a fever. Lord Byron was accustomed to Italian idleness and Ital-

* It is believed by the author of these pages, that the incident they relate is scarcely, if at all, known in England. Yet this little episode in the career of Lord Byron is surely worthy of being recorded in the poet's own land, and in his native tongue. It is pretty generally known abroad, not only in Italy : the author has heard it spoken of more than once, and has also met with it, minutely detailed, in a French work. It occurred during the poet's last sojourn abroad.

ian manners; nevertheless he would sometimes get impatient—as on this morning. He leaped into the gondola.

“Do you think we shall get away to-day if you go an at this pace?” he cried, in Italian. “And who is going to be subjected to the sun’s force through your laziness?”

“The sun’s force is not on yet, signor,” on of the men ventured to remonstrate.

“But it will be soon,” was the answer of his lordship, with an Italian expletive which need not be translated here. “Cyclops, hand in that fowling-piece: give it me. Mind the lines—don’t you see you are getting them entangled? Madame la Contessa, what has become of your sketch-book?”

She looked at him with her gay blue eyes, and pointed to the book in question, which he held in his hand. He laughed at his mistake, as he threw it down beside him in the boat.

“You are forgetful this morning,” she observed.

“My thoughts are elsewhere,” was his reply; “they often are. And more so to-day than ordinary, for I have had news from England.”

“Received news to-day!—here?” was the exclamation.

“Yes. I left orders at Ravenna that if any thing came it should be sent on here.”

At length the party embarked. Count G. took his place at the helm, and the four others arranged themselves, two on either side.

“Which isle is it the pleasure of the signor that we make for?” inquired one of the gondoliers, with a glance at Lord Byron.

He was buried in abstraction, and did not answer, but the Frenchman spoke.

“Could we not push on to Cherso?”

“Cherso!” reiterated the count, opening his eyes to their utmost width. “Much you know, my dear friend of the localities of these islands. It would take us twelve months, about, to get to Cherso in this gondola.”

“They were telling us about the different merits of these isles last night. What do you say, mi-lord?”

“I care nothing about it; only settle it between yourselves,” was Lord Byron’s listless reply.

“Dio! but you are polite, all of you!” uttered the marquis. “La Contessa present, and you would decide without consulting her!”

“If you ask me,” rejoined the lady, “I should say the wiser plan would be to leave

it to the men. They are much better acquainted with the isles than we are.”

The men laid on their oars, and looked up.

“Where are we to steer to?”

“To whichever of the islands within reach you think best,” replied Lord Byron; and their oars again struck the water.

“You say you have had news from England,” observed Count G. to Lord Byron.

“Good, I hope.”

“Nothing but newspapers and reviews.”

“No letters?”

“None. Those I left in England are strangely neglectful of me. Forgotten that I am alive perhaps. Well—why should they remember it?”

“The letters may have miscarried, or been detained.”

“May! Out of sight, out of mind, G. Yet there are some one or two from whom I was fool enough to expect different conduct.”

“What do the newspapers say?” inquired the signora.

“I have scarcely looked at them. There’s the avarage dose of parliamentary news, I suppose; a *quantum suf.* of police —”

“No, no,” she interrupted, “you know what I mean. What do they say about you—the reviews?”

“Complimentary, as usual,” was the poet’s reply. “I wonder,” he continued, with a smile, half of sadness, half of mockery, “whether my enemies will ever be convinced that I am not quite a wild beast.”

“You are bitter,” exclaimed the countess.

“Nay,” he returned, “I leave bitterness to them. It is the epithet one of them honors me with, ‘caged hyena.’ Were it not for a mixture of other feelings, that combine to keep me away, I would pay old England a speedy visit, and convince them that a wild beast may bite, if his puny tormentors go too far. By Heaven! I feel at times half resolved to go!”

“Would you take such a step lightly?” inquired the countess.

“England and some of her children have too deeply outraged my feelings for me lightly to return to them,” he replied.

“How is it that they abuse you? How is it that they suffer you, who ought to be England’s proudest boast, to remain in exile?”

“Remain in exile!” was his ejaculation: “they drove me into it.”

“I have often thought,” was her next remark, “that they could not know you, as you really are.”

“None have known me,” was his answer.

"It is the fate of some natures never to be understood. I never have been, and never shall be."

Lord Byron could not have uttered a truer word. Some natures never are and never can be understood. The deeply imaginative, the highly sensitive, the intellect of dreamy power; a nature of which these combined elements form the principal parts, can never be comprehended by the generality of the world. It knows its own superiority; it stands isolated in its own conscious pride. It will hold companionship with others, apparently but as one of themselves, in carelessness, in sociality, in revelry: but a still small consciousness is never absent from it, whispering, even in its most unguarded moments, that for such a nature there NEVER can be companionship on earth: never can it be understood, in life, or after death. And of such a one was Lord Byron's.

The lady by his side in the boat that day, remarking that his own countrymen could not have understood him, perhaps thought that she did; in fact, the observation would seem to imply it. The noble poet could have told her that she knew no more of his inward nature, his proud sad heart, his shrinking sensitiveness, than did those whose delusion she deplored. Of such men—and God in his mercy to themselves has vouchsafed that they shall be rare—there are two aspects, two natures; one for themselves, the other for the world: and they know that in all the ways and realities of life, they are appearing, involuntarily, in a false character. You who are not of this few, who have been blessed with a mind fitted to play its practical part in the drama of life, will probably not understand this; neither can you understand the bitter feeling of isolation that forms part of such a nature at knowing it can never be understood, never be appreciated.

Madame la Contessa, in answer to Lord Byron's last remark, spoke out with all the heat and fervor of her native land. "I should burn with impatience, I should scarcely live for fever," were the passionate words, "until I had convinced them of their error, and shown them that you are one to be loved and prized, rather than hated and shunned."

A sad smile passed over the celebrated lips of Lord Byron. "It is not my fate," he said, in a tone that told of irony. "Love—as you call it—and I, were not destined by the stars to come into contact. Not one human being has ever looked upon me with an eye of love."

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She interrupted him with a deprecatory exclamation.

"Never," he persisted; and if she could have read the dark feeling of desolation that his own words awoke within him, she would have marvelled at his careless aspect, and the light Italian proverb that issued from his lips. "Bacio di bocca spesso cuor non tocca."

"But these wicked men in England who rail at, and traduce you," resumed the Countess, "why don't you throw it back on their own evil hearts? You have the power within you."

"I bide my time," was his answer. "If I live, they may yet repent of the wrong they have done me."

"But if you die," cried the Italian, in her passionate impatience—"if you die an early death?"

"Then God's will be done!" he answered, raising his straw hat, and leaning bareheaded over the side of the gondola, as he looked down at the water. They were much mistaken, those who accused Lord Byron, amongst other heinous faults, of possessing no sense of religion.

The gondoliers were applying themselves vigorously to their oars, and the party gave their minds up to the enjoyment of dreamy indolence, as they quickly glided over the calm waters of the Adriatic. At length they reached the island, one especially lauded by the men. The gondola was made fast to the shore, and Lord Byron, stepping out, gave his hand to the countess. It was indeed a lovely place. Scarcely half a mile in length, and uninhabited, the green grass was soft as velvet; tall bushes, and shrubs of verdure, were scattered there, affording a shade from the rays of the sun; beautiful flowers charmed the eye; various birds flew in the air; a small stream of water, abounding in fish, ran through the land, and all seemed loveliness and peace.

The gondoliers proceeded to unload the boat. Two good-sized hampers, one containing wine, the other provisions, lines for fishing, guns, a book or two, the contessa's sketch-book, crayons, &c., were severally landed. Added to which, there were some warmer wrappings for the lady, lest the night should come on before their return; and there was also a large cask of spring water, for although the island they landed on contained water, some of the neighboring ones did not, and when they started, the gondoliers did not know which they should

make for. The gondola was emptied of all, save its oars, and was left secured to the bank.

"And now for our programme," exclaimed Lord Byron. "What is to be the order of the day?"

"I shall have an hour's angling," observed Count G., beginning to set in order the fishing-tackle. "By the body of Bacchus, though! I have forgotten the bait."

"Just like you, G.!" laughed Lord Byron.

"There is some bait here," observed one of the gondoliers. "My lord had it brought down."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said the count to Lord Byron, joyfully taking up the bait. "I remember now where I left it."

"Ay, I have to think for all of you," was his observation. "Marquis, how do you mean to kill time?"

"In killing birds. H. and I propose to have a shot or two. Will you join us?"

"Not I," answered Lord Byron: "I have brought my English papers with me. You must lay the repast in the best spot you can find," he continued to the men. "We shall be ready for it soon, I suppose."

The party dispersed. Count G., with one of the gondoliers, to the stream; the marquis and the Frenchman to the remotest parts of the island, fully intending to kill all they came in sight of; the countess seated herself on a low bank, her sketch-book on her knee, and prepared her drawing materials; whilst the ill-starred English nobleman opened a review, and threw himself on the grass close by.

Do not cavil at the word "ill-starred:" for, ill-starred he eminently was, in all, save his genius. It is true that compensates for much, but in the social conditions of life, few have been so unhappy as was Lord Byron. It was a scene of warfare with himself or with others, from the cradle to the grave. As a child, he was not loved; for it is not the shy and the passionate who make themselves friends. His mother, so we may gather from the records left to us, was not a judicious trainer; now indulging him in a reprehensible degree; now thwarting him, and with fits of violence that terrified him. His greatest misfortune was his deformity, slight as it was, for it was ever present to his mind night and day, wounding his sensitiveness in the most tender point. An imaginative, intellectual nature, such as his, is always a vain one: not the vanity of a little mind, but that of one conscious of its superiority over the general multitude. None can have an

idea of the blight such a personal defect will throw over the mind of its sufferer, rendering the manners, in most cases, awkward and reserved. Before his boyhood was over, came his deep, enduring, unrequited love for Miss Chaworth—a love which, there is no doubt, colored the whole of his future existence, even to its last hour. A few years of triumph followed, when all bowed down to his surpassing genius: a triumph which, however gratifying it may have been to his vanity, touched not his heart; for that heart was prematurely seared, and the only one whose appreciation could have set it throbbing, and whose praise would have been listened for as the greatest bliss on earth, was, to him, worse than nothing. Then came his marriage, and that need not be commented on here: few unions have brought less happiness. His affairs also became embarrassed. None can read those lines touching upon this fact, without a painful throb of pity: and, be assured, that when he penned them, the greatest anguish was seated in his heart. I forget what poem the lines are in, neither can I remember them correctly, but they run something in this fashion—

And he, poor fellow, had enough to wound him.

It was a trying moment, that which found him Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Whilst all his household gods lay shiver'd round him.

They may be in "Childe Harold"—they may be in "Don Juan"—they may be in a poem to themselves: no matter: they refer to a very unhappy period of his chequered life. Abandoned by those he may have expected to cherish him; abused and railed at by the public, who took upon themselves to judge what they knew nothing of; stung to the quick by accusations, most of which were exaggerated, and some wholly false, he once more went into exile. A foreign land became his home, and there, far from all he cared for, he led a solitary and almost isolated existence. His life had but one hope that ever cheered it; but one event to look forward to, as a break to its monotonous outline, and that, was the arrival of letters and news from England. Lord Byron, above all others, required the excitement of fame to sustain him: his vanity was constitutionally great, and he had been brought, in many ways, before the public. Only this one break—and how poor it was!—to fill the void in his life and heart! He literally yearned for

England—he yearned to know what was said, what thought of him—he yearned for the hour that should set him right with his accusers. It has been said that he met abuse with contempt, scorn with indifference: yes, but only to the world.

That an hour would come when he should be compensated for his harsh treatment, when England would be convinced he was not the fiend she described him, Lord Byron never doubted. But those dreams were not to be realized. The unhappy nobleman lived on, in that foreign country, a stranger amongst strangers. There was nothing to bring him excitement, there was no companionship, no appreciation: it was enough to make him gnaw his heart, and die. He formed an acquaintance with one, whom the world was pleased to declare must have brought him all the consolation he required. They spoke of what they little understood. It may have served to while away a few of his weary hours, nothing more: all passion, all power to love, had passed away in that dream of his early life. A short period of this unsatisfactory existence, and the ill-fated poet went to Greece—to die. As he had lived, in exile from his own land, where he had so longed to be, so did he die. Could he have foreseen this early death, he probably would have gone home long before—or not have quitted it.

And there he reclined on the grass this day, in that uninhabited island, poring over the bitter attacks of the critics on his last work—drinking in the remarks some did not scruple to make upon himself personally, and upon the life he was leading. The lady there, busy over her sketching, addressed a remark to him from time to time, but found she could not get an answer.

At length they were called to dine. Ere they sat down, all articles, not wanted, were returned to the gondola. Guns, lines, books, newspapers—every thing was put in order, and placed in the boat, the sketch-book and pencils of the signora alone excepted.

"What sport have you had?" inquired Lord Byron, sauntering towards his shooting friends.

"Oh, passable—very passable."

"But where's the spoil?"

"Every thing's taken to the gondola," replied the marquis, speaking very rapidly.

"I saw, borne towards the gondola, a bag full of—emptiness," observed Count G. "I hope that was not the spoil you bagged."

"What fish have you caught?" retorted the marquis, who, being a wretched sports-

man, was keenly alive to all jokes upon the point.

"Not one," grumbled G. "I don't mind confessing it. I have not had a single bite. I shall try a different sort of bait next time: this is not good."

They sat down to table—if a cloth spread upon the grass could be called such. A party *carré* it might have been, for all the interest Lord Byron seemed to take in it. He often had these moody fits after receiving news from England. But, as the dinner progressed, and the generous wine began to circulate, he forgot his abstraction; his spirits rose to excitement, and he became the very life of the table.

"One toast!" he exclaimed, when the meal was nearly over—"one toast before we resign our places to the gondoliers!"

"Let each give his own," cried Count G., "and we will drink them together."

"Agreed," laughed the party. "Marquis, you begin."

"By the holy chair! I have nothing to give. Well: the game we did not bag to-day."

A roar of laughter followed. "Now H.?"

"France, la belle France, land of lands!" aspirated the Frenchman, casting the balls of his eyes up into the air, and leaving visible only the whites, as a patriotic Frenchman is apt to do, when going into raptures over his native country.

"Il diavolo," continued young G., in his turn.

"Order, order," cried Lord Byron.

"I will give it," growled G., who had not yet recovered his good humor. "I owe him something for my ill luck to-day. Il diavolo."

"And you?" said Lord Byron, turning to her who sat on his right hand.

"What! am I to be included in your toast-giving?" she laughed. "Better manners to you all, then."

"G., you deserved that. We wait for you, my lord."

"My insane traducers. May they find their senses at last." And Lord Byron drained his glass to the bottom.

The party rose, quitted the spot, and dispersed about the island. The gentlemen to smoke, and the lady to complete her sketch, which wanted filling in. The gondoliers took the vacated places, and made a hearty meal. They then cleared away the things, and placed them in the gondola, ready to return.

It may have been from one to two hours afterwards, that Lord Byron and the French-

man were standing by the side of the countess, who was dreamily enjoying the calmness of an Italian evening. They were inquiring whether she was ready for departure, for the time was drawing on, when Count G., her brother, appeared in the distance, running, shouting, and gesticulating violently, as he advanced towards them.

"Of all the events, great and small, that can happen on this blessed world of ours, what can have put an Italian into such a fever as that?" muttered Lord Byron. "What's up now?" he called out to G.

"The gondola! the gondola! he stuttered and panted; and so great was his excitement, that the countess, unable to comprehend his meaning, turned as white as death, and seized the arm of Lord Byron.

"Well, what of the gondola?" demanded the latter, petulantly. "You might speak plainly, I think; and not come terrifying the countess in this manner. Is it sunk, or blown up, or what?"

"It's worse," roared the count. "It has gone away—broken from its moorings. It is a league and a half distant by this time."

Lord Byron took in the full meaning of his words on the instant, and all that they could convey to the mind—the embarrassment of their position, its unpleasantness, and—ay—perhaps its peril. He threw the arm of the lady from him, with much less ceremony than he would have used in any calmer moment, and flew towards the shore, the Frenchman and the Italian tearing after him.

Oh yes, it was quite true. There was the gondola, nearly out of sight, drifting majestically over the Adriatic. It had broken its fastenings, and had gone away of its own accord, consulting nobody's convenience and pleasure but its own. The four gondoliers stood staring after it, in the very height of dismay. Lord Byron addressed them.

"Whose doing is this? he inquired. "Who pretended to fasten the gondola?"

A shower of exclamations, and gestures, and protestations interrupted him. Of course "nobody" had done it: nobody ever does do any thing. They had all fastened it; and fastened it securely; and the private opinion of some of them was given forth, that nobody had accomplished the mischief save, *il diavolo*.

"Just so," cried Lord Byron. "You invoked him, you know, G."

"It would be much better to consider what's to be done, than to talk nonsense,"

retorted the count, who was not of the sweetest temper.

And Lord Byron burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, not at him, but at beholding how the false teeth of the marquis chattered, when he now, for the first time, was made acquainted with the calamity.

"We shall never get away again! We shall be forced to stop on this dreadful island for ever—and with nothing to eat!" groaned the marquis. "Mi-lord, what is to be done?"

Lord Byron did not reply; but one accustomed to his countenance might have read the deepest perplexity there; for wild, undefined ideas of famine were flitting like shadows across his own brain.

Their position was undoubtedly perilous. Left on that uninhabited isle, without sustenance or means of escape, the only hope they could encourage was, that some vessel might pass and perceive them: perhaps a pleasure party, like their own, might be making for the islands. But this hope was a very forlorn one, for weeks might elapse ere that was the case. They had no covering, save what they had on; even the wrappings of the countess were in the unlucky gondola.

"Can you suggest no means of escape?" again implored the marquis of Lord Byron, to whom all the party, as with one accord, seemed to look for succor, as if conscious they were in the presence of a superior mind. They thought that if any could devise a way of escape, it must be he. But there they erred. They had yet to learn that for all the practical uses of every-day life, none are so entirely helpless as these minds of inward pride and power. There was probably not a single person then present, who could not, upon an emergency, have acted far more to the purpose than could Lord Byron.

"There's nothing to be suggested," interrupted one or two of the boatmen. "We cannot help ourselves: we have no means of help. We must watch for a sail, or an oar, passing, and if none see us, we must stay here and die."

Lord Byron turned to the men, and spoke in a low voice. "Do not be discouraged," he said: "if ever there was a time when your oft-quoted saying ought to be practically remembered, it is now. *Asutato, e Dio l'asutero.*"

The first suggestion was made by the marquis. He proposed that a raft should be constructed, sufficient to carry one person,

who might then go in search of assistance. This was very good in theory, but when they came to talk of practice, it was found that if there had been any wood on the island suitable for the purpose, which there was not, they had neither tools nor means to fashion it.

"At all events," resumed the marquis, "let us hoist a signal of distress, and then, if any vessel should pass, it will see us."

"It may, you mean," returned Lord Byron. "But what are we to do for a pole? Suppose, marquis, we tie a flag to you; you are the tallest."

"Where are you to find a flag?" added the count, in perplexity. "All our things have gone off in that cursed gondola."

"Dio mio!" uttered the half-crazed marquis.

"I once," said Lord Byron, musingly, "swam across the Hellespont. I might try my skill again now, and perhaps gain one of the neighboring isles."

And to what good if the signor did attempt it?" inquired one of the gondoliers, "since the immediate isles are, like this, uninhabited. That would not further our escape, or his."

"Can none of you fellows think of any thing?" asked the count, impatiently, of the gondoliers. "You should be amply rewarded."

"The signor need not speak of reward," answered Cyclops, the one-eyed boatman: and it may be stated that "Cyclops" was merely a name bestowed upon him by the public, suggested by his infirmity. "We are as anxious to escape as he is, for we have wives and families, who must starve, if we perish. Never let the signor talk about reward."

"The gondola must have been most carelessly fastened," growled the marquis.

"Had it sunk, instead of floated, we should have known it was caused by the weight of your birds," cried Lord Byron.

"There was not a single bird in it," rejoined the marquis, too much agitated, now, to care for his renown as a sportsman.

"Then what in the world did you do with them? There must be a whole battue of dead game down yonder."

"You are merry!" uttered the lady, reproachfully, to Lord Byron.

"What is the use of being sad, and showing it?" was his answer. "All the groans extant won't bring us aid."

The night was drawing on apace, and the question was raised, how were they to pass

it? The gentlemen, though a little extra clothing would have been acceptable, might have managed without any serious inconvenience; but there was the lady! They seated her as comfortably as circumstances permitted, under shelter of some bushes, with her head upon a low bank, and Lord Byron took off his coat, a light summer one, and wrapped her in it. She earnestly protested against this, arguing that all ought to fare alike, and that not one, even herself, should be aided at the inconvenience of another. And the last argument she brought in was, that he might catch his death of cold.

"And of what moment would that be?" was his reply. "I should leave nobody behind to mourn or miss me."

Few of them, probably, had ever spent such a night as that. Tormented by physical discomfort without, by anxious suspense within, for the greater portion of them there was no sleep. Morning dawned at last—such a dawn! It found them as the night had left them, foodless, shelterless, and with hope growing less and less. It was a mercy, they said amongst themselves, that there was water in the island. And so it was; for an unquenched thirst, under Italia's sun, is grievous to be borne.

It was in the afternoon of this day, that a loud, joyful cry from Cyclops caused every living soul to rush towards him, with eyes full of brightness, and hearts beating, for they surely thought that a sail was in sight. And there were no bounds to the anger and sarcasm showered upon poor Cyclops, when it was found that his cry of joy proceeded only from the stupid fact of his having found the water-cask.

"You are a fool, Cyclops," observed the Count G., in his own emphatic language.

"I supposed it had gone off in the gondola," apologised Cyclops. "I never thought of looking into this overshadowed little creek, and there it has been ever since yesterday."

"And what if it has?" screamed the Count. "Heaven and earth, man! are you losing your senses? We cannot eat that."

"And we can't get astride it and swim off to safety," added the marquis, fully joining in his friend's indignation. But the more practical Frenchman caught Cyclops' hand:

"My brave fellow!" he exclaimed, "I see the project. You think that by the help of this cask you may be enabled to bring us succor."

"I will try it," uttered the man; and the

others comprehended, with some difficulty, the idea that was agitating Cyclops' brain. He thought he could convert the cask into a "sort of boat," he explained.

"A sort of boat!" they echoed.

"And I will venture in it," continued the gondolier. "If I can get to one of the inhabited isles, our peril will be at an end."

"It may cost you your life, Cyclops," said Lord Byron.

"But it may save yours, signor, and that of all here. And for my own life, it is being risked by famine now."

"You are a noble fellow!" exclaimed Lord Byron. "If you can command the necessary courage—"

"I will command it, signor," interrupted the man. "Which of you fellows," he continued, turning to the gondoliers, "will help me to hoist this cask ashore?"

"Stay!" urged Lord Byron. "You will have need of all your energy and strength, Cyclops, if you start on this expedition; therefore husband them. You can direct, if you will, but let others work."

And Cyclops saw the good sense of the argument, and acquiesced.

There were two large clasp-knives among the four boatmen, and, by their help, a hole was cut in the cask, converting it into—well, it could not be called a boat, or a raft, or a tub—converting it into a something that floated on the deep. The strongest sticks that could be found, were cut as substitutes for a pair of oars; the frail vessel was launched, and the adventurous Cyclops hoisted himself into it.

They stood on the edge of the island, nobles and gondoliers, in agonizing dread, expecting to see the cask engulfed in the waters, and the man struggling with them for his life. But it appeared to move steadily onwards. It seemed almost impossible that so small and frail a thing could bear the weight of a man and live. But it did, and pursued its way on, on; far away on the calm blue sea. Perhaps, God was prospering it.

Suddenly, a groan, a scream, or something of both, broke from the lips of all. The strangely-constructed bark, which had now advanced as far as the eye could well follow it, appeared to capsize, after wavering and struggling with the water.

"It was our last chance for life," sobbed the countess, sinking on the bank in utter despair.

"I do not think it went down, signorina" observed one of the gondoliers, who was re-

markable for possessing a good eyesight. "The waves rose, and hid it from our view, but I do not believe it was capsized."

"I am sure it was," answered several despairing voices. "What does the English lord say?"

"I fear there is no hope," rejoined Lord Byron, sadly. "But my sight is none of the best, and scarcely carries me to so great a distance."

II.

THE small, luxuriant island lay calm and still in the bright moonlight. The gondoliers were stretched upon the shore sleeping, each with his face turned to the water, as if they had been looking for help, and had fallen asleep watching. Near to them lay the forms of three of their employers; and, pacing about, as if the mind's restlessness permitted not of the body's quietude, was Lord Byron; dreamily moving hither and thither, musing as he walked, his brow contracted, and his eye dark with care. Who can tell what were his thoughts—the thoughts of that isolated man? Stealthily he would pass the sleeping forms of his companions; not caring so much to disturb their rest, as that he might have no witnesses of his hour of solitude. Had they been sleepless watchers, the look of sadness would not have been suffered to appear on his brow. Not far off, reclined the countess, her head resting on the low bank. She had fallen asleep in that position, overcome with hunger and weariness, and her features looked cold and pale in the moonlight. Lord Byron halted as he neared her, and bent down his face till it almost touched hers, willing to ascertain if she really slept. Not a movement disturbed the tranquillity of the features, and, were it not for the soft breathing, he might have fancied that life had left her. There was no sound in the island to disturb her sleep; all around was still as death; when, suddenly, a sea-bird flew across over their heads, uttering its shrill scream. Her sleep at once became disturbed: she started, shivered, and finally awoke.

"What was that?" she exclaimed.

"Only a sea-bird," he replied. "I am sorry it disturbed you, for you were in a sound sleep."

"And in the midst of a delightful dream," she answered, "for I thought we were in safety. I dreamt we were all of us back again: not where we started from to come

here, but in your palace at Ravenna, and there seemed to be some cause for rejoicing, for we were in the height of merriment. And Cyclops was sitting with us ; *sitting with us*, as one of ourselves, and reading—don't laugh when you hear it—one of your great English newspapers."

He did not laugh. He was not in a laughing mood.

"Do you believe in dreams?" she continued. "Do you think this one is an omen of good, or ill? Will it come true, or not?"

He smiled now. "Those sort of dreams are no omens," he replied. "It was induced only by your waking thoughts. That which you had been ardently wishing for, was re-pictured in the dream."

"I have heard you say," she continued, "that what influences the mind in the day, influences the dreams in the night. Is it so?"

"When the subject is one that has continued and entire hold upon us, most probably a sad one; never absent from our heart, lying there and cankered it; never told to, and never suspected by others: then, our dreams are influenced by our waking thoughts."

"You discovered this, did you not, in early life?" she asked.

"Ay, ay!" he answered, turning from her sight, and dashing the hair from his troubled brow. Need it be questioned whose form rose before him, when it is known, though perhaps by few, for the fact was never mentioned by himself but once, that his dreams for years had been of Mary Ann Chaworth.

"Oh, but it will be horrible to die thus of famine!" she exclaimed, her thoughts reverting to all the frightful realities of their position.

"Do not despair yet," he replied. "While there is life, there is hope. That truth most indisputably applies to our position here, if it ever applied to any."

He resumed his restless pacing of the earth, leaving the countess to renew her slumbers, if she could. And she endeavored to do so, repeating to herself, by way of consolation, the saying which he had uttered, "L'ultima che si perde è la speranza."

The long night passed; the first hours of morning followed; and, still, the means of escape came not. They had been more than forty hours without food, and had begun to experience some of the horrible pangs of famine. The only one of all the party now asleep, was Lord Byron. He was worn out with fatigue and vain expectation. The re-

mainder of the unfortunate sufferers stood on the edge of the isle, straining their eyes over the waters, for the hundredth time.

Gradually, very gradually, a speck appeared on the verge of the horizon. It looked, at first, like a little cloud, so faint and small that it might be something, or it might be delusion. The gondolier, he with the quick sight, pointed it out. Then another gondolier discerned it, then the third, then Count G. Finally, they all distinguished it. Something was certainly there: but what?

A long time—or it seemed long—of agonized doubt; suspense; hope; and they saw it clearly. A vessel of some sort was bearing direct towards them. The lady walked away, and aroused Lord Byron from his heavy sleep.

"You have borne up better than any of us," she said, "though I do believe your nonchalance was only put on. But you must not pretend now to be indifferent to joy."

"Is anything making for the island?" he inquired. But he spoke with great coolness. Perhaps that was "put on" too.

"Yes. They are coming to our rescue."

"You are sure of this?" he said.

"Had I not been sure, you should have slept on," was her reply. "A vessel of some description is bearing direct towards us."

He started up, and, giving her his arm, proceeded to join the rest.

It was fully in view now. And it proved to be a galley of six oars, the gallant Cyclops steering.

So he and his barrel were not turned over and drowned then! No; the distance and their fears had deceived them. The current had borne himself and his cask towards an inhabited island, lying in the direction of Ragusa. A terrible way off, it seemed to him, but the adventurous gondolier reached it with time and patience, greatly astonishing the natives with the novel style of his embarkation. Obtaining assistance and provisions, he at once proceeded on his return, to rescue those he had left behind.

The galley was made fast to the shore—faster than the gondola had been; and Cyclops, springing on land, amidst the thanks and cheers of the starving group, proceeded to display the coveted refreshments. A more welcome sight than any, save the galley, that had ever met their eyes.

"Oh God be thanked that we have not to die here!" murmured the countess to Lord Byron. "Think what a horrible fate it would have been—shut out from the world!"

"For me there may be even a worse in store," he answered. "We were a knot of us here, and should at least have died together. It may be that I shall yet perish a solitary exile, away from all."

"Do put such ideas away," she retorted. "It would be a sad fate, that, to close a career such as yours."

"Sad enough, perhaps: but in keeping with the rest," was his reply, a melancholy smile rising to his pale features, as he handed her into the boat, preparatory to their return.

Up to a very recent period, there was an old man still living in Italy, a man who, in his younger days, had been a gondolier. His

name—at any rate, the one he went by—was Cyclops. It was pleasant to sit by his side in the open air, and hear him talk. He would tell you fifty anecdotes of the generous English lord, who lived so long, years ago, at Ravenna. And if he could persuade you to a walk in the blazing sun, would take you to the water's edge, and display, with pride and delight, a handsome gondola. It was getting the worse for wear then, in the way of paint and gilding, but it had once been the flower among the gondolas of the Adriatic. It was made under the orders of Lord Byron, and when presented to Cyclops was already christened—THE CASK.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

BY A DISTINGUISHED FRENCH AUTHORESS.

TALLEYRAND.—At a small private party in Paris, one evening, some difficulty was found in making up a whist table for the Prince de Talleyrand. A young diplomat present, who was earnestly pressed by the hostess, excused himself on the grounds of not knowing the game. "Not know how to play whist, sir?" said the Prince, with a sympathizing air; "then, believe me, you are bringing yourself up to be a miserable old man!"

THE VESTRIS FAMILY.—The pomposity of the elder Vestris, the "*diou de la danse*," and founder of the choreographic dynasty, has been often described. In speaking of his son, Augustus, he used to say, "If that boy occasionally touches the ground, in his *pas de zephyr*, it is only not to mortify his companions on the stage."

When Vestris *père* arrived from Italy, with several brothers, to seek an engagement at the Opera, the family was accompanied by an aged mother; while one of the brothers, less gifted than the rest, officiated as cook to the establishment. On the death of their venerable parent, the *diou de la danse*, with his usual bombastic pretensions, saw fit to

give her a grand interment, and to pronounce a funeral oration beside the grave. In the midst of his harangue, while apparently endeavoring to stifle his sobs, he suddenly caught sight of his brother, the cook, presenting a most ludicrous appearance, in the long mourning cloak, or train, which it was then the custom to wear. "Get along with you, in your ridiculous cloak!" whispered he, suddenly cutting short his eloquence and his tears. "Get out of my sight, or you will make me die with laughing."

A third brother of the same august family passed a great portion of his youth at Berlin, as secretary to Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Frederick the Great. He used to relate that Prince Henry, who was a connoisseur of no mean pretensions, but prevented by his limited means from indulging his passion for the arts, purchased for his gallery at Rheinsberg a magnificent bust of Antinous—a recognized antique. Feeling that he could not have enough of so good a thing, His Royal Highness caused a great number of plaster casts to be struck off, which he placed in various positions in his pleasure-

grounds. When he received visits from illustrious foreigners, on their way to the court of his royal brother, he took great pleasure in exhibiting his gardens; explaining their beauties with all the zest of a cicerone. "That is a superb bust of Antinous," he used to say, "Another fine Antinous,—an unquestionable antique." A little further on, "Another Antinous—a cast from the marble." "Another Antinous, which you cannot fail to admire." And so on, through all the three hundred copies; varying, at every new specimen his phrase and intonation, in a manner which was faithfully and most amusingly portrayed by the mimicry of his ex-secretary. Vestris used to relate the story in Paris, in presence of the Prussian ambassador, who corroborated its authenticity by shouts of laughter. Prince Henry of Prussia, however, in spite of this artistic weakness, distinguished himself worthily by his talents and exploits during the Seven Years' War.

LAMARTINE.—An eminent Royalist, still living, unable to pardon one of the greatest modern poets of France for having contributed, in 1848, to the proclamation of the Republic, observed, on noticing his subsequent endeavours to calm down the popular enthusiasm he had so much assisted to excite,—"Ay, ay! an incendiary disguised as a fireman!"

THE MARQUIS DE XIMENES.—Some forty years ago, one of the most assiduous frequenters and shrewdest critics of the "Theatre Francais" was a certain Marquis de Ximenes; a man considerably advanced in years, who had witnessed the greatest triumphs of the French stage, in the acting of Le Kain, Mademoiselle Clairon, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil, and whose good word sufficed to create a reputation. He had all the traditions of the stage at his fingers' end, and few young actors ventured to undertake a standard part without previously consulting the old Marquis.

When Lafond,* the tragedian, made his *début*, he was extremely solicitous to obtain an approving word from the Marquis de Ximenes. One night, after playing the part of Orosmane in Voltaire's tragedy of "Zaire," with undivided applause, the actor, not content with the enthusiasm of the public, expressed to the friends who crowded to his dressing-room with congratulations, his anxiety to know the opinion of the high-priest of theatrical criticism—"I must hurry down

* Who must not be confounded with the admirable comedian, Lafond, so popular at the St. James's Theatre.

to the *Foyer*," said he. "The Marquis is sure to drop in while the after-piece is performed; I long to hear what he says of my reading of the part."

On entering the *oyer*, the old gentleman was seen to advance towards the lion of the night; and Lafond, highly flattered by this act of graciousness, instantly assumed an air of grateful diffidence.

"Monsieur Lafond," said the Marquis, in a tone audible to the whole assembly, "you have this night acted Orosmane in a style that Le Kain never attained."

"Ah! Monsieur le Marquis," faltered the gratified histrion.

"I repeat, sir,—in a style that La Kain never attained.—Sir, *La Kain knew better*."

Before Lafond recovered his command of countenance, the malicious old gentleman had disappeared.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—The unfortunate Marie Antoinette was one of the kindest-hearted of human beings, as might be proved by a thousand traits of her domestic life. One evening, Monsieur de Chalabre, the banker of Her Majesty's faro-table, in gathering up the stakes, detected by his great experience in handling such objects, that one of the rouleaux of fifty louis d'or, was factitious. Having previously noticed the young man by whom it was laid on the table, he quietly placed it in his pocket, in order to prevent its getting into circulation or proving the means of a public scandal.

The movements of the banker, meanwhile, were not unobserved. The Queen, whose confidence in his probity had been hitherto unlimited, saw him pocket the rouleau; and when the company assembled round the play-table were making their obeisances previous to retiring for the night, Her Majesty made a sign to Monsieur de Chalabre to remain.

"I wish to know, sir," said the Queen, as soon as they were alone, "what made you abstract, just now, from the play-table, a rouleau of fifty louis?"

"A rouleau, Madam?" faltered the banker.

"A rouleau," persisted the Queen, "which is, at this moment, in the right-hand pocket of your waistcoat."

"Since your Majesty is so well informed," replied Monsieur de Chalabre, "I am bound to explain that I withdrew the rouleau because it was a forged one."

"Forged!" reiterated Marie Antoinette, with surprise and indignation, which were not lessened when Monsieur de Chalabre produced the rouleau from his pocket, and,

tearing down a strip of the paper in which it was enveloped, proved that it contained only a piece of lead, cleverly moulded to simulate a rouleau.

"Did you notice by whom it was put down?" inquired the Queen. And when Monsieur de Chalabre, painfully embarrassed, hesitated to reply, she insisted in a tone that admitted of no denial, on a distinct answer.

The banker was compelled to own that it was the young Count de C——, the representative of one of the first families in France.

"Let this unfortunate business transpire no further, sir," said the Queen, with a heavy sigh. And with an acquiescent bow, Monsieur de Chalabre withdrew from his audience.

At the next public reception held in the apartments of the Queen, the Count de C——, whose father was Ambassador from the Court of Versailles to one of the great powers of Europe, approached the play-table as usual. But Marie Antoinette instantly advanced to intercept him.

"Pardon me Monsieur le Comte," said she "if I forbid you again to appear at my faro-table. Our stakes are much too high for so young a man. I promised your mother to watch over you in her place, during her absence from France, and preserve you, as far as lay in my power, from mischance."

The Count, perceiving that his misdeeds had been detected, colored to the temples. Unable to express his gratitude for so mild a sentence of condemnation, he retired from the assembly, and was never again seen to approach a card-table.

CHARLES THE TENTH.—When Martignac was first proposed as Prime Minister to Charles the Tenth; "No!" said the King, "Martignac would never suit me. He is a verbal coquette, who holds, above all things, to the graceful symmetry of his sentences. To secure a well-turned phrase, he would sacrifice a royal prerogative. A minister should not hold too jealously to the success of his prosody."

LA PLACE.—La Place, the celebrated geometer and astronomer, was passionately fond of music; but he preferred the school to which he had been accustomed from his youth. During the feud between the Gluckists and Piccinists, he sided warmly with Piccini; and ever afterwards retained a strong partiality for Italian music. In latter years, he rarely attended the theatre; but was tempted by the great réputation of the Freischütz, produced at Paris under the

name of the "Robin des Bois," to witness the performance. As a peer of France, the author of the *Mecanique Céleste* was entitled to a seat in the box, set apart, at the Odeon, for the members of the Upper House; which, unluckily, happened to be situated near the brass instruments of the orchestra. At the first crash, the brows of La Place were seen to contract. At the second bray, he rose from his seat, and seized his hat.—"Old as I am, thank God I am not yet deaf enough to endure that!" said he; and quietly slipped out of the theatre.

THE COMTESSE DE D——.—Madame la Comtesse de D——, one of the wittiest women in Paris, had a daughter, who by fasting, and an over-strict exercise of the duties of the Catholic religion, seriously injured her health.

"My dear child," said her mother, "you have always been an *angel* of goodness. Why endeavor to become a *saint*? Do you want to sink in the world?"

THE DUC DE BERRI.—The unfortunate Duc de Berri was, in private life, a kindly-affectioned man. The servants of his household were strongly attached to him, for he was an excellent master. He used to encourage them to lay up their earnings and place them in the savings bank; and even supplied them with account-books for the purpose. From time to time, he used to inquire of each how much he had realized. One day, on addressing this question to one of his footmen, the man answered that he had nothing left; on which the Prince, aware that he had excellent wages, evinced some displeasure at his prodigality.

"My mother had the misfortune to break her leg, monseigneur," said the man. "Of course I took care to afford her proper professional attendance."

The Prince made no answer, but instituted inquiries on the subject; when, finding the man's statement to be correct, he replaced in the savings bank the exact sum his servant expended.

Trifling acts of beneficence and graciousness often secure the popularity of Princes. Garat, the celebrated tenor, was one of the most devoted partisans of the Duc de Berri. The origin of his devotion was, however, insignificant. The fête, or name-day of the duke, falling on the same day with that of Charles the Tenth, he was accustomed to celebrate it on the morrow, by supping with his bosom friend, the Count de Vaudreuil. After the Restoration, Madame de Vaudreuil always took care to arrange an annual fête,

such as was most likely to be agreeable to their royal guest. On one occasion, knowing that his Royal Highness was particularly desirous of hearing Garat, who had long retired from professional life, she invited him and his wife to come and spend at her hotel the evening of the Saint Charles. Garat, now both old and poor, was thankful for the remuneration promised; and not only made his appearance, but sang in a style which the Duc de Berri knew how to appreciate. He and his wife executed together the celebrated duet in "Orphée," with a degree of perfection which created the utmost enthusiasm of the aristocratic circle.

The music at an end, the Duke perceived that Garat was looking for his hat, preparatory to retiring. "Does not Garat sup with us?" he inquired of Madame de Vaudreuil. "I could not take the liberty of inviting him to the same table with your Royal Highness," replied the Countess. "Then allow me to take that liberty myself," said the Duke, good-humoredly. "You are not hurrying away, I hope, Monsieur Garat?" said he to the artist, who, having recovered his hat, was now leaving the room. "Surely you are still much too young to require such early hours? And as we must insist on detaining Madame Garat to sup with us, I trust you will do me the favor to remain, and take care of your wife."

From early youth, the Duke had been united by ties of the warmest friendship with the Count de la Ferronays. Nearly of the same age, the intercourse between them was unreserved; but the Count, a man of the most amiable manners, as well as of an excellent understanding, did not scruple to afford to his royal friend, in the guise of plausantry, counsels which the Duke could not have done more wisely than follow to the letter. Every day monseigneur repeated to his friend that he could not live a day apart from him. Such, however, was the impetuosity of the Duc de Berri's character, that storms frequently arose between them; and on one occasion his Royal Highness indulged in expressions so bitter and insulting, that Monsieur de la Ferronays rushed away from him to the apartments he occupied on the attic story at the Tuilleries, resolved to give in his resignation that very night, and quit France for ever.

While absorbed in gloomy reflections arising from so important a project, he heard a gentle tap at his door. "Come in!" said he; and in a moment the arms of the Duc de Berri were round his neck.

"My dear friend," sobbed his Royal Highness, in a broken voice; "I am afraid that you are very wretched! that is, if I am to judge by the misery and remorse I have myself been enduring for the last half hour!"

An atonement so gracefully made effected an immediate reconciliation.

LOUIS XVIII.—Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., perceiving that his brother, the Count d'Artois, and the chief members of the youthful nobility, distinguished themselves by their skill at tennis, took it into his head to become a proficient in the game; though the *embon-point* which he had attained even at that early age, rendered the accomplishment of his wishes somewhat difficult of attainment.

After taking a considerable number of lessons from the master of the royal tennis court at Versailles, he one day challenged his royal brother to a match; and after it was over, appealed to the first racquet boy for a private opinion of his progress. "It is just this here," said the *garçon*: "if your Royal Highness wasn't quite so *grossier*, and had a little better head on your shoulders, you'd do nearly as well as Monseigneur the Count d'Artois. As it is, you make a poor hand of it."

TALMA.—Talma used to relate that, once, on his tour of provincial engagements, having agreed to give four representations at the Theatre Royal at Lyons, he found the line of *père noble* characters filled by a clever actor, whom Madame Lobreau, the directress of the company, unluckily found it impossible to keep sober. On learning that this individual was to fill the part of the high priest in the tragedy of Semiramis, in which he was himself to personify Arsace, Talma waited upon him in private, and spared no argument to induce him to abstain from drink, at least till the close of the performance.

A promise to that effect was readily given; but alas! when the curtain was about to draw up, to a house crammed in every part, the high priest was reported, as usual, to be dead drunk! Horror-struck at the prospect of having to give back the money at the doors, Madame Lobreau instantly rushed up to his dressing-room, and insisted on his swallowing a glass of water to sober him, previous to his appearance on the stage. The unhappy man stammered his excuses; but the inexorable manageress caused him to be dressed in his costume, and supported to the side-scenes, during which operation, Talma was undergoing a state of martyrdom.

At length the great Parisian actor appeared on the stage, followed by the high

priest, and was as usual overwhelmed with applause. But to his consternation, when it came to the turn of the high priest to reply, the delinquent tottered to the footlights, and proceeded to address the pit.

"Gentlemen," said he, "Madame Lobreau is stupid and barbarous enough to insist on my going through my part in the state in which you see me, in order that the performance may not be interrupted. Now I appeal to your good sense whether I am in a plight to personify Orsoes? No, no! I have too much respect for the public to make a fool of myself!—Look here, Arsace!" he continued, handing over to Talma with the utmost gravity the properties it was his cue to deliver to him in the fourth act. "Here's the letter,—here's the fillet,—here's the sword.—Please to remember that Madame Semiramis is your lawful mother, and settle it all between you in your own way as you think proper. For my part, I am going home to bed."

A class of men who—luckily, perhaps—have disappeared from the Parisian world, is that of the *mystificateurs*, or hoaxers, created at the period of the first revolution, by the general break-up of society, so destructive to true social enjoyment. To obviate the difficulty of entertaining the heterogeneous circles accidentally brought together, it became the fashion to select a butt, to be hoaxed or mystified by some clever impostor, for the amusement of the rest of the party. Among the cleverest of the *mystificateurs* were three painters, who had proved unsuccessful in their profession—Musson, Touzet, and Legros. The presence of one of these, at a small party or supper, was supposed to ensure the hilarity of the evening. Sometimes the hoaxter was satisfied to entertain the company by simple mimicry, or by relating some humorous adventure; but in circles where he was personally unknown, he usually assumed the part of a fictitious personage—a

country cousin, an eccentric individual, or a foreigner. Musson, the best of his class, exhibited, in these impersonations, the *vis comica* in the highest degree.

One day, having been invited to meet, at dinner, Picard, the dramatist, to whom he was a stranger, he made his appearance as a rough country gentleman, come up to Paris to see the lions. Scarcely were they seated at table, when he began to discuss the theatres, of one of which (the Odeon) Picard was manager. Nothing, however, could be more bitter and uncompromising than the sarcasms leveled at the stage by the bumpkin critic; to whom, for some time, Picard addressed himself in the mildest tones, endeavoring to controvert his heterodox opinions. By degrees, the intolerance and impertinence of the presumptuous censor became insupportable; and, to his rude attacks, Picard was beginning to reply in language equally violent, to the terror and anxiety of the surrounding guests, when their host put an end to the contest by suddenly exclaiming.—"Musson, will you take a glass of wine with me?"—on which, a burst of laughter from Picard acknowledged his recognition of the hoax so successfully played off upon him; and, contrary to the proverb, the "two of a trade" shook hands, and became friends for life.

JULES JANIN.—In the height of the quarrel between the Homœopathists and the Faculty of Paris, the editor of a medical journal, having somewhat severely attacked the disciples of Hahnemann, was called out by one of the tribe. "Rather hard," said he, "to have to risk one's life for pointing out the impotence of an infinitesimal dose!"—"No great risk, surely!" rejoined Jules Janin, who was present at the discussion, "such a duel ought, of course, to represent the principles of homœopathic science—the hundredth part of a grain of gunpowder to the thousandth part of a bullet!"

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The publications of the month have not been numerous, and a majority of these, perhaps, are reprints of American works.

Mr. BENTLEY publishes Mr. Eliot's "History of the Early Christians," in 2 vols., 8vo.

Mr. CHAPMAN, Rev. Dr. Hickok's "System of Moral Science;" Theodore Parker's "Theism, Atheism and the Popular Theology"—"Ten Sermons on Religion;" "Poem by Anna Blackwell," and "The Public Function of Woman."

CLARKE, BRETON & Co. republish Mr. Hildreth's "Theory of Politics," originally published by HANOVER & BROTHERS. The *Literary Gazette* speaks highly of it:

"This treatise on political philosophy, though small in size, is rich in theoretical and practical truth. Of the origin, principles, and forms of government, the author treats with clearness and force, illustrating his statements by historical references and examples. On various political questions there is room for diversity of opinion, and English readers will make allowance for what they will consider American prejudices. But there are some subjects on which the citizens of the States have attained a position far ahead of the people of older countries, and in which their experience may be profitably studied. The general education of the people, and the position of the clergy in relation to the civil institutions of the country, may be specified as examples."

KNIGHT & Co. republish Rev. Mr. Barnes' "Notes Critical, Explanatory and Practical, on the Book of Daniel," edited by Dr. Henderson. It was originally published by LEAVITT & ALLEN, and is thus noticed by the *Literary Gazette*:

"Of all modern commentators on the Bible Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, is deservedly the most popular. Several English editions were published of the early volumes of his 'Notes on the New Testament'; but, for the author's sake, we are glad that he has in his later publications taken advantage of the copyright law, and the present work is also issued under his direct sanction. The Notes on Daniel form a valuable companion work to those on the Apocalypse, and are marked by the same learned research, critical acumen, and sterling sense. The introductory dissertation presents an historical and critical notice of the book of Daniel. Weakness of health and impaired sight, induced by his literary labors, have rendered the revision of the work by an editor necessary, and it could not have fallen into more capable and sympathizing hands. Dr. Henderson, in his brief prefatory note, justly praises the work as likely to prove 'an efficient aid to ministers in their preparation for the exercises of the pulpit, to teachers in the study of their scriptural lessons, and to the Christian public at large in their search after divine truth.'"

The "Napoleon Dynasty, by the Berkley Men," published by LAMPORT, BLAKEMAN & LAW, has been

republished, and is thus regarded by the critic of the *Spectator*:

"This American compilation is done upon the principle of 'stump oratory,' with one considerable exception. The stump orator is doubtless consistent with himself; the matter and manner are congruous. The compiler of The Napoleon Dynasty, 'getting up' his book from various sources, has a mixture of styles. French rhetoric or French sentiment alternates with the fustian of the far West, while occasionally there is a contrasting flatness, which reminds one of the level style of Ancient Pistol. It were absurd to look for critical care or discrimination from the so-called Berkley Men. There are facts so notorious, or at least so easily ascertainable, that ignorance respecting them is inexcusable. The book tells us that Sir Arthur Wellesley was recalled to go to the Peninsula from India—'where he had achieved all his fame hitherto, by a career of robbery and crime, extortion, murder, and the extinction of nations, compared with which Napoleon's worst acts of usurpation in the height of his ambition paled into insignificance,' &c. &c. Sir Arthur Wellesley was not recalled at all, but returned from India (in 1805) two years before the French invaded Portugal (1807) and nearly three years before Bonaparte seized upon Spain. Single facts such as these involve attentive reading; and though all the circumstances would contradict the assertion, with a man of any knowledge of public events, a hasty and ignorant compiler might fall into such a blunder. But what are we to think of Borodino!—'Each side commanded over 100,000 men and 500 cannon. * * * Each army withdrew at night, and 100,000 dead men were left on the field!' The idea of every other man being killed in a modern battle! The slaughter at Borodino was indeed terrible, but it was five and twenty not one hundred thousand men. Enough of ignorance and impudence like this. In competent and critical hands, the lives of all the Bonaparte Family would be a fair subject, but rather curious than attractive."

SCRIBNER & Co. republish Brantz Mayer's "Mexico," which is esteemed by the *Athenaeum* to be "by far the most complete account of Mexico, historical and descriptive, that has yet been published. It is nearly half a century since the work of Baron Humboldt first attracted general notice to the antiquities and the resources of this region of the new world."

Rev. Mr. Laurie's "Life of Dr. Grant" has been republished, and is thus noticed by the *Athenaeum*:

"America is famous for her missionaries, and among these Dr. Amos Grant is certainly one of the most distinguished. His strength, however, was not in his pen: he wrote verbosely and magniloquently,—so that it is exceedingly tiresome to read the record of his labors and his travels. Otherwise, the story of an earnest life spent among a little-known people, under conditions touching

the borders of romance, abounds in interest. Dr. Grant deserves a better biographer than himself."

Cassall has reprinted Mrs. Southworth's "Mark Sutherland," and is thus characterized in a long notice in the *Times*:

"To judge of Mrs. Southworth's merit as a novelist from the work before us, she possesses an uncommon faculty for making fiction appear like truth; for nobody who reads 'Mark Sutherland' will think of it as a mere tale that is told, or, while reading it, convince himself that it is a fiction and not a fact, so natural are the ideas and sentiments, and so natural are the characters and conversation of the personages introduced."

Mr. Matthew's "Moneypenny" has likewise been reprinted, and is thought by the *Athenaeum* to resemble "nothing so much as a third class masquerade, in which we find Jack Sheapards, Indian queens, melo-dramatic women of mystery, charming young beauties, figuring in some animated and vulgar dance, neither the fun nor the figure of which can be relished by persons of taste. Mr. Cornelius Matthews has made a better appearance in former literary essay, if we mistake not; but he must not for that reason escape if he writes a story like 'Moneypenny,' in which all that is not stupid is disagreeable."

Adventures in Australia in 1852 and '3, by Rev. H. Berkley Jones—is just out.

Letters of the Poet Gray, now first published, edited by Rev. J. Mitford.

Leigh Hunt's "Religion of the Heart, a manual of faith and duty."

Mme Martineau's translation of Comte's "Positive Philosophy," is just out, in 2 vols., 8vo.

History of the Insurrection in China, with Notices of the Christianity, Creed, and Proclamations of the Insurgents, by M. M. Callery and Yvan, translated by John Oxenford. This is regarded as a very authentic and timely work. The *Literary Gazette* thinks that "for a connected account of the revolution from its commencement we are indebted to the labors of the French authoress, whose work is now translated by Mr. Oxenford. M. Callery was formerly a missionary, and afterwards interpreter to the French embassy, to which Dr. Yvan was attached as physician. Some of the statements in their work are corrected by more recent information, but on the whole they have presented a faithful and animated narrative of the insurrection. A perusal of this work is necessary for intelligently following the reports which are likely for some time to be transmitted by each mail from China."

The Public and Domestic Life of Edmund Burke, by Peter Burke. The *Spectator* thinks this work supplies a deficiency, though it has "not, indeed, the nice felicity of Washington Irving's Life of Goldsmith, nor the skilful arrangement, the varied knowledge of the age, and the forceful rhetoric of Mr. Forster's biography of the same author: neither has it any striking characteristics of its own; but it tells in a readable manner what there is to be told of Burke's private and literary life, as well as of his public career. The leading features of that career are exhibited by episodes, and impress us with the greatness of Burke as a guiding mind of the age, always foremost and always influential even in sub-

ordinate office. The American War, official reform, India, its government and abuses, the impeachment of Hastings, and the French Revolution, bear witness to his activity, from his first appearance in Parliament to his final retirement."

History of France, from the Invasion of the Franks under Clovis to the Accession of Louis Philippe, by Emile de Bonnechose. This summary history of France, written during the reign of Louis Philippe, has been received with much approbation in France, and adopted in several public institutions. In a certain sense, it is worthy of this favor. It gives a clear narrative of events as is compatible with the space of a single volume however bulky, and the résumés of particular periods are sufficient, if not very new. It is the best "abridgement" of the history of France extant.

Essays on some of the Forms of Literature, by Thomas L. Lynch.—These four essays contain the substance of four lectures originally delivered at the Royal Institution, Manchester. The subjects are,—first, Poetry, its Sources and Influence; second, Biography, Autobiography, and History; third, Fiction and Imaginative Prose; fourth, Criticism and Writings of the Day. The *Athenaeum*, in noticing it, says:

"The most quintessential of lecturers who could characterize a century by an epithet, demolish a false philosophy by an epigram, and 'put a girdle' round a whole world of thought and fancy in the 'forty minutes' allotted to him by an audience eager to receive instruction homoeopathically, or in the smallest imaginable space, would be puzzled to do justice to the table of contents drawn out above within the limits accepted. Mr. Lynch does his best to get through his task by trying to say deep things in a few words; but his depth, if really profound, is not clear; his English, though poetical, sometimes is confused; and his illustrations, intended to be novel and original, are often injudiciously selected."

Popular Errors on the subject of Insanity Examined and Exposed, by James F. Duncan, M.D. The *Spectator* regards this "a well considered and sensibly-written treatise on insanity, chiefly in relation to erroneous opinions which are entertained on the subject. For example, suicide is examined, in order to combat the prevailing notion, not only entertained by the general public, but shown in the verdict of juries, that self-destruction is a proof of mental derangement, as well as to draw the distinction between suicide from insanity and by a sane person. Criminal jurisprudence as connected with mania is considered at length, the true differences between sanity and insanity being pointed out, and a suggestion advanced that accountability is the main issue, since a lunatic may in some cases be really as accountable as a sane man. A variety of other topics are handled by Dr. Duncan, from all of which the reader will receive judicious if not always new ideas, as regards insanity and the treatment of the insane."

Sketches in Ultramarine, by James Hannay, embrares a series of papers on nautical subjects, some of which were formerly published in the "United Service Magazine." "Some of his sketches," says the *Literary Gazette*, "give a tolerable idea of the naval life of our own day, but there is too much straining after effect in the literary delineation. Some of the best scenes are spoiled by the style in which they are described."

The Character of the Duke of Wellington, apart from his Military Talents, by the Earl Grey. "Although," says the *Critic*, "the Earl deems it an act of justice to the great warrior to put together some observations upon his private feelings and principles. He informs us, however, that he had no professional or private connexion with the Duke, and that only from dispatches has he in this. The volume contains nothing that every body did not already know of the Duke. It will be a source of gratification to have in a compact form a thousand proof of the amiability and kindness of a general who was once popularly known only as the Iron-hearted."

Sea Nile, the Desert, and Nigritia, described by Joseph H. Churi. The *Athenaeum* commences its review of this work thus:

"Here at least is a literary novelty. The Nile and the Desert, the City of the East, the mosque the oaractar and the pyramid, are known to us by a thousand interpretations:—but how few of these are native! The German student has carried with him to Philos the scholarship and mysticism of Heidelberg; the French novelist has reproduced at Cairo and Alexandria the gaieties of his own boulevard; the American Howadji, unconscious of the poetry of his own lakes and mountains, of the interest attaching to the past greatness and forgotten civilizations which exist around him, has placed his amaranth on gilded minaret and solemn pyramid; the English tourist has been poetical, learned, indifferent, sneering, and statistical, as agreed with his digestion or chimed in with the prevailing mood of his mind:—but a picture of the East by an Eastern is a rare effort, and will command attention. Signor Churi is a Maronite of Mount Lebanon. What an address to give:—Signor Churi of Mount Lebanon!"

Miss Bremer's new work, "The Homes of the New World: Impressions of America"—the first volume of which the HARPERS have republished, does not seem to have taken well. The *Critic* exclaims:

Thirteen hundred and thirty pages, full tale, on America! In the present instance, had a thousand pages been deducted, we should still have had a pleasant, instructive volume. If by some literary cookery the three volumes could have been boiled down into one, Miss Bremer's new work would have had more readers, and the story of her travels would have been told more effectively. For, we must say—and we say it very reverently—that in these three volumes there is a considerable amount of unmitigated twaddle." The *Spectator* calls it personal, and thinks there was no excuse for its publication. The *Athenaeum* thinks the "book will not increase Miss Bremer's reputation. The topics of which it treats, and the manner of that treatment, are not suited to the habits and character of her mind. Nor were the circumstances under which Miss Bremer acquired her knowledge of America, and of what she calls the Homes of the New World, favorable to her object of writing a book." "A considerable part, however, of each of the three volumes ought never to have been printed,—perhaps never to have been written. We allude to those numerous passages occupied wholly in dilating on the characters and capacities of the private persons with whom, as a guest principally, Miss Bremer became acquainted."

AMERICAN BOOKS.

The Messrs. CARTER have recently published several Biblical works which have more than ordinary value. A compilation of Scripture texts especially arranged, entitled "The Law and Testimony," made by the author of *Wide, Wide World*, is an invaluable manual for the readers of the Sacred volume. It carefully arranges the several passages of Scripture which relate a given subject under one head, carefully quoting the whole passage, and its context, and designating that which relates to the topic in hand by large and perspicuous type. It is a work of great labor and evinces a nice perception of the meaning of the inspired text.

The Sufferings and Glory of the Messiah, is a volume of expository lectures, by the Rev. Dr. Brown, on the 18th Psalm, in connection with Isa. 52: 13, &c.—an admirable specimen of expository and preaching, accurate learning, sound judgment, and ingenious method, characterize all of Dr. Brown's writings.

A new work of Dr. Cheevers, entitled "The Powers of the World to Come," treats with the author's accustomed vividness of imagery and force of expression, the great themes of man's future life.

A new and very neat edition of the immortal Exposition of Matthew Henry, in six volumes—a work which, for pith and copiousness of thought, quaint beauty of style and fervent piety, has no equal in the language.

History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, by Dr. Hetherington, succinctly recounts the proceedings and characterizes the personages of the famous Calvinistic Synod, to which the Catechism owes its origin.

An instructive history of religious enterprise in Africa is furnished in a little work, entitled "Abbeokuta, or Sunrise in the Tropics." Many a work of large pretensions does not possess the real merits of this unpretending volume.

ITEMS.

A literary pension of 100*l.* a year has been conferred on Sir Francis Head, the popular author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen," and other popular works; and another of 100*l.* on the widow of Mr. M. Moir, of Musselburgh—well known in the world of letters as the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. A pension of 80*l.* a year has been given to the Rev. William Hickey, the popular agricultural writer, under the well-known name of "Martin Doyle."

A University for Australia has been founded and endowed by the local legislature at Sydney; and the latest tidings from that colony speak of a project being on foot to establish a new college, in connexion with the University there, for educating Ministers of the English Church.

The *Scotsman* newspaper reports a serious accident to Sir William Hamilton, Professor of Logic from a fall. The hurt is not, however, supposed to be dangerous.

The first Congress of Statists has been recently held in Brussels. The meetings were well attended by English, French, Germans, and others, and considerable interest was excited by their proceedings among the inhabitants of that gay and picturesque

capital. Among the frequent visitors at the various Sections were King Leopold and his two sons, the Duke of Brabant and the Duke of Flanders; and the distinguished members of the Congress were more than once invited to partake of the royal hospitalities.

Our obituary contains the name of Dr. Lymington, of Paisley, Professor of Divinity to the Reformed Presbyterian Synod.

Science and the Arts, says the *Journal des Débats*, have sustained a serious loss in the person of M. Depping, the Senior Member of the Society of Antiquaries in France, and member of various other Academies. He is the author of many works, among which may be mentioned a "History of the Commerce of Europe with the Levant;" "The Jews in the Middle Ages;" a "History of Normandy under William the Conqueror;" and "Administrative Correspondence under Louis the Fourteenth."

At a public dinner lately given him, Mr. Rowland Hill, the Post Office Reformer, gave some account of the extent of the reform obtained through his exertions. The year after the penny post stamp was issued, the number of letters, said he, doubled: last year, they had increased to nearly five times the ante-reform number. The net income for the year ending the 5th of January, 1853, amounted to 1,652,424*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.*, while that of the year ending same date in 1852 was 1,090,419*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*. The gross amount of income for the year 1852 was 2,346,278*l.*, and for 1853, 2,484,326*l.*

Paganini, who died so many years back, has not yet been buried. The clergy of Nice refused him Christian sepulture, because he neglected to receive the sacrament in his last moments. His nephew and heir applied to the ecclesiastical court for an order for them to proceed to the burial. After immense delay, his application was rejected. He therefore appealed to the archiepiscopal court of Genoa. After more long delay, a judgment was given, quite recently, to the effect that the interment should take place in the ordinary cemetery. But against this decision, the ecclesiastical party has presented an appeal to a superior jurisdiction, and Heaven only knows when it will be decided. In the meantime the remains of the great violinist are left in an unconsecrated garden.

The confession of Balthazar Gerard, the assassin of William the Taciturn, Prince of Orange, in 1584, has just been added to the archives of Belgium. It is a very interesting historical document. It is entirely in the handwriting of the murderer, occupies three pages, contains few erasures, and gives a detailed account of the motives of his crime, and of the measures he took for executing it.

An observatory is about to be built at Utrecht. The King of Holland laid the first stone of it a few days ago.

M. Thiers is on the point of finishing his history of the Consulate and Empire.

M. de Remusat has resumed the editorship of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

A posthumous work of Balzac is announced to appear in the *Constitutionnel*.

Mr. Thorp, the editor of various Anglo-Saxon

and other works connected with early Northern literature, is preparing for the press a new edition and translation of Beowulf, founded on a collation of the Cottonian MS.

A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* states that Proudhon, the Socialist, has written a work on political philosophy, but in all Paris he cannot find a printer who has the courage to print it. Yet it is said, like all that emanates from him, to be admirably written and profoundly thought; it is said to contain nothing objectionable to the powers that be; and it is said that he is willing to submit it to the strictest examination, and to erase anything that can by any possibility be considered offensive. All is vain, however; not one of the eighty licensed printers in Paris dare touch the manuscript.

The Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* says:—"The Academy of Inscriptions has just issued the twenty-second quarto volume of the History of France, a work begun by the Benedictine Monks nearly a century and a half ago, and continued by members of the Institute. This *tomus* is nearly of a thousand pages, and though the twenty-second, descends no later than the thirteenth century. The disquisitions are erudite; the selections, valuable, rare, or curious; and the contents, altogether, adapted to the import and scope of the title."

Alexander Von Humboldt accomplished his eighty-fourth year on the 18th ult. The illustrious philosopher is in the full enjoyment of health and vigor.

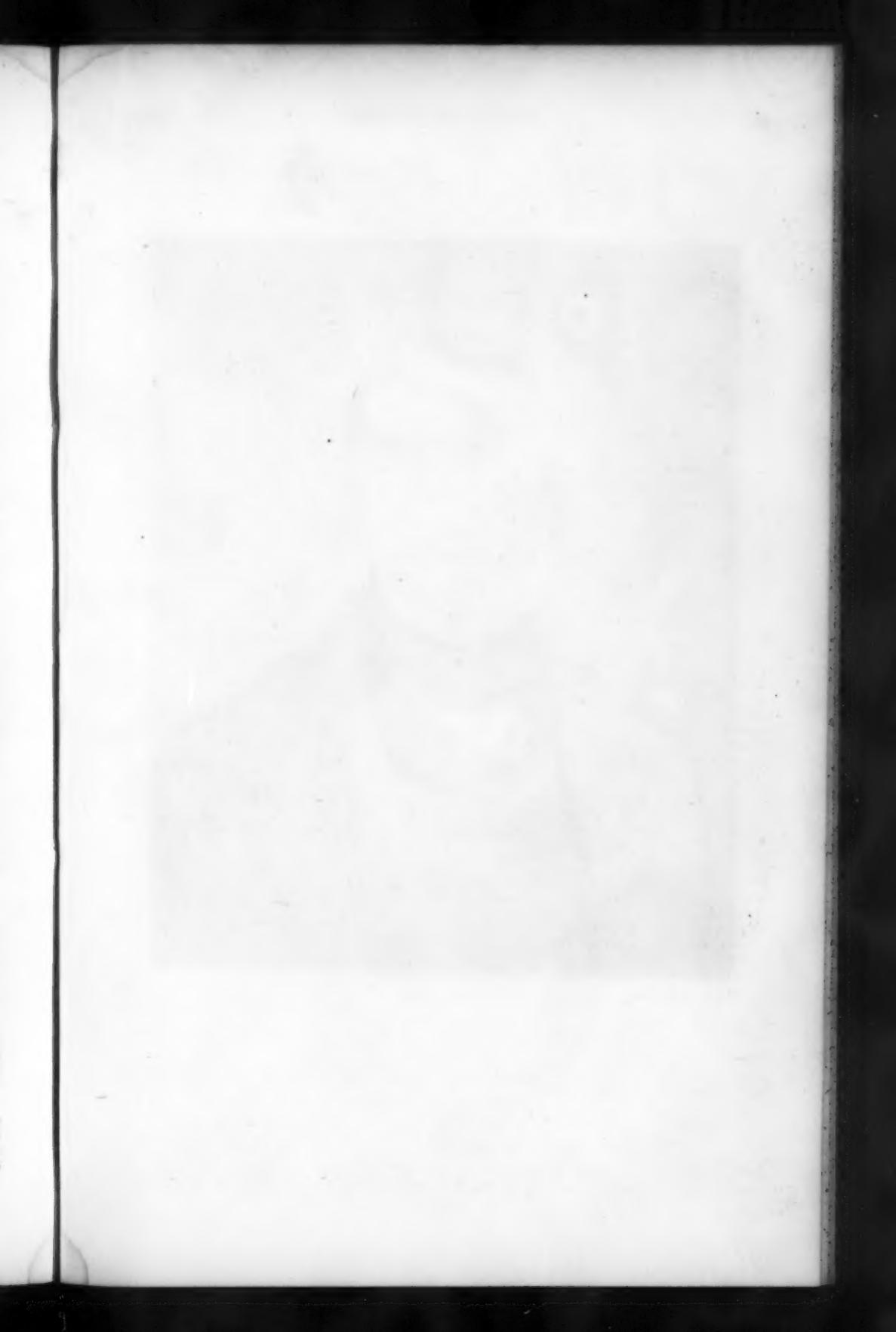
Among the papers of Mrs. Gibbon, the aunt of the historian, were found, after her decease, several letters to her from her nephew, Edward Gibbon, the historian, and his friend Lord Sheffield, from which it would appear that the religious views of the former had, at least from the year 1788, undergone considerable change. In one of these interesting letters Gibbon says:—"Whatever you have been told of my opinions, I can assure you with truth, that I consider religion as the best guide of youth, and the best support of old age; that I firmly believe there is less real happiness in the business and pleasures of the world, than in the life which you have chosen of devotion and retirement."

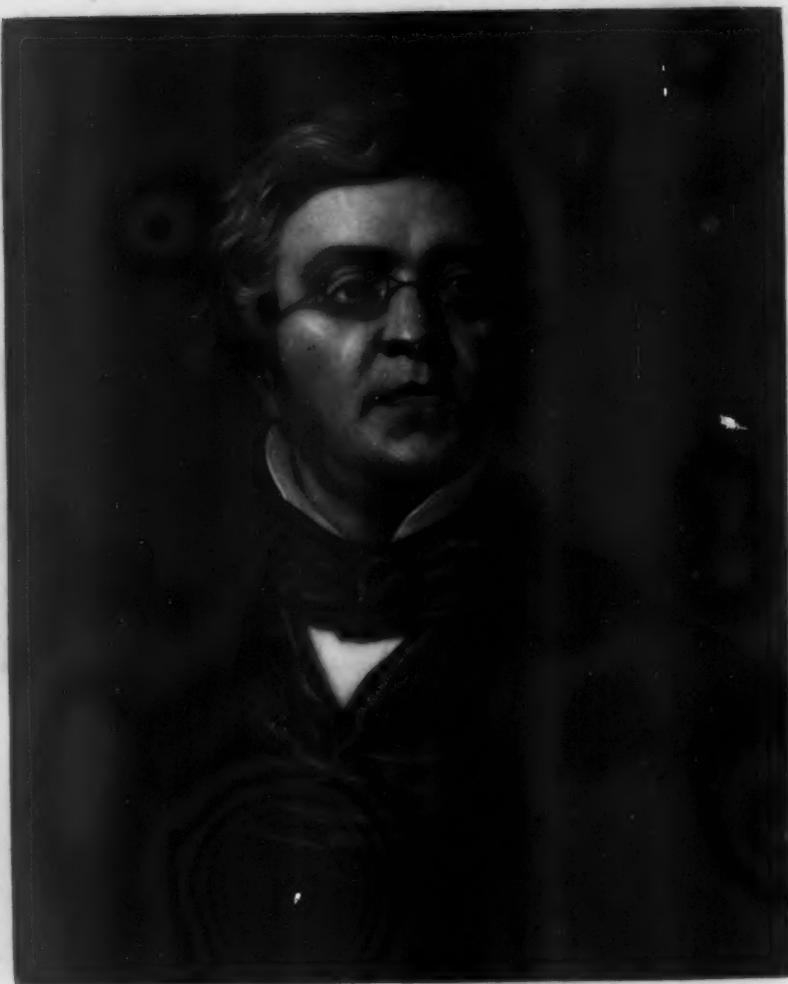
Monsieur Gabriel Surelle has just returned from a literary tour in France and England, undertaken for the purpose of discovering the residences, cemeteries, and various historical circumstances in connection with the royal house of the Bruce, from the first baron to the eighth inclusive. His antiquarian researches have been crowned with success.

The discovery of the lost Regalia has caused much satisfaction in Hungary. The crown, sword, sceptre, orb, cross, and mantle, were buried in an island of the Danube for security during the war of independence.

Mr. Parker, the celebrated Oxford publisher, has recently extended his agencies in the principal cities abroad, for the purpose of making the numerous and learned works issued by the University known on the continent.

Mr. W. Brown, M.P. for South Lancashire, has placed at the disposal of the town council of Liverpool the munificent gift of 6000*l.* for the erection of a free library, if the corporation will provide a suitable site, in a central part of the town.





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W. M. Thackeray

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